

THE JOURNAL OF
SIR WALTER SCOTT

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THE TEXT REVISED FROM A
PHOTOSTAT IN THE NATIONAL
LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND

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FOREWORD

THE late John Guthrie Tait, the editor of this revised edition of Sir Walter Scott's *Journal*, was the son of Peter Guthrie Tait, the eminent Professor of Natural Philosophy at Edinburgh University. He was born at 6 Greenhill Gardens, Edinburgh, on 24th August 1861, and, after his education at Edinburgh Academy (1871-77), he attended the University where he graduated M.A. in 1885 and won the Rhind Classical Scholarship. In 1880 he proceeded to Peterhouse College, Cambridge, and there he achieved a First Class Classical Tripos in 1883. Both at Cambridge and elsewhere he showed a remarkable aptitude for sports and games, playing in the Cambridge Rugby XV v. Oxford, and for Scotland against Ireland; reaching the semi-final in the Amateur Golf Championship at Hoylake in 1887; and winning a number of golf medals. He was a brother of the famous golfer, Frederick Guthrie Tait, who was killed in the South African War.

Having become, in 1888, a barrister of Lincoln's Inn, in 1890 he went out to the Mysore Government Education Department, and in 1908 he was appointed Principal of the Mysore Government Central College at Bangalore, and later acted as Examiner in English to Madras University, of which he became a Fellow. As a result of serving in the London Scottish Regiment, he evinced great skill in rifle-shooting, for which he won prizes; and when, during the War of 1914-18, most of the British troops in India were sent to France, Principal Tait, as Colonel of the Bangalore Rifle Volunteers, commanded the station until fresh troops were transported from England.

After his retirement from the Mysore Government Service in 1917, Principal Tait devoted his latter years to a concentrated study of Sir Walter Scott, whose life and works he knew with unusual familiarity. With characteristic

generosity he gave ungrudging help to Sir Herbert Grierson and his assistant editors in the Centenary Edition of the *Letters of Sir Walter Scott*, for the greater part of which he read the proofs and offered invaluable suggestions. This industrious recreation proved him to be a meticulous textual scholar, and when about the same time he began to investigate the original MS. of Scott's *Journal* and compared the photostat of it (preserved in the National Library of Scotland) with the printed text of the 1890 edition, he showed even more decided evidence of accurate textual examination. The first-fruits of that examination resulted in the publication of two pamphlets,¹ which were but the preliminary groundwork for the arduous task he set himself, that of providing readers with a completely revised text of the *Journal* as printed directly from the photostat.

It was while he was engaged on revising the text of the last period of the *Journal*, extending from 10th January 1829 to the middle of April 1832, that Principal Tait's increased physical disability and greatly impaired eyesight compelled him reluctantly to relinquish his labour of love. He died on 4th October 1945 in his eighty-fifth year. A few months before his death he asked me to revise and complete his unfinished editorial work for publication and to compile an Index to the book. I am chiefly responsible, therefore, for the latter part of the volume.

It should be added that the punctuation throughout the entire text is editorial; there is practically no punctuation in Scott's script. My thanks are due to Mr M. R. Dobie, Librarian of the National Library of Scotland, for kind help. •

W. M. PARKER

EDINBURGH

¹ The Missing Tenth of Sir Walter Scott's *Journal* Sir Walter Scott's *Journal* and its Editor. The substance of the latter is contained in the prefatory notes to the first and second volumes of the original edition in three volumes. The note on "Transcribing and Editing" is reprinted here.

PREFACE

THE 1890 edition of Sir Walter Scott's *Journal* would have been a much better book if the editor had been content to print what he found in the MS. In an evil hour, he aspired to "correct obvious slips of the pen," and he pursued this aim with so much zeal and so little judgment as seriously to impair the value of his edition.

As he made his "corrections" without letting his readers know what Scott wrote, he remained undetected (though not unsuspected) until a photostat of the original manuscript was acquired by the National Library of Scotland from the Pierpont Morgan Library, the owners of the original. A comparison of the printed text of 1890 with this photostat soon revealed that much of the meaning and much of the flavour had disappeared in the editing. If this edition restores some part of what was lost, I desire to make grateful acknowledgment of the liberality of the Trustees of the Pierpont Morgan Library who do a great service to letters in making their MS. treasures widely accessible.

My thanks are due to Sir John Murray, K.C.V.O., for kind permission to print the passages from James Skene's *Memories of Sir Walter Scott* (1909) which will be found in the notes on pp. 70, 71, 77-9.

J. G. TAIT

EDINBURGH

5th July

ON TRANSCRIBING AND EDITING

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S MS. *Journal* was entrusted to the editorial care of David Douglas in 1887, and he issued his recension some years later—in two volumes in 1890 and in one volume in 1891. Those who have not tried to transcribe a Scott MS. may be surprised to hear that Douglas's version, which has had a run of nearly forty-nine years, needs thorough-going revision, but if they will take the trouble to decipher the four facsimiles here given¹ of the photostat in the National Library of Scotland, they may be more inclined to feel grateful to David Douglas for what he succeeded in deciphering than to be severe on him for what he failed to read correctly.

Fifty years before Douglas began his labour on the MS., Lockhart had printed extracts from the *Journal* in his *Memoirs* of his father-in-law (1837-38). He printed his extracts from a transcript² made by his amanuenses, but by the time he had carried the story of Scott's life as far as March 1826 he began to see that his helpers were not equal to the task and that he must decipher the MS. for himself. From that point onward there are no transcribers' errors in the extracts he printed. Douglas unfortunately chose to copy the blunders of Lockhart's transcribers, instead of deciphering the MS. for himself, and—it must be added—he did not always decipher correctly the large part of the *Journal* which Lockhart out of consideration for the feelings of living persons had not printed in 1837-38. On the whole, however, Douglas's transcribing was reasonably good and he printed correctly a great part of the MS. He corrupted the text far less by inadvertent miscopying than by deliberate alteration—the real nature of which he concealed from himself by styling it “correcting obvious slips of the pen.”

Lockhart's departures from the MS. are merely intended to smarten the style, and they do not affect the sense. Douglas, believing that he was following Lockhart's editorial methods which he did not understand, made violent and improbable

¹ See pp. x, xi.

² This transcript, the work of several hands, is preserved in the National Library of Scotland (MS. 1569). It has marginal corrections in Lockhart's hand.

changes. A single example will suffice. Scott in extreme bodily weakness had been dictating a new novel to Willie Laidlaw for some weeks and had more than once confided to his *Journal* his belief that this novel would be the last of the Waverley series. On 16th April 1831 he returned to the subject once more and made the following entry—"About one hundred leaves will now complete *Robert of Paris*. *Quære*, if the last. Answer—not knowing, can't say. I think it will." Douglas transformed the passage as follows—"About 100 leaves will now complete *Robert of Paris*. *Query*, will it answer? Not knowing, can't say. I think it will." How he could call this "correcting obvious slips of the pen" is not easy to see.

With regard to the passages given in *facsimile*, not much need be said. In A, Scott undoubtedly wrote "despair" (not "dispose"). If John Gibson had talked of "disposing" of Scott's affairs, he would have resembled the fly on the wheel in Æsop's fables, for no one knew better than John Gibson that nothing but Scott's exertions could "dispose" of his affairs (*i.e.* pay off a debt of £130,000). With regard to B, if Douglas had taken the trouble to read the MS., he would have seen the hyphen in "heart-broken" and that might have helped him to see that the preceding word is "friend," not "proud." In C he disregarded Scott's full stop after "evening," and printed "so that my mind is made up," instead of beginning a new sentence—"To that my mind is made up." The whole meaning of the passage is gone—loss of fortune he has made up his mind to bear, but a breakdown of Lady Scott's health and spirits will be much harder to bear.

In D, Scott omitted by inadvertence some words after "if they can," such as [raise the wind] or [pay on the nail]. Here was Douglas's chance to correct a slip of the pen, but unfortunately he made matters worse by changing "if they can" into "if he can." "They" stands for the firm of Hurst and Robinson which Scott twice calls "Robinson" for short.

Douglas's change of "they" to "he" means that John Gibson would have difficulty in persuading Hurst and Robinson to buy *Woodstock*, whereas every other passage referring to this firm shows that they were eager to buy and loudly professed their ability to pay, but Scott's trustees had decided not to sell to them except for cash down.

To change "they" to "he"—without telling readers what Scott had written—was unpardonable. Two readers out of every three could have guessed what was wrong with the passage, if they had known what was in the MS. In vulgar parlance, Douglas "queered the pitch" for them—not wilfully, but from want of thought.

A. The first facsimile is from the entry in the *Journal* of 9th February 1826, written after it had become known that Scott's liabilities amounted to £130,000.

*Mr Laidlaw, dined with us. Says Mr. G— a bold man he would
suspect of any effusion were it any but J. W.'s. No doubt—do you not?
and can well suppose Henry to do any rate—*

“Mr Laidlaw dined with us. Says Mr G[ibson] told him he would despair of my affairs were it any but S[ir] W[alter]’s [cott]. No doubt—so should I and am well nigh doing so at any rate.”

B. The second facsimile is from the entry of 24th January 1826. This, too, shows Lockhart printing a transcriber's error, and Douglas adopting the error—

*Went to the funeral of Chevalier Yelin the literary foreigner
mentioned on 22^d. How many of their names are the objects of
affection. Here is the poor man dying at a distance from home
his friends heart-broken his wife and family anxiously expect
the news and dread it only to learn that he has lost a husband
and father forever*

“Went to the funeral of Chevalier Yelin the literary foreigner mentioned on 22^d. How many and how various are the ways of affliction. Here is this poor man dying at a distance from home—his friend heart-broken—his wife and family anxiously expecting letters and doomed only to learn they have lost a husband and father for ever.”

C. The third facsimile is from the entry of 18th December 1825.

Lady Scott is incredulous and persists in cherishing hope where there is no ground for hope. I wish it may not bring on the gloom of spirits which has given me such distress. If she were the active person she once was that would not be. Now I fear it more than what Constable or Cadell will tell me this evening—To that my mind is made up.

“Lady Scott is incredulous and persists in cherishing hope where there is no ground for hope. I wish it may not bring on the gloom of spirits which has given me such distress. If she were the active person she once was that would not be. Now I fear it more than what Constable or Cadell will tell me this evening—To that my mind is made up.”

D. The last facsimile is from the entry of 29th March 1825, where some words must be supplied.

Mr Gibson came suddenly in after dinner. Branksley being unexpectant runs from Constable's room. He is not now to expect that they will pay about 3/ or 4/ on the pound. Robinson supposed not to be much better. not to be much better.

Mr G. goes to London immediately to tell Woodstock to Robinson that if they can obtain a share of the sale. John Murray

“Mr Gibson came suddenly in after dinner. Brought very indifferent news from Constable's House. It is not now hoped that they will pay above 3/ or 4/ in the pound. Robinson supposed not to be much better.

“Mr G. goes to London immediately and is to sell *Woodstock* to Robinson if they can [pay cash down], otherwise to those who will. John Murray is [disposed to buy].”

If the reader, after some study of *facsimiles* A, B, C, D, will turn to Douglas's preface of 1st October 1890, he will feel surprise at the serene satisfaction which it breathes. The editor mentions that he has had the MS. in his possession for three years, but he says not a word about the difficulty of deciphering it. It seems never to have occurred to him that he might here and there have miscopied a word, or that he might have altered the reading of the MS. for no better reason than that he did not understand it. Passages A and B show that he adopted the blunders of Lockhart's transcribers even when they make sad nonsense.¹ Passage C is perfectly intelligible in the MS. and should have been printed as Scott wrote it. In passage D all that is needed is to supply a principal verb after the auxiliary verb "can."

One regards the current version of the *Journal* with mixed feelings. It gives a great deal of genuine Walter Scott for which we may be grateful. But alack and alas! in hundreds of places an editorial *mumpsimus* has extruded the *sumpsimus* which Sir Walter wrote.

¹ Douglas had in his possession James Skene's MS., from which he might have discovered that the "heart-broken friend" was Baron d'Eichthal (see James Skene's *Memories of Sir Walter Scott*, p. 134).

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S JOURNAL

1825

November 20, 1825.—I have all my life regretted that I did not keep a regular [Journal].¹ I have myself lost recollection of much that was interesting and I have deprived my family and the public of some curious information by not carrying this resolution into effect.

I have bethought me on seeing lately some volumes of Byron's notes that he probably had hit upon the right way of keeping such a memorandum-book by throwing aside all pretence to regularity and order and marking down events just as they occur to recollection. I will try this plan—and behold I have a handsome locked volume such as might serve for a Lady's Album. *Nota Bene*, John Lockhart and Anne and I are to raise a society for the suppression of Albums. It is a most troublesome shape of mendicity—Sir, your autograph—a line of poetry—or a prose sentence—Among all the sprawling sonnets and blotted trumpery that dishonours these miscellanies a man must have a good stomach that can swallow this botheration as a compliment.

I was in Ireland last summer and had a most delightful tour. It cost me upwards of £500 including £100 left with Walter and Jane, for we travelled a large party and in style.

There is much less exaggerated about the Irish than is to be expected. Their poverty is not exaggerated—it is on the extreme verge of human misery—their cottages would scarce serve for pig-sties even in Scotland—and their rags seem the very refuse of a rag-shop and are disposed on their bodies with such ingenious variety of wretchedness that you would think nothing but some sort of perverted taste could have assembled so many shreds

¹ Words omitted in the photostat, but necessary to the sense, are enclosed in square brackets.

together. You are constantly fearful that some knot or loop will give and place the individual before you in all the primitive simplicity of Paradise. Then for their food they have only potatoes and too few of them. Yet the men look stout and healthy the women buxsome and well-coloured.

Dined with us being Sunday Will. Clerk and Cha^s Kirkpatrick Sharpe. W. C. is the second son of the celebrated author, of *Naval Tactics*. I have known him intimately since our college days; and, to my thinking, never met a man of greater powers or more complete information on all desirable subjects. In youth he had strongly the Edinburgh *pruritus disputandi*, but habits of society have greatly mellowed it, and though still anxious to gain your suffrage to his opinion¹ he endeavours rather to conciliate your opinion than conquer it by force. Still there is enough of tenacity of sentiment to prevent in London society where all must go slack and easy W. C. from rising to the very top of the tree as a conversation man who must not only wind the thread of his argument gracefully, but also know when to let go. But I like the Scotch taste better: there is more matter—more information—above all more spirit in it. Clerk will I am afraid leave the world little more than the report of his fame. He is too indolent to finish any considerable work.

Cha^s Kirkpatrick Sharpe is another very remarkable man. He was bred a clergyman but did not take orders owing I believe to a peculiar efficiency of voice which must have been unpleasant in reading prayers. Some family quarrels occasioned his being indifferently provided for by a small annuity from his elder brother extorted by an arbitral decree. He has infinite wit and a great turn for antiquarian lore as the publications of *Kirkton* etc., bear witness. His drawings are the most fanciful and droll imaginable—a mixture between Hogarth and some of those foreign masters who painted temptations of St. Antony and such grotesque subjects. As a poet he has not a very strong touch. Strange that his finger-ends can

¹ Lockhart (followed by Douglas) printed "views."

describe so well what he cannot bring out clearly and firmly in words. If he were to make drawing a resource it might raise him a large income. But though a lover of antiquities and therefore of expensive trifles C. K. S. is too aristocratic to use his art to assist his revenue. He is a very complete genealogist and has made many detections in *Douglas* and other books on pedigree which our nobles would do well to suppress if they had an opportunity. Strange that a man should be curious after scandal of centuries old. Not but Charles loves it fresh and fresh also, for being very much a fashionable man he is always master of the reigning report and he tells the anecdote with such gusto that there is no helping sympathizing with him—the peculiarity of voice adding not a little to the general effect. My idea is that C. K. S. with his oddities tastes satire and high aristocratic feelings resembles Horace Walpole—perhaps in his person also, in a general way.—See Miss Aikin's¹ anecdotes for description of the author of *The Castle of Otranto*.

No other company at dinner except my cheerful and good-humoured friend Missie Macdonald. so called in fondness. One bottle of champagne with the ladies' assistance, two of claret. I observe that both these great connoisseurs were very nearly if not quite agreed, that there are no absolutely undoubted originals of Queen Mary. But how then should we be so very distinctly informed as to her features? What has become of all the originals which suggested these innumerable copies? Surely Mary must have been as unfortunate in this as in other particulars of her life.

November 21.—I am enamoured of my journal. I wish the zeal may but last. Once more of Ireland. I said their poverty was not exaggerated; neither is their wit—nor their good-humour—nor their whimsical absurdity—nor their courage.

Wit.—I gave a fellow a shilling on some occasion when sixpence was the fee. "Remember you owe me sixpence,

¹ So Scott wrote, but Lockhart was no doubt right in thinking that this was a slip of memory for "Miss Hawkins."

Pat." "May your honour live till I pay you!" There was courtesy as well as wit in this, and all the clothes on Pat's back would have been dearly bought by the sum in question.

Good-humour.—There is perpetual kindness in the Irish cabbin—butter-milk—potatoes—a stool is offerd, or a stone is rold that your honour may sit down and be out of their smoke, and those who beg everywhere else seem desirous to exercise free hospitality in their own houses. Their natural disposition is turned to gaiety and happiness. While a Scotchman is thinking about the term-day, or, if easy on that subject, about hell in the next world—while an Englishman is making a little hell of his own in the present, because his mutton is not well roasted—Pat's mind is always turned to fun and ridicule. They are terribly excitable to be sure and will murder you on slight suspicion and find out next day that it was all a mistake, and that it was not yourself they meant to kill at all at all.¹

Absurdity.—They were widening the road near Lord Claremont's seat as we passed. A number of cars were drawn up together at a particular point where we also halted as we understood they were blowing [up] a rock, and the *shot* was expected presently to go off. After waiting two minutes or so, a fellow called out something and our carriage as a planet and the cars for satellites started all forward at once the Irishmen whooping and crying and the horses galloping. Unable to learn the meaning of this, I had only left to suppose that they had delayed firing the intended *shot* till we should pass, and that we were passing quickly to make the delay as short as possible. No such thing. By dint of making great haste we got within ten yards of the rock when the blast took place throwing dust and gravel on our carriage, and had our postillion brought us a little nearer (it was not for want of hollowing and flogging that he did not), we should have had a still more serious share of the explosion. The explanation I received from the drivers was, that

¹ Cf. Scott's humorous poem *The Search after Happiness or The Quest of Sultana Solimanah*.

they had been told by the overseer that as the *mine* had been *so long* in going off, he dared say we would have time to pass it. So we just waited long enough to make the danger imminent. I have only to add that two or three people got behind the carriage, just for nothing but to see how our honours got passd.

Went to the Oil Gas Committee this morning, of which concern I am president, or chairman. It has amused me much by bringing me into company with a body of active business-loving money-making citizens of Edinburgh, chiefly Whigs by the way, whose sentiments and proceedings amuse me. The Stock is rather low in the market, 35s. premium instead of £5. It must rise however for the advantages of the Light are undeniable, and folks will soon become accustomed to idle apprehensions or misapprehensions. From £20 to £25 should light a house capitally, supposing you leave town in the vacation. The three last quarters cost me £10, 10s., and the first, £8, was greatly overcharged. We will see what this—the worst and darkest quarter costs.

Dined with Sir Robert Dundas, where we met Lord and Lady Melville. My little *nieces* (*ex officio*) gave us some pretty musick. I do not know and cannot utter a note of music; and complicated harmonics seem to me a babble of confused though pleasing sounds. Yet songs and simple melodies, especially if connected with words and ideas, have as much effect on me as on most people. But then I hate to hear a young person sing without feeling and expression suited to the song. I cannot bear a voice that has no more life in it than a pianoforte or a bugle-horn. There is something about all the fine arts of soul and spirit which like the vital principle in man defies the research of the most critical anatomist. You feel where it is not, yet you cannot describe what it is you want. Sir Joshua, or some other great painter, was looking at a painting¹ on which much pains had been bestowed—“Why, yes—” he said, in a hesitating manner, “it is

¹ “Painter . . . painting . . . pains” was more than Lockhart could stand, so he printed “picture” instead of “painting.”

very clever—very well done—can't find fault—but it wants something ; it wants—it wants—damn me it wants *that* ”—throwing his hand over his head and snapping his fingers. Tom Moore's is the most exquisite warbling I ever heard. Next to him, David Macculloch for Scots songs. The last when a boy at Dumfries was much admired by Burns who used to get him to try over the words which he composed to new melodies. He is brother of Macculloch of Ardwall.

November 22.—*Moore*. I say Moore (for the first time, I may say) this season. We had indeed met in public twenty years ago. There is a manly frankness, and perfect ease and good breeding about him which is delightful. Not the least touch of the poet or the pedant. A little—very little man—less, I think, than Lewis, and somewhat like him in person—God knows, not in conversation, for Matt, though a clever fellow, was a bore of the first description. Moreover, he looked always like a schoolboy. I remember a picture of him being handed about at Dalkeith House. It was a miniature I think by Saunders, who had contrived to muffle Lewis's person in a cloak, and placed some poniard or dark-lantern appurtenance (I think) in his hand, so as to give the picture the cast of a Bravo. “That like Mat Lewis !” said Duke Henry, to whom it had passed in turn ; “why, that is like a *man* !” Imagine the effect ! Lewis was at his elbow. Now Moore has none of this insignificance ; to be sure his person is much stouter than that of M. G. L. His countenance is decidedly plain, but the expression is so very animated, especially in speaking or singing, that it is far more interesting than the finest features could have rendered [it].

I was aware that Byron had often spoken both in private society and in his journal of Moore and myself in the same breath and with the same sort of regard. So I was curious to see what there could be in common betwixt us, Moore having lived so much in the gay world, I in the country, and with people of business, and sometimes with politicians ; Moore a scholar—I none—he a musician and artist—I without knowledge of a note. He a democrat—I

an aristocrat—with many other points of difference ; besides his being an Irishman, I a Scotchman, and both tolerably national. Yet there is a point of resemblance, and a strong one. We are both good-humoured fellows, who rather seek to enjoy what is going forward than to maintain our dignity as Lions ; and we have both seen the world too widely and too well not to condemn in our souls the imaginary consequence of literary people, who walk with their noses in the air, and remind me always of the fellow whom Johnson met in an alehouse, and who called himself “the great Twalmley—inventor of the floodgate iron for smoothing lincn.” He also enjoys the *Mot pour rire*, and so do I.

Moore has, I think, been ill-treated about Byron's Memoirs. He surrendered them to the family (L^d Byron's Exors) and thus lost £2000 which he had raised upon them at a most distressing moment of his life. It is true they offered and pressed the money on him afterwards, but they ought to have settled it with the Booksellers and not put poor Tom's spirit in arms against his interest. I think at least it might have been so managed. At any rate there must be an authentic life of Byron by somebody. Why should they not give the benefit of their materials to Tom Moore, whom Byron had made the depositary of his own Memoirs?—but T. M. thinks that Cam Hobhouse has the purpose of writing Byron's life himself. He and Moore were at sharp words during the negotiation, and there was some explanation necessary before the affair ended. It was a pity that nothing save the total destruction of Byron's Memoirs would satisfy his Exors—But there was a reason—*Premet Nox alta*.

It would be [a] delightful addition to life, if T. M. had a cottage within two miles of one. We went to the theatre together, and the House being luckily a good one received T. M. with rapture. I could have hugged them, for it paid back the debt of the kind reception I met with in Ireland.

Here is matter for a May morning. But much fitter for a November one. The general distress in the city has

affected H. and R.,¹ Constable's great agents. Should they go, it is not likely that Constable can stand, and such an event would lead to great distress and perplexity on the part of J. B. and myself. Thank God, I have enough at worst² to pay forty shillings in the pound, taking matters at the very worst. But much distress and inconvenience must be the consequence. I had a lesson in 1814 which should have done good upon me. But success and abundance crazed it from my mind. But this is no time for journalizing or moralizing either. Necessity is like a sour-faced Cook-maid, and I a turn-spit whom she has floggd ere now till he mounted his wheel. If W-st-k³ can be out by 25 January it will do much, and it is possible.

Sir John Sinclair's son has saved his comrade (young Hope) on shipboard by throwing himself overboard and keeping the other afloat—a very gallant thing. But the *Gran Giag' Asso*⁴ asks me to write a poem on the *civic crown*, of which he sends me a description quoted from Adam's *Antiquities*, which mellifluous performance is to persuade the Admiralty to give the young conservator promotion. Oh! he is a rare Head-piecc, an admirable Morion. I do not believe there is in nature such a full-acornd Boar.⁵

Could not write to purpose for thick-coming fancies; the wheel would not turn easily, and cannot be forced.

“ My spinning-wheel is auld and stiff;
The rock o't winna stand, sir;
To keep the temper-pin stiff
Employs aft my hand, sir.”

Went to dine at L—— J—— C——⁶ as I thought by invitation, but it was for Tuesday se'en night. Returnd very well pleased, not being exactly in the humour for

¹ Hurst and Robinson, Booksellers, London.

² Lockhart struck out “at worst.” Douglas printed “at least.”

³ *Woodstock* was at this time begun.

⁴ See entry of Dec. 15, 1826—“Sir John Jackass seconded the Whigs' nominee”; also the entry of Dec. 26, 1826—“the Cavaliero Jackasso.”

⁵ For Sir John Sinclair, see Cockburn's *Journal* for 25th July 1837.

⁶ The Right Hon. David Boyle, Lord Justice-Clerk, who was afterwards Lord Justice-General. (See Cockburn's *Journal* for 14th November 1841.)

company—and had a beef-steak. My appetite is surely excepting in quantity that of a farmer, for, eating moderately of anything, my epicurean pleasure is in the most simple diet. Wine I seldom taste when alone and use instead a little spirits and water. I have of late diminished the quantity, for fear of a weakness inductive to a diabetes—a disease which broke up my father's health, though one of the most temperate men who ever lived. I smoke a couple of segars instead, which operates equally as a sedative—

“Just to drive the cold winter away,
And drown the fatigues of the day.”

I smoked a good deal about twenty years ago when at Ashiestiel; but, coming down one morning to the parlour, I found, as the room was small and confined, that the smell was unpleasant, and laid aside the use of the *Nicotian weed* for many years but was again led to use it by the example of my son, a Hussar officer, and my son-in-law, an Oxford student. I could lay it aside to-morrow—I laugh at the dominion of custom in this and many things.

“We make the giants first, and then—*do not* kill them.”

November 23.—On comparing notes with Moore, I was confirmed in one or two points which I had always laid down in considering poor Byron's [character]. One was, that like Rousseau he was apt to be very suspicious, and a plain downright steadiness of manner was the true mode to maintain his good opinion. Will Rose told me that once, while sitting with Byron, he fixed insensibly his eyes on his feet, one of which, it must be remembered, was deformed. Looking up suddenly, he saw Byron regarding him with a look of concentrated and deep displeasure, which wore off when he observed no consciousness of embarrassment in the countenance of Rose. Murray afterwards explained this, by telling Rose that Lord Byron was very jealous of having this personal imperfection noticed or attended to. In another point, Moore confirmed my ¹ previous opinion, namely, that Byron loved mischief-making. Moore had

• ¹ “by” in photostat.

written to him cautioning him against the project of establishing the paper called the *Liberal*, in communion with such men as P. B. Shelley and Hunt,¹ on whom he said the world had set its mark. Byron showed this to the parties. Shelley wrote a modest and rather affecting expostulation to Moore. These two peculiarities of extreme suspicion and love of mischief are both shades of the malady which certainly tinctured some part of the character of this mighty genius; and, without some tendency towards which, genius—I mean that kind which depends on the imaginative power—perhaps cannot exist to great extent. The wheels of a machine, to play rapidly, must not fit with the utmost exactness, else the attrition diminishes the Impetus.

Another of Byron's peculiarities was the love of mystifying; which indeed may be referred to that of mischief. There was no knowing how much or how little to believe of his narratives. Instance:—Mr. Bankes expostulating with him upon a dedication which he had written in extravagant terms of praise to Cam Hobhouse, Byron told him that Cam had teased him into the dedication till he had said, "Well; it shall be so,—providing you will write the dedication yourself"; and affirmed that Cam Hobhouse did write the high-coloured dedication accordingly. I mentioned this to Murray, having the report from Will Rose, to whom Bankes had mentioned it. Murray in reply assured me that the dedication was written by Lord Byron himself, and showed it me in his own hand. I wrote to Rose to mention the thing to Bankes, as it might have made mischief had the story got into the circle.

Byron was disposed to think all men of imagination were addicted to mix fiction (or poetry) with their prose. He used to say he dared believe the celebrated courtesan of Venice about whom Rousseau makes so piquante a story, was if one could see her a draggled-taild wench enough. I believe that he embellishd his own amours considerably, and that he was, in many respects, *Le fanfaron des vices qu'il*

¹ A quarterly journal edited by Leigh Hunt. Byron's *Vision of Judgment* first appeared in it.

n'avait pas. He loved to be thought awful mysterious and gloomy and sometimes hinted at strange causes. I believe the whole to have been the creation and sport of a wild and powerful fancy. In the same manner he *cram'd* people as it is term'd about duels, and what [not], which never existed or were much exaggerated.

Constable has been here as lame as a duck upon his legs, but his heart and courage as firm as a cock. He has convinced me we will do well to support the London House. He has sent them about £5000, and proposes we should borrow on our joint security £5000 for their accomodation. J. B. and R. Cadell present. I must be guided by them, and hope for the best. Certainly to part company would be to incur an awful risque.

What I liked about Byron, besides his boundless genius, was his generosity of spirit as well as purse, and his utter contempt of all the affectations of literature, from the school-magisterial stile to the lackadaisical. Byron's example has formed a sort of Upper House of poetry. There is Lord Leveson Gower, a very clever young man.¹ Lord Porchester too,² nephew to Mrs Scott of Harden, a young man who lies on the carpet and looks poetical and dandyish—fine lad too—But—

“There [will] be many peers
Ere such another Byron.”

Talking of Abbotsford, it begins to be haunted by too much company of every kind. But especially foreigners. I do not like them. I hate fine waistcoats and breast-pins upon dirty shirts. I detest the impudence that pays a stranger compliments and harangues about his works in the author's house, which is usually ill-breeding. Moreover, they are seldom long of making it evident that they know nothing about what they are talking of, excepting having seen the Lady of the Lake at the Opera.

¹ See *D.N.B.* under Egerton, Francis (1800-1857), Earl of Ellesmere, statesman and poet.

² Herbert, Henry John George (1800-1849). In the House of Commons he delivered an effective speech against the Reform Bill in 1831. Succeeded his father as third Earl of Carnarvon in 1833 (*D.N.B.*).

Dined at St. Catherine's¹ with Lord Advocate with Lord and Lady Mellville, Lord Justice-Clerk, Sir Archd Campbell of Succoth, all class companions and acquainted well for more than forty years. All excepting Lord J. C. were at Fraser's class, High School. Boyle joined us at College. There are, besides, Sir Adam Fergusson, Colin Mackenzie, James Hope, Dr. James Buchan, Claud Russell, and perhaps two or three more of and about the same period—But

"Rari apparent nantes in gurgite vasto."²

November 24.—Talking of strangers, London held some four or five years since one of those animals who are lions at first, but by transmutation of two seasons become in regular course Boars. Ugo Foscolo by name, a haunter of Murray's shop and of literary parties. Ugly as a baboon, and intolerably conceited, he spluttered, blustered, and disputed, without even knowing the principles upon which men of sense render a reason, and screamed all the while like a pig when they cut his throat. Another such Animalaccio is a brute of a Sicilian Marquis de Salvo who wrote something about Byron. He inflicted two days on us at Abbotsford. And they never know what to make of themselves in the forenoon, but sit tormenting the women to play at proverbs and such trash.

Foreigner of a different caste,—Count Olonym (Olonyne—that's it), son of the President of the Royal Society and a captain in the Imperial Guards. He is mean-looking and sickly, but has much sense, candour, and general information. There was at Abbotsford, and is here, for education just now, a young Count Davidow, with a tutor Mr. Colyar. He is a nephew of the famous Orlovs. It is quite surprising how much sense and sound thinking this youth has at the early age of sixteen, without the least self-conceit or

¹ St. Catherine's, the seat of Sir William Rae, Bart., then Lord Advocate, is about three miles from Edinburgh.—J. G. 1.

² Virg. *Æn.* i. 122. Scott quotes the words in the same (unmetrical) order in *Heart of Midlothian*, ch. i. In a letter to the editor, *Morning Post* of 12th Nov. 1824, Scott confessed that he did not learn Latin prosody at school or had since forgotten what little he learned there (*Life*, ch. lxi.).

forwardness. On the contrary, he seems kind, modest, and ingenuous.¹ To questions which I asked about the state of Russia he answered with the precision and accuracy of twice his years. He is but sixteen. I should be sorry the saying were verified in him—

“So wise and young, they say, never live long.”²

Saw also at Abbotsford two Frenchmen whom I liked, friends of Miss Dumergue. One, called Le Noir, is the author of a tragedy which he had the grace never to quote, and which I, though poked by some malicious persons, had *not* the grace even to hint at. They were disposed at first to be complimentary, but I convinced them it was not the custom here, and they took it well, and were agreeable.

A little bilious this morning, for the first time these six months. It cannot be the London matters which stick on my stomach, for that is mending, and may have good effects on myself and others.³

Dined with Robert Cockburn. Company, Lord Melville and family; Sir John and Lady Hope; Lord and Lady R. Kerr, and so forth. Combination of Coalliers general, and coals up to double price; the men will not work, *although*, or rather *because*, they can make from thirty to forty shillings per week. Lord R. K. told us that he had a letter from Lord Forbess (son of Earl Granard, Ireland), that he was asleep in his house at Castle Forbes, when awakened by a sense of suffocation which deprived him of the power of stirring a limb yet left him the consciousness that the house was on fire. At this moment and while his apartment was in flames his large dog jumped on the bed seized his shirt and dragged him to the staircase, where the fresh air restored

¹ M. Davidoff has, in his mature life, amply justified Sir Walter's prognostications. He has, I understand, published in the Russian language a tribute to the memory of Scott. But his travels in Greece and Asia Minor are well known, and considered as in a high degree honourable to his taste and learning.—[1839.]—J. G. L.

² *King Richard III.*, Act III. Sc. 1. Scott quoted from memory. Lockhart revised the quotation.

³ So the sentence stands in the photostat.

his powers of exertion and of escape. This is very different from most cases of preservation of life by the canine race when the animal generally jumps into the water, in which [element] he has force and skill, That of fire is as hostile to him as to mankind.

November 25.—Read Jeffrey's neat and well-intended address¹ to the mechanics upon their combinations. Will it do good? Umph. It takes only the hand of a Liliputian to light a fire, but would require the diuretic powers of Gulliver to extinguish it. The Whigs will live and die in the heresy that the world is ruled by little pamphlets and speeches and that if you can sufficiently demonstrate that a line of conduct is most consistent with men's interest, you have therefore and thereby demonstrated that they will at length after a few speeches on the subject adopt it of course. In this case we would have [no] need of laws or churches, for I am sure there is no difficulty of proving that moral regular [and] steady habits conduce to men's best interest, and that vice is not sin merely, but folly. But of these individuals each has passions and prejudices, the gratification of which he prefers not only to the general weal but to that of himself as an individual. Under the action of these wayward impulses a man drinks to-day though he is sure of starving to-morrow. He murders to-morrow though [he] is sure to be hanged on Wednesday; and people are so slow to believe that which makes against their own predominant passions, that mechanics will combine to raise the price for one week, though they destroy the manufacture for ever. The best remedy seems to be the probable supply of labourers from other trades. Jeffrey proposes each mechanic shall learn some other trade than his own, and so have two strings to his bow. He does not consider the length of a double apprenticeship. To make a man a good weaver and a good tailor would require as much time as the patriarch served for his two wives, [and] after all, he would be but a poor workman at either craft. Each mechanic has, indeed, a second trade, for he can dig and work rustic labour. Perhaps the best

¹ Lockhart made several minor alterations in this paragraph.

reason for breaking up the associations will prove to be the expenditure of the money which they have been simple enough to levy from the industrious to the support of the idle. How much provision for the sick and the aged, the widow and the orphan, have been expended in the attempt to get wages which the manufacturer cannot afford them at any profitable chance of selling his commodity?

I had a bad fall last night coming home. There were unfinished houses at the east end of Atholl Place, and as I was on foot, I crossed the street to avoid the material which lay about; but, deceived by the moonlight, I slipped ankle-deep into a sea of mud (honest earth and water, thank God), and fell on my hands. Never was there such a representative of *Wall* in *Pyramus* and *Thisbe*—I was absolutely rough-cast. Luckily Lady S. had retired when I came home; so I enjoyed my tub of water without either remonstrance or condolences. Cockburn's¹ hospitality will get the benefit and renown of my downfall, and yet has no claim to it. In future though, I must take a coach at night—a controul on one's freedom, but it must be submitted to. I found a letter from [R.] C[adell], giving a cheering account of things in London. Their correspondent² is getting into his strength. Three days ago I would have been contented to buy this *consola*, as Judy says,³ dearer than by a dozen falls in the mud. For had the great Constable fallen, O my countrymen, what a fall were there!

Mrs. Coutts, with the Duke of St. Albans and Lady Charlotte Beauclerk, called to take leave of us. When at

¹ A brother of Lord Cockburn, founder of the firm of Cockburn and Campbell.

² The correspondent is Robinson of Hurst and Robinson. Scott does not seem to have heard that he had been speculating in hops.

³ This alludes to a strange old woman, keeper of a public-house among the Wicklow mountains, who, among a world of oddities, cut short every word ending in *tion*, by the omission of the termination. *Consola* for consolation—*bothera* for botheration, etc. etc. Lord Plunkett had taken care to parade Judy and all her peculiarities.—J. G. L.

N.B. With eight weeks after recording this graceful act of I found I was unable to keep a carriage at all.

Abbotsford his suit throve but coldly. She made me, I believe, her confident in sincerity.¹ She had refused him twice, and decidedly. He was merely on the footing of friendship. I urged it was akin to love. She allowed she might marry the Duke, only she had at present [not] the least intention that way. Is 'this' frank admission more favourable for the Duke than an absolute protestation against the possibility of such a marriage? I think not.

It is the fashion to attend Mrs. Coutts' parties and to abuse her. I have always found her a kind, friendly woman, without either affectation or insolence in the display of her wealth, and most willing to do good if the means be shewn to her. She can be very entertaining too, as she speaks without scruple of her stage life. So much wealth can hardly be enjoyed without some ostentation. But what then? If the Duke marries her, he ensures an immense fortune; if she marries him, she has the first rank. If he marries a woman older than himself by twenty years, she marries a man younger in wit by twenty degrees. I do not think he will dilapidate her fortune—he seems quiet and gentle. I do not think that she will abuse his softness—of disposition, shall I say, or of heart? The disparity of ages concerns no one but themselves; so they have my consent to marry, if they can get each other's. Just as this is written, enter my Lord of St. Albans and Lady Charlotte, to beg I would recommend a book of sermons to Mrs. Coutts. Much obliged for her good opinion: recommended Logan's—one poet should always speak for another. The mission, I suppose, was a little display on the part of good Mrs. Coutts of authority over her high aristocratic suitor. I do not suspect her of turning *dévôte*, and retract my consent given as above, unless she remains "lively, brisk, and jolly."

Dined quiet with wife and daughter. R[obert] Cadell looked in in the evening on business.

I here register my purpose to practise oeconomies. I have little temptation to do otherwise. Abbotsford is all

¹ She did marry the Duke in June 1827.

that I can make it, and too large for the property ; so I resolve—

No more Building ;

No purchases of land till times are quite safe ;

No buying books or expensive trifles—I mean to any extent. And

Clearing off encumbrances, with the returns of this year's labour ;—

Which resolutions, with health and my habits of industry, will make me “sleep in spite of thunder.”

After all, it is hard that the vagabond stock-jobbing Jews should, for their own purposes, make such a shake of credit as now exists in London, and menace the credit of men trading on sure funds like H[urst] and R[obinson]. It is just like a set of pickpockets, who raise a mob, in which honest folks are knocked down and plundered, that they may pillage safely in the midst of the confusion they have excited.

November 26.—The court met late, and sat till one. Detained from that hour till four o'clock being engaged in the perplexed affairs of Mr. James Stewart of Brugh. This young gentleman is heir to a property of better than £1000 a year in Orkney. His mother married very young and was wife mother and widow in the course of the first year. Being unfortunately under the direction of a careless perhaps an unfaithful¹ agent she was unlucky enough to embarrass her own affairs by money transactions with this person. I was asked to accept the situation

of one of his² curators and trust to clear out his affairs and hers—at least I will not fail for want of application. I have lent her

I was obliged to give this up in consequence of my own misfortunes.

£300 on a second (and therefore doubtful) security over her house in Newington bought for £1000 and on which £600 is already secured. I have no connection with the family except that of compassion and [may] not be rewarded even by thanks when the young man comes of age. I have known my father often so treated by those whom he had laboured to serve. But if we do not run some hazard in

¹ These three words were omitted by Douglas.

² Douglas altered “his” to “the son’s.”

our attempts to do good, where is the merit of them? So I will bring through my Orkney Laird if I can.

Dined at home quiet with Lady S. and Anne.

November 27.—Some time since John Murray entered into a contract with my son-in-law, John G. Lockhart, giving him on certain ample conditions the Management and Editorship of the Quarterly Review for which they could certainly scarcely find a fitter person both from talents and character. It seems that Barrow¹ and one or two stagers have taken alarm at Lockhart's character as a satirist and his supposed accession to some of the freaks in *Blackwood's Magazine* and down comes young D'Israeli² to Scotland imploring Lockhart to make interest with my friends in London to remove objections, and so forth. I have no idea of telling all and sundry that my son-in-law is not a slanderer or a silly thoughtless lad although [he] was six or seven years ago engaged in some light satires. I only wrote to Heber and to Southey—the first upon the subject of the reports which had startled Murray, (the most timorous, as Byron called him, of all God's book-sellers), and such a letter as he may show Barrow if he judges proper. To Southey I wrote more generally acquainting him of my son's appointment to the Editorship and mentioning his qualifications, touching, at the same time, on his very slight connection with *Blackwood's Magazine*, and his innocence as to those gambades which may have offended himself and Southey³ and which, I fear, they may ascribe too truly to an eccentric neighbour of their own. I also mentioned that I heard nothing of the affair until the month of October. I am concerned that Southey should know this for having been at the Lakes in September, I would not have him suppose that I had been using interest with Canning or Ellis to supersede young Mr. Coleridge⁴

¹ Scott's letters on the editorship of the Quarterly to Murray, Southey and others are printed in vol. ix. of the Centenary Edition of *Letters of Sir Walter Scott*.

² Benjamin Disraeli, afterwards Lord Beaconsfield.

³ "Southey" is Scott's slip for "Wordsworth." The eccentric neighbour is John Wilson (Christopher North).

⁴ In after years Sir John Taylor Coleridge (1790-1876). See *Letters*, vol. ix. p. 261, note.

their editor and place my son-in-law in the situation. Indeed I was never more surprized than when this proposal came upon us. I suppose it had come from Canning originally, as he was sounding Anne when at Colonel Bolton's¹ about Lockhart's views, etc. To me he never hinted anything on the subject. Other views are held out to Lockhart which may turn to great advantage. Only one person (John Cay² of Charlton) knows their object, and truly I wish it had not been confided to any one. Yesterday I had a letter from Murray in answer to one I had written in something a determined stile, for I had no idea of permitting him to start from the course after my son giving up his situation and profession, merely because a contributor or two chose to suppose gratuitously that Lockhart was too imprudent for the situation. My physic has wrought well, for it brought a letter from Murray saying all was right, that D'Israeli was sent to me, not to Lockhart, and that I was only invited to write two confidential letters, and other incoherencies—which intimate his fright has got into another quarter. It is interlined and franked by Barrow,³ which shows that all is well, and that John's induction into his office will be easy and pleasant. I have not the least fear of his success. His talents want only a worthy sphere of exertion. He must learn, however, to despize petty adversaries. No good sportsman ought to shoot at crows unless for some special purpose. To take notice of such men as Hazlitt and Hunt in the *Quarterly* would be to introduce them into a world which is scarce conscious of their existence. It is odd enough that many years since I had the principal share in erecting this *Review* which has been since so prosperous, and now it is placed under [the] management of my son-in-law upon the most honourable principle of *detur digniori*. Yet there are sad drawbacks so far as family comfort is concerned. To-day is Sunday when

¹ Storrs, Windermere. See *Letters*, vol. ix. pp. 211-12, 217.

² John Cay. See L. Campbell's *Life of James Clerk Maxwell*, ch. i.

³ See *Letters*, vol. ix. p. 303.

they always dined with us and generally met a family friend or two. But we are no longer to expect them. In the country where their little cottage was within a mile or two of Abbotsford we shall miss their society still more for Chiefswood was the perpetual object of our walks rides and drives. Lockhart is such an excellent family man so fond of his wife and child, that I hope all will go well.

A letter from Lockhart in the evening. All safe as to his unanimous reception in London. His predecessor, young [Coleridge], handsomely and like a gentleman offers his assistance as a contributor etc.

November 28.—I have the less dread, or rather the less anxiety, about the consequences of this migration, that I repose much confidence in Sophia's tact and good sense. Her manners are good, and have the appearance of being perfectly natural. She is quite conscious of the limited range of her musical talents and never makes them common or produces them out of place—a rare virtue—Moreover she is proud enough and will not be easily netted and patronized by any of that class of Ladies who may be called Lion-providers for town and country. She is domestic besides, and will not be disposed to gad about. Then she seems an oeconomist, and on £3000,¹ living quietly, there should be something to save. Lockhart must be liked where his good qualities are known and where his fund of information has room to be displayed. But notwithstanding a handsome exterior and face I am not sure he will succeed in London Society; he sometimes reverses the proverb and gives the *volte strette e pensiero sciolti*, withdraws his attention from the company or attaches himself to some individual gets into a corner and seems to be quizzing the rest. This is the want of early habits of being in society and a life led much at college. Nothing is however so popular, and so deservedly so as to

¹ See *Letters*, vol. ix. p. 256—"I suppose if he (Lockhart) made £1000 a year here, it would be the utmost. Sophia managed by oeconomy and attention to live very decently within that income and though London is more expensive yet their income is so much as to give room for saving upon £3000."

take an interest in whatever is going forward in society. A wise man always finds his account in it, and will receive information and fresh views of life even in the Society of Fools. Abstain from society altogether when you are not able to play some part in it. This reserve and a sort of Hidalgo air joint to his character as a satirist, have done the best-humourd fellow in the world some injury in the opinion of Edinburgh folks. In London it is of less consequence whether he please in general society or not since if he can establish himself as a genius it will only be called "pretty Fanny's way."

People make me the oddest requests. It is not unusual for an Oxonian or Cantab. who has outrun his allowance and of whom I know nothing to apply to me for the loan of £20, £50, or £100. A captain of the Danish naval service wrote to me, that being in distress for a sum of money by which he might transport himself to Columbia to offer his services in assisting to free that province he had dreamd I generously made him a present of it. I can tell him his dream by contraries. I begin to find like Joseph Surface that too good a character is inconvenient. I don't know what I have done to gain so much credit for generosity, but I suspect I owe it to being supposed as Puff¹ says one of those "whom Heaven has blessed with affluence." Not too much of that neither, my dear petitioners, though I may thank myself that your ideas are not correct.

Dined at Melville Castle, whither I went through a snow-storm. I was glad to find myself once more in a place connected with many happy days. Met Sir R. Dundas and my old friend George, now Lord Abercrombie,² with his lady, and a beautiful girl, his daughter. He is what he always was—the best-humourd man living. Our meetings [being] now more rare than usual—[this meeting] was seasond with many a recollection³ of old frolics and old

¹ Sheridan's *Critic*, Act 1. Sc. 2.

² George Abercromby, eldest son of Sir Ralph.

³ The sentence is defective in the photostat. Douglas changed "was seasond" into "are seasond."

friends. I am entertained to see him just the same he has always been, never yielding up his own opinion in fact, and yet in words acquiescing in all that could be said against it. George was always like a willow—he never offered resistance to the breath of argument, but never moved from his rooted opinion, blow as it listed. Exaggeration might make these peculiarities highly dramatic. Conceive a man who always seems to be acquiescing in your sentiments, yet never changes his own, and this with a sort of *bonhomie* which shows there is not a particle of deceit intended. He is only desirous to spare you the trouble of contradiction.

November 29.—A letter from Southey, malcontent about Murray having accomplished the change in the *Quarterly* without speaking to him, and quoting the twaddle of some old woman, male or female, about Lockhart's earlier *jeux d'esprit*, but concluding most kindly that in regard to my daughter and me he did not mean to withdraw. That he has done yeoman's service to the *Review* is certain, and his genius his universal reading his powers of regular industry, and at the outset a name which, though less generally popular than it deserves, is still too respectable to be withdrawn without injury.¹ I could not in reply point out to him what is the truth that his rigid Toryism and High Church prejudices rendered him an unsafe counsellor in a matter where the spirit of the age must be consulted. But I pointed out to him what I am sure is true that Murray, apprehensive of his displeasure, had not ventured to write to him out of mere timidity and not from any [intention to offend]. I treated [lightly] his old woman's apprehensions and cautions, and all that gossip about friends and enemies, to which a splendid number or two will be a sufficient answer, and I accepted with due acknowledgment his proposal of continued support. I cannot say I was afraid of his withdrawing. Lockhart will have hard cards² with him, for, great as Southey's powers are, he has not the art to make them

¹ So the sentence stands in the photostat.

² Douglas printed "words."

work popularly ; he is often diffuse, and frequently sets much value on minute and unimportant facts, and useless pieces of abstruse knowle[d]ge. Living too exclusively in a circle where he is idolized both for his genius and the excellence of his disposition, he has acquired strong prejudices, though all of an upright and honourable cast. He rides his High Church hobby too hard, and it will not do to run a tilt upon it against all the world. Gifford used to crop his articles considerably, and they bear marks of it, being sometimes *décousues*. Southey said that Gifford cut out his *middle joints*. When John comes to use the carving-knife I fear Dr. Southey will not be so tractable. *Nous verrons*. I will not show Southey's letter to Lockhart, for there is to him personally no friendly tone, and it would startle the Hidalgo's pride. It is to be wished they may draw kindly together. Southey says most truly that even those who most undervalue his reputation would were he to withdraw from the *Review* exaggerate the loss it would thereby sustain. The bottom of all these feuds, though not named, is *Blackwood's Magazine* ; all the squibs of which, which have sometimes exploded among the Lakers, Lockhart is rendered accountable for. He must now exert himself at once with spirit and prudence. He has good backing—Canning, Bishop Blomfield, Gifford, Wright, Croker, Will Rose,—and is there not besides the Douglas [?] An excellent plot, excellent friends, and full of preparations ? ¹ It was no plot of my making. Yet men will say and believe that I—who never heard a word of the matter till first a hint from Wright and then the formal proposal of Murray to Lockhart announced [it to me—was the prime mover in the business]. I believe Canning and Ellis were the prime movers. I will puzzle my brains no more about it.

Dined at Justice-Clk's. The presidt, Capt Smollet & caetera. Our new Commander-in-Chief or Commanding-

¹ These four lines are from Hotspur's soliloquy. Scott seems here to carry the quotation too far—unless indeed "the Douglas" stands for Scott himself, he being the only person north of the Tweed who could help Lockhart in his new post.

in-Chief Honble Sir Robert O'Callaghan brother to Earl of Lismore a fine soldierly looking man with orders and badges. His brother, an Agreeable and deserving the name whom I met at Lowther Castle this season. He composes his own musick and sings his own poetry—has much humour enhanced by a strong touch of national dialect which is always a rich sauce to an Irishman's good things. Dandyish but not offensively and seems to have a warm feeling for the credit of his country rather inconsistent with the trifling and selfish quietude of a mere man of society.

November 30.—I am come to the time when those who look out at the windows shall be darkend. I must now wear spectacles constantly in reading and writing, though till this winter I have made a shift by using only their occasional assistance. Although my health cannot be better, I feel my lameness becomes sometimes painful, and often inconvenient. Walking on the pavement or causeway gives me trouble, and I am glad when I have accomplished my return on foot from the Parliament House to Castle Street, though I can (taking a competent time, as old Braxie said on another occasion) walk five or six miles in the country with pleasure. Well—such things must come, and be received with cheerful submission. My early lameness considered, it was impossible for a man labouring under a bodily impediment to have been stronger or more active than I have been, and that for twenty or thirty¹ years. Seams will slit, and elbows will out, quoth the tailor—and as I was fifty-four on 15 August last my mortal² vestments are, none of the newest. Then Walter Charles and Lockhart are as active and handsome young fellows as you can see and while they enjoy strength and activity I can hardly be said to want it. I have perhaps all my life set an undue value on these gifts. Yet it does appear to me that high and independent feelings are naturally though not uniformly or inseparably connected with bodily advantages. Strong men are usually good-humoured, and active men often display the same elasticity of mind

¹ "twenty" in photostat.

² Lockhart's first edition had "mental," the blunder of a transcriber.

as of body. These are superiorities however that are often misused. But even for these things God shall call us to judgement.

Some months since I joind with other literary folks in subscribing a petition for a pension to Mrs. G—— of L——n¹ which we thought was a tribute merited by her works as an authoress and in my opinion much more by the firmness and elasticity of mind with which she had borne a succession of great domestic calamities.² Unhappily there was only about £100 open on the pension list, and this the minister assigned in equal portions to Mrs. G—— and a distressed lady, grand-daughter of a forfeited Scottish nobleman. Mrs. G——, proud as a Highland woman vain as a poetess and absurd as a Blue-stocking has taken this partition *in malam partem*, and written to Lord Melville about her merits, and that her friends do not consider her claims as being fairly canvassed with something like a demand that her petition be submitted to the King. This is not the way to make her *plack* a *bawbee*, and Lord M., a little *miffd* in turn, sends the whole correspondence to me to know whether Mrs. G—— will accept the £50 or not. Now hating to deal with ladies when they are in an unreasonable humour, I have got the good-humoured Man of Feeling to find out the lady's mind and I take on myself the task of making her peace with Lord M. There is no great doubt how it will end, for your scornful dog will always eat your dirty pudding.³ After all the poor lady is greatly to be pitied. Her sole remaining daughter, deep and far gone in a decline has been seized with alienation of mind.

Dined with my cousin R[obert] R[utherford] being the first invitation since my uncle's death. Our cousin Lt.-Col. Russell⁴ of Ashestiel, with his sister Anne—the former newly returned from India. A fine gallant fellow, and

¹ Mrs. Grant of Laggan, author of *Letters from the Mountains, Superstitions of the Highlanders*, etc.

² "calamity" in photostat.

³ See entry of June 23, 1826, where Scott applies this proverb to himself.

⁴ Afterwards Major-General Sir James Russell, G.C.B. • See *Letters*, vol. ix. p. 319.

distinguish'd as a cavalry officer. He came overland from India and has observed a good deal. General L. --- of L. ---, in Logan's orthography a *fowl*, Sir William Hamilton, Miss Peggy Swinton, William Keith, and others. Knight Marischal not well, so unable to attend this convocation of kith and kin.

DECEMBER

December 1st.—Colonel R[ussell] told me that the European Government had discovered an ingenious mode of diminishing the number of burnings of widows. It seems the Shaster positively enjoins that the pile shall be so constructed that if the victim should repent even at the moment when it is set on fire she may still have the means of saving herself. The Bramins soon found it was necessary to assist the resolution of the sufferers, by means of a little pit into which they contrive to let the poor widow sink, so as to prevent her reaping any benefit from a late repentance. But the Government has brought them back to the rigour¹ of their law, and only permit[s] the burning to go on when the pile is constructed with full opportunity of a *locus penitentiae*. Yet the widow is so degraded if she dare to survive, that the number² of burnings is still great. The quantity of female children destroy'd by the Rajahpout tribes Colonel R. describes as very great indeed. They are strangled by the mother. The principle is the aristocratic pride of these high castes who breed up no more daughters than they can reasonably² hope to find matches for in their own tribe. Singular how artificial systems of feeling can be made to overcome that love of offspring which seems instinctive in the females not of the human race only but of the lower animals. This is the reverse of our system of increasing game by shooting the old cock birds. It is a system would aid Malthus rarely.

¹ Douglas printed "regard."

² The photostat has "numbers" and "reasonable."

Nota Bene, the day before yesterday I signed the bond for £5000, with Constable, for relief of Robinson's house. I am to be secured by good bills.

I think this journal will suit me well; if I can coax myself into an idea that it is purely voluntary, it may go on—*Nulla dies sine linea*. But never a being, from my infancy upwards, hated task-work as I hate it; and yet I have done a great deal in my day. It is not that I am idle in my nature neither. But propose to me to do one thing, and it is inconceivable the desire. I have to do something else—not that it is more easy or more pleasant, but just because it is escaping from an imposed task. I cannot trace this love of contradiction to any distinct source, but [it] has haunted me all my life. I could almost suppose it was mechanical, and that the imposition of a piece of duty-labour operated on me like the mace of a bad billiard-player, which gives an impulse to the ball indeed, but sends it off at a tangent different from the course designed by the player. Now, if I expend such eccentric movements on this journal, it will be turning this wretched propensity to some tolerable account. If I had thus employed the hours and half-hours which I have whiled away in putting off something that must needs be done at last, My Conscience! I should have had a journal with a witness.

Sophia and Lockhart came to Edin^r to-day and dined with us, (meeting Hector Macdonald Buchanan, his lady, and Missy, familiarly so called)—James Skene and his lady, Lockhart's friend Cay, &c.

They are lucky to be able to assemble so many real friends, whose good wishes, I am sure, will follow them in their new undertaking.

- *December 2.*—Rather a blank day for the *Gurnal*. Correcting proofs in the morning, Court from $\frac{1}{2}$ past ten till two—poor dear Colin Mackenzie, one of the wisest kindest and best men of his time, in the country,—I fear with very indifferent health. From two till five transacting business with J. B. All seems to go smoothly.

Sophia dined with us alone, Lockhart being gone to the west to bid farewell to his father and brothers. Evening

spent in talking with Sophia on their future prospects. God bless her, poor girl! she never gave me a moment's reason to complain of her. But, O my God! that poor delicate child, so clever, so animated, yet holding by this earth with so fearfully slight a tenure. Never out of his mother's thoughts, almost never out [of] his father's arms when he has but a single moment to give to anything. *Deus providebit.*

December 3.—R. P. G.¹ came to call last night to excuse himself from dining, with Lockhart's friends to-day. I really fear he is near an actual standstill. He has been extremely improvident. When I first knew him he had an excellent estate, and now he is deprived, I fear, of the whole reversion of the price, and this from no vice or extreme, except a wasteful mode of buying pictures and other costly trifles at high prices, and selling them again for nothing, besides an extravagant housekeeping and profuse hospitality. An excellent disposition with a considerable fund of acquired knowledge would have rendered him an agreeable companion had he not affected singularity and rendered himself accordingly singularly affected. He was very near being a poet—but a miss is as good as a mile, and he always fell short of the mark. I knew him first many years ago when he was desirous of my acquaintance but he was too poetical for me, or I was not poetical enough for him so that we continued only ordinary acquaintance, with goodwill on either side, which R. P. G. really deserves, as a more friendly, generous creature never lived. Lockhart hopes to get something done for him, being sincerely attached to him, but says he has no hopes till he is utterly ruined. That point, I fear, is not far distant but what Lockhart can do for him then I cannot guess. His last effort failed, owing to a curious reason. He had made some translations from the German, which he does extremely [well]—for give him ideas and he never wants choice of good words—and Lockhart had got Constable to offer some sort of terms for them. R. P. G. has always, though possessing a beautiful power of hand-

¹ Robert Pierce Gillies.

writing, had some whim or other about imitating that of some other person, and has written for months in the imitation of one or other of his friends. Now at present¹ he has renounced this amusement, and chuses to write with a brush upon large cartridge paper, somewhat in the Chinese fashion. So when his work, which was only to extend to one or two volumes, arrived on the shoulders of two porters, in immense bales, our jolly bibliopolist backed out of the treaty, and would have nothing more to do with R. P. He is a creature that is or would be thought of imagination all compact, and is influenced by strange whims. But he is a kind, harmless, friendly soul, and I fear has been cruelly plundered of money, which he now wants sadly.

Dined with Lockhart's friends, about fifty in number, who gave him a parting entertainment. John Hope, Solicitor-Gen^l, in the chair, and Robert Dundas, croupier. The company most highly respectable, and any man might be proud of such an indication of the interest they take in his progress in life. Tory principles rather too violently upheld by some speakers. I came home about ten; the party sate late.

December 4.—Lockhart and Sophia, with his brother William, dined with us, and talked over our separation, and the mode of their settling in London, and other family topics.

December 5.—This morning Lockhart and Sophia left us early, and without leave-taking. When I arose at eight o'clock they were gone. This was very right. I hate red eyes and blowing of noses. *Agere et pati Romanum est.* Of all schools commend me to the Stoicks. We cannot indeed overcome our affections, nor ought we if we could, but we [may] repress them within due bounds, and avoid coaxing them to make fools of those who should be their masters. I have lost some of the comforts to which I chiefly look for enjoyment. Well, I must make the more of such as remain—God bless them. And so I will unto my holy work again, which at present is the description of that

¹ The photostat has "presence."

heilige Kleeblatt, that worshipful triumvirate, Danton, Robespierre, and Marat.

I cannot conceive what possesses me over every person besides to mislay papers. I received a letter Saturday at *e'en*, enclosing a bill for £750 *no deaf nuts*. Well, I read it, and note the contents and this day, as if it had been a wind-bill in the literal sense of the words, I search everywhere, and lose three hours of my morning—turn over all my confusion in the writing-desk—break open one or two letters, lest I should have enclosed the sweet and quickly convertible document in them,—send for a joiner, and disorganize my scrutoire, lest it should have fallen aside by mistake. I find it at last—the place where is of little consequence. But this trick must be amended.

Dined at the Royal Society Club, where, as usual, was a pleasant meeting of from twenty to twenty-five. It is a very good institution. We pay two guineas only for six dinners in the year present or absent. Dine at 5 or rather $\frac{1}{2}$ past five at the Royal hotel, where we have an excellent dinner, with soups, fish, &c., and all in good order. Port and sherry till half-past seven then coffee and we go to the Society.¹ This has great influence in keeping up the attendance—it being found that this preface of a good dinner to be paid for whether you partake or not brings out many a philosopher who might not otherwise have attended the Society. Harry Mackenzie now in his eighty-second or third year read part of an Essay on Dreams.

Supd at Dr. Russell's usual party, which shall serve for one while.

December 6.—A rare thing this literature or love of fame or notoriety which accompanies it. Here is Mr. H[enry] M[ackenzie] on the very brink of human dissolution as actively anxious about it as if the curtain must not soon be closed on that and everything else. He calls me his

¹ Douglas had forgotten this entry when he came to the similar entry of 4th December 1826 (p. 286 of this edition)—which he transformed in truly amazing fashion.

literary confessor and I am sure I am glad to return the kindnesses which he showed me long since in George's Square. No man is less known from his writings. We would suppose a retired modest somewhat affected man with a white handkerchief and a sigh ready for every sentiment. No such thing. H. M. is alert as a contracting tailor's needle in every sort of business—a politician and a sportsman—shoots and fishes in a sort even to this day—and is the life of the company with anecdote and fun. Sometimes his daughter tells me he is in low spirits at home but really I never see anything of it in Society.

There is a maxim almost universal in Scotland, which I should like much to see controuerted. Every youth of every temper and almost every description of character is sent either to study as a lawyer, or to a Writer's office as an apprentice. The Scottish seem to conceive Themis the most powerful of goddesses. Is a lad stupid the law will sharpen him—Is he too mercurial, the law will make him sedate—Has he an estate, he may get a sheriffdom—Is he poor, the richest Lawyers have emerged from poverty—Is he a Tory, he may become a depute-advocate—Is he a Whig, he may with far better hope expect to become, in reputation at least, that rising counsel Mr. —, when in fact he only rises at tavern dinners. Upon some such wild views lawyers and writers multiply till there is no life for them, and men give up the chase hopeless and exhausted and go into the army at five-and-twenty, instead of eighteen, with a turn for expense perhaps—almost certainly for profligacy, and with a heart embittered against the loving parents or friends who compelled them to lose six or seven years in dusting the rails of the stove¹ with their black gowns or scribbling nonsense for twopence a page all day and laying out twice their earnings at night in whisky-punch. Here is R. L.² now. Four or five years ago from certain indications I assured his friends he would never be

¹ The briefless advocates congregated round the "stove" in the Parliament House. Scott refers to his early years at the bar as his "stovehood."

² A younger brother of J. G. Lockhart.

a writer.* Good-natured lad, too, when Bacchus is out [of] the question ; but at other times so pugnacious that it was evident he could only be properly placed where fighting was to be a part of his duty, regulated by time and place, and paid for accordingly. Well—time, money, and instruction have been thrown away, and now, after fighting two regular boxing matches and a duel with pistols in the course of one week, he tells them roundly he will be no writer, which common-sense might have told them before. He has now perhaps acquired habits of insubordination, unfitting him for the army, where he might have been tamed at an earlier period. He is too old for the navy, and so he must go to India, a guinea-pig on board a Chinaman, with what hope or view it is melancholy to guess. J. G. L. did all man could to get his friends to consent to his going into the army in time. The Lad has good-humour courage and most gentlemanlike feelings, but he is incurably dissipated, I hear ; so goes to die in youth in a foreign land.

Thank God, I let Walter take his own way ; and I trust he will be a useful honourd soldier, being, for his time, high in the service—whereas at home he would probably have been a wine-bibbling, moorfowl-shooting, fox-hunting Fife squire—living at Lochore without either aim or end—and well if he were no worse. Dined at home with Lady S. and Anne. Wrote in the evening.

December 7.—Tcind day ;—at home of course. Wrote answers to [one] or two letters which have [been] lying on my desk like snakes, hissing at me for my dilatoriness. Bespoke a ton (tun) of palm-oil fro[m] Sir John Tobin.¹ Received a letter from Sir W. Knighton, mentioning that the King acquiesced in my proposal that Constable's Miscellany should be dedicated to him.² Enjoined, however, not to make this public till the draft of dedication shall be approved. This letter tarried so long, I thought some one

¹ A Liverpool merchant who recommended Scott to use palm oil in his oil-gas plant. Douglas printed—"for Sir John Forbes."

² For Scott's letters to Sir William Knighton, see *Letters*, vol. ix. pp. 262 and 326.

had insinuated the proposal was *infra dig.* I don't think so. The purpose is to bring all the standard works, both in sciences and the liberal arts, within the reach of the lower classes, and enable them thus to use with advantage the education which is given them at every hand. To make boys learn to read, and then place no good books within their reach, is to give men an appetite, and leave nothing in the pantry save unwholesome and poisonous food, which, depend upon it, they will eat rather than starve. Sir William, it seems, has been in Germany.

Mighty dark this morning; it is past ten, and I am using my lamp. The vast number of houses built beneath us to the north certainly render our street darker during the days when frost or haze prevents the smoke from rising. After all, it may be my older eyes. I remember two years ago, when Lord H. began to fail somewhat in his limbs, he observed that Lord S.¹ came to Court at a more early hour than usual, whereas it was he himself who took longer time to walk the usual distance betwixt his house and the Parliament Square. I suspect old gentlemen often make such mistakes.

A letter from Southey in a very pleasant strain as to Lockhart and myself. Of Murray he has perhaps ground to complain as well for consulting him late in the business, as for the manner in which he intimated [the new arrangement] to young Coleridge, who had no reason to think himself handsomely treated, though he has acquiesced in the arrangement in a very gentlemanlike tone. With these matters we, of course, have nothing to do, having no doubt that the situation was vacant when M. offered it as such. Southey says, in alteration of Byron's phrase, that M. is the most timorous, not of God's, but of the devil's, booksellers. The truth I take to be that Murray was pushed in the change of Editor (which was really become necessary) probably by Gifford, Canning, Ellis, etc. and when he had fixed with Lockhart by their advice his constitutional nervousness made him delay entering upon a full explanation with Coleridge. But it is all settled

¹ Lockhart printed Lords Hermand and Succoth (*Life*, ch. lxx.).

now—I hope Lockhart will be able to mitigate their High Church bigotry. It is not for the present day, savouring too much of *Jure divino*.

Dined quiet with Lady S. and Anne. Anne is practicing Scots songs, which I take as a kind compliment to my own taste, as hers leads her chiefly to foreign music. I think the good girl sees that I want and must miss her sister's peculiar talent in singing the airs of our native country, which, imperfect as my musical ear is, make, and always have made, the most pleasing impression on me. And so if she puts a constraint on herself for my sake, I can only say, in requital, God Bless her.

I have much to comfort me in the present aspect of my family. My eldest son, independent in fortune, united to an affectionate wife—and of good hopes in his profession; my second, with a good deal of talent, and in the way, I trust, of cultivating it to good purpose; Anne, an honest, downright, good Scots lass, in whom I would only wish to correct a spirit of satire; and Lockhart is Lockhart, to whom I can most willingly confide the happiness [of the] daughter who chose him, and whom he has chosen.

My dear wife, the partner of early cares and successes, is, I fear, frail in health—though I trust and pray she may see me out. Indeed, if this troublesome complaint goes on—it bodes no long existence. My brother was affected with the same weakness, which, before he was fifty, brought on mortal symptoms. The poor Major had been rather a free liver. But my father, the most abstemious of men, save when the duties of hospitality required him to be very moderately free with his bottle, and that was very seldom, had the same weakness of the powers of retention which now annoy[s] me, and he, I think, was not above seventy when cut off. Square the odds, and goodnight Sir Walter about sixty. I care not, if I leave my name unstained, and my family properly settled. *Sat est vixisse*.

December 8.—Talking of the *vixisse*, it may not be impertinent to notice that Knox, a young poet of considerable talent, died here a week or two since. His father was a respectable yeoman, and he himself, succeeding to good

farms under the Duke of Buccleuch, became too soon his own master, and plunged into dissipation and ruin. His poetical talent, a very fine one, then showed itself in a fine strain of pensive poetry, called, I think, *The Lonely Hearth*, far superior to those of Michael Bruce, whose consumption,¹ by the way, has been the *life* of his verses. But poetry, nay, good poetry, is a drug in the present day. I am a wretched patron. I cannot go about with a subscription-paper like a pocket-pistol about me and draw unawares off some honest country-gentleman, who has as much alarm as if I had used the phrase "stand and deliver," and parts with his money with a grimace indicating some suspicion that the crown-piece thus levied goes ultimately into the Collector's own pocket. This I see daily done and I have seen such collectors when they have exhausted Papa and Mamma continue their trade among the misses, and conjure out of their pockets those little funds which should carry them to a play or an assembly. It is well people will go through this—it does some good, I suppose, and they have great merit who can sacrifice their pride so far as to attempt it in this way. For my part I am a bad promoter of subscriptions but I wished to do what I could for this lad, whose talent I really admired and I am not addicted to admire heaven-born poets or poetry that is reckoned very good *considering*. I had him, Knox, at Abbotsford, about ten years ago but found him unfit for that sort of society. I tried to help him but there were temptations he could never resist. He scrambled on writing for the booksellers and magazines and living like the Otways, and Savages, and Chattertons of former days though I do not know that he was in actual want. His connection with me terminated in begging a subscription or a guinea now and then. His last works were spiritual hymns, and which he wrote very well. In his own line of Society he was said to exhibit infinite humour but all his works are grave and pensive a style perhaps, like Master Stephen's melancholy affected for the nonce.

* Mrs. G[rant] of L. intimates that she will take her

1 Sic in photostat.

pudding—her pension, I mean (see 30th November), and is contrite, as H[enry] M[ackenzie] vouches. I am glad the stout old girl is not foreclosed, faith. Cabbing¹ a pension in these times, is like hunting a pig with a soap'd tail, monstrous apt to slip through your fingers. Dined at home with Lady S. and Anne.

December 9.—Yesterday I read and wrote the whole day and evening. To-day I shall not be so happy. Having Gas-Light Co to attend at two, I must be brief in journalising.

The gay world has been kept in hot water lately by the impudent publication of the celebrated Harriet Wilson, W—re from earliest possibility, I suppose, who lived with half the gay world at hack and manger, and now obliges such as will not pay kush-money with a history of whatever she knows or can invent about them.² She must have been assisted in the stile spelling and diction though the attempt at wit is very poor, that at pathos sickening. But there is some good retailing of conversations, in which the stile of the speaker so far as known to me is exactly imitated, and some things told as said by individuals of each other which will sound unpleasantly in each other's ears. I admire the address of L—d A——y, himself very severely handled from time to time. Some one askd him if H. W. had been pretty correct on the whole. "Why, faith," he replied, "I believe so"—when, raising his eyes, he saw Quentin Dick, whom the little jilt had treated atrociously—"what concerns the present company always excepted, you know," added Lord A——y, with infinite presence of mind. As he was *in pari casu* with Q. D. no more could be said. After all, H. W. beats Con Philips Anne Bellamy and all former demireps out and out. I think I suppd once in her company more than twenty years since at Mat Lewis's in Argyle Street, where the company, as the Duke says to Lucio, chanced to be "fairer than honest." She was far from beautiful if it be the same *chiffonne* but a smart saucy girl with good eyes and dark

¹ So Scott wrote.

² Her book has been reprinted recently.

hair, and the manners of a wild schoolboy. I am glad this accidental meeting has escaped her memory—or, perhaps, is not accurately recorded in mine—for, being a sort of French Faulkner, who hawk at all they see, I might have had a distinction which I am far from deserving.¹

Dined at Sir John Hay's—a large party. Skenes there, the Newenham and others, strangers. In the morning a meeting of Oil Gas Committee. The concern lingers a little.

“It may do weel, for ought it's done yet,
But only—it's na just begun yet.”²

December 10.—A stormy and rainy day. Walkd from the court through the rain. I don't dislike this—Egad, I rather like it—for no man that ever stepd on heather has less dread than I of Le catch-cold; and I seem to regain, in buffetting with the wind, a little of the high spirit with which, in younger days, I used to enjoy a Tam-o'-Shanter ride through darkness wind and rain,—the boughs groaning and cracking over my head, the good horse free to the road and impatient for home, and feeling the weather as little as I did.

“The storm around might roar and rustle,
We didna mind the storm a whistle.”

Answered two letters—one, answer to a schoolboy, who writes himself Captain of Giggleswick School (a most imposing title), entreating the youngster not to commence editor of a magazine to be entitled the “Yorkshire Muffin,” I think, at seventeen years old; ^{2do}, to a soldier of the 79th, showing why I cannot oblige him by getting his discharge, and exhorting him rather to bear with the wickedness and profanity of the service than take the very precarious step of desertion. This is the old receipt of Durandarte—*Patience, cousin, and shuffle the cards*; ³ and I suppose the correspondents will think I have been too busy in offering my counsel where I was asked for assistance.

¹ Lockhart and Douglas printed “desiring.”

² Burns slightly altered.

³ *Don Quixote*, Pt. II. ch. 23.

A third rogue writes to tell me—rather of the latest, if the matter was of consequence—that he approves of the first three volumes of the *H[ear]t of Midlothian*, but totally condemns the fourth. Doubtless he thinks his opinion worth the sevenpence sterling which his letter costs. However, an author should be reasonably well pleased when three-fourths of his ¹ works are acceptable to the reader. The Knave demands of me in a postscript to get back the sword of Sir W[illiam] Wallace from England where it was carried from Dunbarton Castle. I am not Mr-Gen^l of the Ordnance, that I know. It was wrong, however, to take away that and Mons Meg. If I go to town this spring, I will renew my negotiation with the Great Duke for recovery of Mons Meg.

There is no theme more awful than to attempt to cast a glance among the clouds and mists, which hide the broken extremity of the celebrated bridge of Mirza—Yet, when every day brings us nearer that termination, one would almost think that our views should become clearer, as the regions we are approach[ing] are brought nigher. Alas ! it is not so—there is a curtain to be withdrawn—a veil to be rent, before we shall see things as they really are. There are few, I trust, who disbelieve the existence of a God ; nay, I doubt if at all times, and in all moods, any single individual ever adopted that hideous creed, though some have professed it. With the belief of a Deity, that of the immortality of the soul and of the state of future rewards and punishments is indissolubly linked. More we are not to know ; but neither are we prohibited from our attempts, however vain, to pierce the solemn sacred gloom. The expressions used in Scripture are doubtless metaphorical, for penal fires and heavenly melody are only applicable to bodies endowed with senses ; and, at least till the period of the resurrection of the body, the spirits of men, whether entering into the perfection of the just, or committed to the regions of punishment, are incorporeal. Neither is [it] to be supposed that the glorified bodies which shall arise on [the] last day will be capable of the same gross indulgences

¹ "their" in photostat.

with which they are now solaced. That the idea of Mahomet's paradise is inconsistent with the purity of our heavenly religion will be readily granted ; and see xii Mark 27 verse. Harmony is obviously chosen as the least corporeal of all gratifications of the sense, and as the type of love, unity, and a state of peace and perfect happiness. But they have a poor idea of the Deity, and the rewards which are destined for the just made perfect, who can only adopt the literal sense of an eternal concert—a never-ending Birthday Ode. I rather suppose there should be understood some commission from the Highest, some duty to discharge with the applause of a satisfied conscience. That the Deity who himself must be supposed to feel love and affection for the beings he has called into existence should delegate a portion of those powers, I for one cannot conceive altogether so wrong a conjecture. We would then find reality in Milton's sublime machinery desired by Milton¹ of the guardian saints or genii of kingdoms. Nay, we would approach to the Catholic idea of the employment of saints, though without approaching the absurdity of saint-worship, which degrades their religion. There would be, we must suppose, in these employments difficulties to be overcome, and exertions to be made, for all which the celestial beings employed would have certain appropriate powers. I cannot help thinking that a life of active benevolence is more consistent with my ideas than an eternity of music. But it is all speculation, and it is impossible even to guess what we shall [do], unless we could ascertain the equally difficult previous question, what we are to be. But there is a God, and a just God—a judgment and a future life—and all who own so much let them act according to the faith that is in them. I would [not], of course, limit the range of my genii to this confined earth. There is the universe, with all its endless extent of worlds.

• Company at home—Sir Adam Fergusson and his Lady. Colonel and Miss Russell—Count Davidoff, and Mr. Collyar—By the bye, I observe that all men whose name is obviously

¹ Douglas omitted three words. »

derived from some mechanical trade, endeavour to disguise and antique, as it were, their names, by spelling them after some quaint manner or other. Thus we have Collyar, Smythe, Tailleure—as much as to say, My ancestor was indeed a mechanic, but it was a world of time ago, when the word was spelled very unlike the modern [usage]. Then we had young Whitebank and Will Allan the artist,¹ a very agreeable, simple-mannerd, and pleasant man.

December 11.—A touch of the *morbus eruditorum*, to which I am as little subject as most folks, and have it less now than when young. It is a tremor of the heart, the pulsation of which becomes painfully sensible—a disposition to causeless alarm—much lassitude—and decay of vigour of mind and activity of intellect. The reins feel weary and painful, and the mind is apt to receive and encourage gloomy apprehensions and causeless fears. Fighting with this fiend is not always the best way to conquer him. I have always found exercise and the open air better than reasoning. But such weather as is now without doors does not encourage *la petite guerre*, so we must give him battle in form, by letting both mind and body know that, supposing one the House of Commons and the other the House of Peers, my will is sovereign over both. There is a fine² description of this species of mental weakness in the fine play of Beaumont and Fletcher called *The Lover's Progress*, where [the] man, warnd that his death is approaching, works himself into an agony of fear and calls for assistance though there is no apparent danger. The apparition of the Inn-keeper's ghost, in the same play, hovers between the ludicrous and [the terrible]. To me the touches of the former quality which it contains seem to augment the effect of the latter—they seem to give reality to the supernatural, as being circumstance[s] with which an inventor would hardly have garnishd his story.

Will Clerke says he has a theory on the vitrified forts.

¹ Sir William Allan, whom Scott had pronounced “a man of genius” in 1819 (*Life*, c. h. lxiv.).

² Douglas printed “good.”

I wonder if he and I agree. I think accidental conflagration is the cause.

December 12.—Hogg came to breakfast this morning, having taken and brought for his companion the Galashiels bard, David Thompson, as to a meeting of “huzz Tividale poets.” The honest grunter opines with a delightful *naïveté* that Moore’s verses are far owre sweet—answerd by Thompson that Moore’s ears or notes, I forget which, were finely strung. “They are far owre finely strung,” replied he of the Forest, “for mine are just reight.” It reminded me of Queen Bess, when questioning Melville sharply and closely whether Queen [Mary] was taller than her, and, extracting an answer in the affirmative, she replied, “Then your Queen is too tall, for I am just the proper height.”¹

Was engaged the whole day with Sheriff Court processes. There is something sickening in seeing poor devils drawn into great expense about trifles by interested attorneys. But too cheap access to litigation has its evils on the other hand, for the proneness of the lower class to gratify spite and revenge in this way would be a dreadful evil were they able to endure the expense. Very few cases come before the Sheriff-court of Selkirkshire that ought to come anywhere. Wretched wranglings about a few pounds, begun in spleen, and carried on from obstinacy, and at length from fear of the conclusion to the banquet of ill-humour, “D—n—n of expenses.” I try to check it as well as I can; “but so ’twill be when I am gone.”

Dined at home, and spent the evening in writing—Anne and Lady Scott at the theatre to see Mathews; a very clever man my friend Mathews; but it is tiresome to be funny for a whole evening, so I was content and stupid at home.

An odd optical delusion has amused me these two last nights. I have been of late for the first time condemned to the constant use of spectacles. Now, when I have laid them aside to step into a room dimly lighted out of the strong light which I use for writing, I have seen, or seemed to see, through the rims of the same spectacles which

¹ Sir James Melville’s *Memoirs*, p. 124 (Bannatyne Club Ed.).

I have left behind me. At first the impression was so lively that I put my hand to my eyes believing I had the actual spectacles on at the moment. But what I saw was only the Eidolon or image of said useful servants. This fortifies some of Dr. Hibbert's positions about spectral appearances.

December 13.—Letter from Lady Stafford—kind and friendly after the wont of Banzu-Mohr-ar-chat.¹ That is wrong spell'd, I know. Her countenance is something for Sophia, whose company should be—as ladies are said to chuse their liquor—little and good. To be acquainted with persons of mere *ton* is a nuisance and a scrape—to be known to persons of real fashion and fortune is in London a very great advantage. 'She is besides sure of the hereditary and constant friendship of the Buccleuch ladies, as well as those of Montagu and of the Hardey family, of the March^{ss} of Northampton, Lady Melville, and others, also the Miss Ardens, upon whose kind offices I have some claim and would count upon them whether such claim existed or no. So she is well enough establish'd among the Right Hand file which is very necessary in London where second-rate fashion is like false jewels.

Went to the yearly court of the Edin^r Assurance Company, to which I am one of those graceful and useless appendages, called Directors Extraordi[n]ary—an extraordinary director I should prove had they made me an ordinary one. There were there moneyers and great oneyers,² men of metal—discounters and counters—sharp, grave, prudential faces—eyes weak with cyphering by lamplight. Men who say to gold, Be thou paper, and to paper, Be thou turned into fine gold. Many a bustling, sharp-faced, keen-eyed writer too—some perhaps speculating with 'their clients' property. My reverend seigniors had expected a motion for 'printing their contract, which I, as a piece of light artillery, was brought down and got into battery to oppose. I should

¹ Banamhorar-Chat, i.e. the Great Lady of the Cat, is the Gaelic title of the Countess-Duchess of Sutherland.

² See *King Henry IV.*, Act II. Sc. 1.

certainly have done this on the general ground that while each partner could at any time obtain sight of the contract at a call on the directors or managers, it would be absurd to print it for the use of the Company—and that exposing it to the world at large was in all respects unnecessary, and might teach rival¹ companies to avail themselves of our rules and calculations; if false, for the purpose of exposing our errors—if correct, for the purpose of improving their own schemes on our model. But my eloquence was not required, no one renewing the motion under question. So off I came, my ears still ringing with the sounds of thousands and tens of thousands, and my eyes dazzled with the golden gleam effused² by so many capitalists.

Walked home with the Solicitor—decidedly the most hopeful young man of his time—High connexion, great talent, spirited ambition—a ready and prompt elocution with a good voice and dignified manner, prompt and steady courage, vigilant and constant assiduity, popularity with the young men, and the good opinion of the old, will, if I mistake not, carry him as [far as] any man who has been since the days of old Hal Dundas[s].³ He is hot though, and rather hasty. This should be amended. They who would play at single-stick must bear with patience a rap over the knuckles. Dined quietly with Lady Scott and Anne.

December 14.—Affairs very bad in the money-market in London. It must come here, and I have far too many engagements not to feel it. To cut the matter at once, I intend to borrow £10,000, with which my son's marriage-contract allows me to charge my estate. At Whitsunday and Mart^s I will have enough to pay up the incumbrance of £3000 due to old Moss's daughter, and £5000 to Misses Fergusson, in whole or part. This will enable us to dispense in a great measure with bank assistance, and sleep in spite of thunder. I do not know why it is—this business which makes me a little bilious, or rather the want of exercise

¹ Douglas printed "novel."

² Douglas printed "offered."

³ Henry Dundas, first Viscount Melville.

during the season of late, and change of the weather to too much heat. Thank God, my circumstances are good,—upon a fair balance which I have made, certainly not less than £40,000 or nearly £50,000 above the world. But the sun and moon shall dance on the green ere carelessness, or hope of gain, or facility of getting cash shall make me go too deep again were it but for the disquiet of the thing. Dined [with] Lady Scott and Anne quietly.

December 15.—R. P. G[illies] came *sicut mos est* at five o'clock to make me confident of the extremities of his distress. It is clear all he has to do is to make the best agreement he can with his creditors. I remember many years since the poor fellow told me he thought there was something interesting in 'having difficulties—Poor lad, he will have enough of them now. He talks about writing translations for the booksellers from the German to the amount of £500 and £600, but this is like a man proposing to run a whole day at top speed. Yet, if he had good subjects, R. P. G. is one of the best translators I know, and something must be done for him certainly, though, I fear, it will be necessary to go to the bottom of the ulcer—palliatives won't do. He is terribly imprudent, yet a worthy and benevolent creature—a great bore withal.

Dined alone with family. I am determined not to stand mine host to, all Scotland and England as I have done. This shall be a saving, since it must be a borrowing, year—We heard from Sophia they are got safe to town; but as Johnnie had a little bag of meal with him to make his porridge on the road the whole Inn-yard assembled to see the operation. Junor, his maid, was of opinion that England was an awfu' country to make parritch in. God bless the poor baby, and restore his perfect health!

December 16.—R. P. G. and his friend Robert Wilson came—the former at five, as usual—the latter at three, as appointed. R. W. frankly said that R. P. G.'s case was quite desperate—that he was insolvent, and that any attempt to save him at present would be just so much cash thrown away. God knows, at this moment I have none to throw

Scott invariably wrote "confident" for "confidant."

away uselessly. For poor Gillies there was a melancholy mixture of pathos and affectation in his statement, which really affected me; while it told me that it would be useless to help him to money on such very empty plans. I endeavoured to persuade him to make a virtue of necessity, resign all to his creditors, and begin the world on a new leaf. I offered him Chiefswood for a temporary retirement. Lady Scott thinks I was wrong, and nobody could less desire such a neighbour, all his affectations being caviare to me. But then the wife and children! Went again to the Solicitor on a wrong night, being asked for to-morrow. Lady Scott undertakes to keep my engagements recorded in future. *Sed quis custodiat ipsam custodem?*

December 17.—Dined with the Solicitor—Lord Chief-Baron—Sir William Boothby, nephew of old Sir Brooke, the dandy poet. Annoyed with anxious presentiments, which the night's post must dispel or confirm. All in London as bad as possible.

December 18.—Ballantyne called on me this morning. *Venit illa suprema dies.* My extremity is come. Cadell has received letters from London which all but positively announce the failure of Hurst and Robinson so that Constable & Co. must follow and I must go with poor James Ballantyne for company. I suppose it will involve my all. But if they leave me £500, I can still make it £1000 or £1200 a year. And if they take my salaries of £1300 and £300, they cannot but give me something out of them. I have been rash in anticipating funds to buy land, but then I made from £5000 to £10,000 a year, and land was my temptation. I think nobody can lose a penny—that is one comfort. Men will think pride has had a fall. Let them indulge their own pride in thinking that my fall makes them higher or seem¹ so at least. I have the satisfaction to recollect that my prosperity has been of advantage to many, and that some at least will forgive my transient wealth on account of the innocence of my intentions and my real wish to do good to the poor. This news will make sad hearts at Darnick and in the cottages of Abbotsford.

¹ Douglas printed "seems."

which I do not nourish the least hope of preserving. *It has been my Dalilah, and so I have often termed it ; and now—the recollection of the extensive woods I have planted, and the walks I have formed from which strangers must derive both the pleasure and [the] profit will excite feelings likely to sober my gayest moments. I have half resolved never to see the place again. How could I tread my hall with such a diminished crest [?] How live a poor indebted man where I was once the wealthy—the honourd ? My children are provided—thank God for that. I was to have gone there on Saturday in joy and prosperity to receive my friends—my dogs will wait for me in vain—it is foolish—but the thoughts of parting from these dumb creatures have moved me more than any of the painful reflections I have put down—poor things, I must get them kind masters. There may be yet those who loving me may love my dog because it has been mine. I must end this, or I shall lose the tone of mind with which men should meet distress.

I find my dogs' feet on my knees—I hear them whining and seeking me everywhere—this is nonsense, but it is what they would do could they know how things are—poor Will Laidlaw ! poor Tom Purdie ! this will be news to wring your heart, and many a poor fellow's besides to whom my prosperity was daily bread.

Ballantyne behaves like himself, and sinks his own ruin in contemplating mine. I tried to enrich him indeed, and now all—all is gone. He will have the journal¹ still, that is a comfort, for sure they cannot find a better Editor. *They*—alas—who will *they* be—the *unbekan[n]ten* *Obern* who are to dispose of my all as they will ? Some hard-eyed banker ; some of those men of millions whom I described. Cadell shewd more kind and personal feeling to me than I thought he had possessd. He says there are some properties of works that will revert to me, the copy-money not being paid. But it cannot be any very great matter, I should think.

Another person did not afford me all the sympathy I expected, perhaps because I seemed to need little support,

¹ *The Edinburgh Weekly Journal.*

yet that is not her nature,¹ which is generous and kind. She thinks I have been imprudent, trusting men so far. Perhaps so—but whatsoever I do I must sell my books to some one, and these folks gave me the largest price. If they had kept their ground I could have brought myself round fast enough by the plan of 14 December. I now view matters at the very worst, and suppose that my all must go to supply the deficiencies of Constable. I fear it must be so. His connections with Hurst and Robinson have been so intimate that they must be largely involved. This is the worst of the concern; our own is comparatively plain sailing.

Poor Gillics called yesterday to tell me he was in extremity. God knows I had every cause to have returned him the same answer. I must think his situation worse than mine as through his incoherent miserable tale I could see that he had exhausted each access to credit, and yet fondly imagines that bereft of all his accustomed indulgences he can work with a literary zeal unknown to his happier days. I hope he may labour enough to gain the mere support of his family. For myself, the magic wand of the Unknown is shivered in his grasp. He must henceforth be termed the Too-well-known. The feast of fancy is over with the feeling of independence. I can no longer have the delight of waking in the morning with bright ideas in my mind, haste to commit them to paper, and count them² monthly, as the means of planting such groves, and purchasing such wastes; replacing my dreams [of] fiction by other prospective visions of walks by

“Fountain heads and pathless groves
Places which pale passion loves.”

This cannot be; but I may make substantial husbandry, write history, and such substantial concerns. They will not be received with the same enthusiasm; at least I much doubt the general knowledge that an author must write for his bread, at least for improving his pittance, degrades him and his produc-

Footnote to page 44 in the original MSS.:—
“Turn back to page 41 and 42. I turned the page accidentally, and the partner of a bankrupt concern ought not to waste two leaves of paper.”

¹ “natural” in photostat.

² i.e. the gains.

tions in 'the public eye. He falls into the second-rate rank of estimation :

“ While the harness sore galls, and the spurs his sides goad,
The high-kettled racer's a hack on the road.”

It is a bitter thought ; but if tears start at it, let them flow. I am so much of this mind, that if any one would now offer to relieve all my embarrassments on condition I would continue the exertions which brought it there,¹ dear as the place is to me, I hardly think I could undertake the labour on which I entered with my usual alacrity² only this morning, though not without a boding feeling of my exertions proving useless. Yet to save Abbotsford I would attempt all that was possible. My heart clings to the place I have created. There is scarce a tree on it that does not owe its being to me, and the pain of leaving it is greater than I can tell. I have about £10,000 of Constable's, for which I am bound to give literary value, but if I am obliged to pay other debts for him, I will take leave to retain this sum at his credit. We shall have made some *little* questions of literary property amongst us. Once more, “ Patience, cousin, and shuffle the cards.”

I have endeavoured at times to give vent to thoughts naturally so painful, by writing these notices, partly to keep them at bay by busying myself with [the] history of the French Convention. I thank God I can do both with reasonable composure. I wonder how Anne will bear this affliction? She is passionate, but stout-hearted and courageous in important matters, though irritable in trifles. I am glad Lockhart and his wife are gone. Why? I cannot tell ; but I *am* pleased to be left to my own regrets without being melted by condolences, though of the most sincere and affectionate kind.

Anne bears her misfortune gallantly and well with a natural feeling no doubt of the rank and consideration she is about to lose. Lady Scott is incredulous, and persists in

¹ *i.e.* which made Abbotsford what it is.

² “delight” struck out, and “alacrity” substituted.

cherishing hope where there is no ground for hope. I wish it may not bring on the gloom of spirits which has given me such distress. If she were the active person she once was that would not be. Now I fear it more than what Constable or Cadell will tell me this evening—To that my mind is made up.

Oddly enough, it happened. Mine honest friend Hector came in before dinner to ask a copy of my seal of Arms, with a sly kindness of intimation that it was for some agreeable purpose.

Half-past Eight.—I closed this book under the consciousness of impending ruin, I open it an hour after, thanks be to God! with the strong hope that matters may be got over safely and honourably, in a mercantile sense. Cadell came at eight to communicate a letter from Hurst and Robinson, intimating they had stood the storm, and though clamorous for assistance from Scotland, saying they had prepared their strongholds without need of the Banks. This is all so far well, but I will not borrow any money on my estate till I see things reasonably safe. Stocks have risen from — to —, a strong proof that confidence is restored. But I will yield This was a mistake. to no delusive hopes, and fall back fall edge, my resolutions hold. Whitaker, the rascally bookseller whose slip for £200,000 or thereabouts has brought ruin nearly on the trade kept seven hunters and be damned to him. He must have ridden a fine weight to be sure with £200,000 of honest people's cash about him.

I shall always think the better of Cadell for this, not merely because his feet are beautiful on the mountains who brings good tidings, but because he shewd feeling—deep feeling, poor fellow—he who I thought had no more than his numeration table, and who, if he had had his whole compting-house full of sensibility, had yet his wife and children to bestow it upon—I will not forget this if I get through. I love the virtues of rough and round men. The others are apt to escape in salt rheum, sal-volatile, and a white pocket-handkerchief. An odd thought strikes me. When I die will the Journal of these days be taken out of

the Ebony cabinet at Abbotsford, and read as the transient pout of a man worth £60,000, with wonder that the well-seeming Baronet should ever have experienced such a hitch? Or will it be found in some obscure lodging-house, where the decayd son of chivalry has hung up his scutcheon for some 20 shillings a week, and where one or two old friends will look grave and whisper to each other, "poor gentleman," "a well-meaning man," "nobody's enemy but his own," "thought his parts could never wear out," "family poorly left," "pit! he took that foolish title"? Who can answer this question?

What a life mine has been!—half educated, almost wholly neglected or left to myself, stuffing my head with most nonsensical trash, and undervalued in society for a time by most of my companions—getting forward and held a bold and clever fellow contrary to the opinion of all who thought me a mere dreamer—Broken-hearted for two years—my heart handsomely pieced again—but the crack will remain till my dying day. Rich and poor four or five times, once at the verge of ruin, yet opened new sources of wealth almost overflowing—now taken in my pitch of pride, and nearly winged (unless the good news hold), because London chuses to be in an uproar, and in the tumult of bulls and bears, a poor inoffensive lion like myself is pushed to the wall. And what is to be the end of it? God knows. And so ends the chatechism.

December 19.—Ballantyne here before breakfast. He looks on Caddel's last night's news with more confidence than I do; but I must go to work be my thoughts sober or lively. Constable came in and sate an hour. The old gentleman is firm as a rock, and scorns the idea of Hurst and Robinson stopping. "He talks of going up to London next week and making sales of our interest in W—k and Boney, which would put a hedge round his finances. He is a very clever fellow and will I think bear us through."

• Dined at Lord Chief-Baron's.¹ L. Justice Clerk, Lord

¹ Sir Samuel Shepherd.

President¹—Captain Scarlett, a gentlemanlike young man, the son of the great Counsell,² and a friend of my son Walter. Lady Charlotte Hope, and other woman kind ; R. Dundas [of] Arnistoun, and his pleasant and good-humoured little wife, whose quick intelligent look pleases me more, though her face be very plain, than a hundred mechanical Beauties.

December 20.—Smoke the New pen ? Oh—a-Swift. The ordinary Bramahs become execrable, so the knave puts the extras upon us. I like Ch : Ba : Shepherd very much—as much, I think, as any man I have learned to know of late years. There [is] a neatness and precision, a closeness and truth, in the tone of [his] conversation, which shows what a lawyer he must have been. Perfect good-humour and suavity of manner, with a little warmth of temper on suitable occasions. His great deafness alone prevented him from being Lord Chief-Justice. I never saw a man so patient under such a malady. He loves society and converses excellently yet is often obliged, in a mixed company particularly, to lay aside his trumpet retire into himself and withdraw from the talk. He does this with an expression of patience on his countenance which touches one much. He has occasion for patience otherwise, I should think, for Lady S. is fine and fidgety, and too anxious to have everything *poin! device.*

Constable's licence for the Dedication is come, which will make him happy.³

Dined with James Ballantyne, and met my old friend Mathews, the comedian, with his son, now grown up a clever, rather forward lad, who makes songs in the style of

¹ The Right Hon. Charles Hope, who held the office of Lord President of the Court of Session for thirty years, father of John Hope, the Solicitor-General (p. 43).

² Lord Abinger.

³ The Dedication of *Constable's Miscellany* was penned by Sir Walter—"To His Majesty King George IV., the most generous Patron even of the most humble attempts towards the advantage of his subjects, this *Miscellany*, designed to extend useful knowledge and elegant literature, by placing works of standard merit within the attainment of every class of readers, is most humbly inscribed by His Majesty's dutiful and devoted subject—Archibald Constable."—J. G. L. See *Letters*, vol. ix. p. 326.

James¹ Smith or Colman, and sings them with spirit. Rather lengthy though.

December 21.—There has been odd associations attending my two last meetings with Mathews. The last time I saw [him], before yesterday evening, he dined with me² in company with poor Sir Alexander Boswell, who was killed within two or three months. I never saw Sir Alexander more. The time before was in 1815, when John Scott of Gala and I were returning from France, and passed through London, when we brought Matthews down as far as Leamington. Poor Byron lunched with us, or rather made an early dinner at Long's, and a most brilliant day we had of it. I never saw Byron so full of fun, frolic, wit, and whim : he was as playful as a kitten. Well I never saw him again—So this man of mirth, with his merry meetings, has brought me no luck. I like better that he should throw in his talent of mimicry and humour into the present current tone of the company, than that he should be required to *give* this, that, and t'other *bitt*³ selected from his public recitations. They are good certainly—excellent. But then you *must* laugh, and that is always severe to me. When I do laugh in sincerity, the joke must be or seem unpremeditated. I could not help thinking in the midst of the glee what gloom had lately been over the minds of three of the company, Cadell, J. B., and the Journalist. What a strange scene if the surge of conversation could suddenly ebb like the tide, and [show] us the state of people's real minds ! Savary might have been gay in such a party with all his forgeries in his heart.

“ No eyes the rocks discover
Which lurk beneath the deep.”

Life could not be endured were it seen in reality.

Things are mending in town, and H[urst] and R[obinson] write with confidence and are it would seem

¹ “ John ” in photostat.

² He dined with Scott on 10th February 1822. Sir Alexander Boswell died on 27th March.

³ Scott usually writes “ gigg,” “ bett,” “ witt ” and so on.

strongly supported by wealthy friends. Cadell and Constable are confident of their making their way through the storm, and the impression of their stability is general in London. I hear the same from Lockhart. Indeed, I now believe that they wrote gloomy letters to Constable, chiefly to get as much money out of them as they possibly could. But they had well-nigh overdone it. This being Teind Wednesday must be a day of leisure and labour. Sophia has got a house, 25 Pall Mall. Dined at home with Lady Scott and Anne.

December 22.—I wrote six of my close pages yesterd[ay] which is about twenty-four pages in print. What is more, I think it comes off twangingly. The story is so very interesting in itself, that there is no fear of the book answering.¹ Superficial it must be, but I do not disown the charge. Better a superficial book, which brings well and strikingly together the known and acknowledged facts, than a dull boring narrative, pausing to see further into a mill-stone at every moment than the nature of the mill-stone admits. Nothing is so tiresome as walking through some beautiful scene with a minute philosopher, a botanist, or pebble-gatherer, who is eternally calling your attention from the grand features of the natural scenery to look at grasses and chucky-stones. Yet, in their way, they give useful information; and so does the minute historian. Gad, I think that will look well in the preface.

My bile is quite gone. I really believe it arose from mere anxiety. What a wonderful connexion between the mind and body!

The air of "Bonnie Dundee" running in my head to-day, I [wrote] a few verses to it before dinner, taking the key-note from the story of Claverhouse leaving the Scottish Convention of Estates in 1688-9. I wonder if they are good. Ah! poor Will Erskine! thou couldst and wouldst have told me. I must consult J. B., who is as honest as was W. E. But then, though he has good taste too, there is a little of *Big Bow-wow* about it. Can't said (*sic*) what made me take a frisk so uncommon of late years.

¹ *Life of Napoleon*.—J. G. L.

as to write verses of freewill. I suppose the same impulse which makes birds sing when [the] storm seems blown over.

Dined at Lord Minto's. There were Lord and Lady Ruthven, Will Clerk, and Thomas Thomson,—a right choice party. There was also my very old friend Mrs. Brydone, the relict of the traveller, and daughter of Principal Robertson, and really worthy of such a connection—Lady Minto, who is also peculiarly agreeable—and her sister, Mrs. Admiral Adam, in the evening.

December 23.—The present Lord Minto is a very agreeable, well-informed, and sensible man, but he possesses neither the high breeding, ease of manner, or eloquence of his father, the first Earl. That Sir Gilbert was indeed a man among a thousand. I knew him very intimately in the beginning of the century and which was very agreeable was much at his house on very easy terms. He loved the Muses, and worshipd them in secret, and used to read some of [his] poetry, which was but middling. One upon a walk with his lady which involved certain conclusions (most delicately couched) but which it is not usual to allude [to]. Singu[lar] that the wish to show what he thought—and what perhaps was—a clever thing was stronger than the feelings which induced to secrecy. Oh vanity where will you lead us poor authors !

Tom Campbell lived at Minto, but it was in a state of dependence which he brooked very ill. He was kindly treated, but would not see it in the right view, and suspected slights, and so on, where no such thing was meant. There was a turn of Savage¹ about Tom, though without his blackguardism—a kind of waywardness of mind and irritability that must have made a man of his genius truly unhappy.

Lord Minto, with the mildest manners, was very tenacious of his opinions, although he changed them twice in the crises of politics. He was the early friend of Fox, and made a figure towards the end of the American war, and during the struggles betwixt Fox and Pitt. Then came

¹ Richard Savage of whom Dr Johnson wrote.

the Revolution, and he joined the Anti-Gallican party so keenly, that he declared against Addington's peace with France, and was for a time, I believe, a Wyndhamite. He was reconciled to the Whigs on the Fox and Grenville coalition, but I have heard that Fox, contrary to his wont, retained such personal feelings as led him [to] object to Sir Gilbert Elliot having a seat in the Cabinet. So he was sent [as] Governor-General to India—a better thing, I take it, for his fortune. He died shortly after his return, at Hatfield or Barnet, on his way down to his native country. He was a most pleasing and amiable man. I was very sorry for his death, though I do not know how we should have met, for the contested election in 1805 had placed some coldness betwixt the present Lord and me. I was certainly anxious for Sir Alexander Don, both as friend of my most kind friend Charles, Duke of Buccleuch, and on political accounts; and these thwartings are what men in public life do not like to endure. After a cessation of friendship for some years we have come about again. We never had the slightest personal dispute or disagreement. But politics are the blowpipe beneath whose influence the best cemented friendships too often dissolve[r]; and ours, after all, was only a very familiar acquaintance.

It is very odd that the common people at Minto and the neighbourhood will not believe at this hour that the first Earl is dead. They think he had done something in India which he could not answer for—that the house was rebuilt on a scale unusually large to give him a suite of secret apartments, and that he often walks about the woods and crags of Minto at night with a white nightcap, and long white beard. The circumstance of his having died on the road down to Scotland is the sole foundation of this absurd legend which shows how willing the vulgar are to gull themselves when they can find no one else to take the trouble. I have seen people who could read, write, and cypher shrug their shoulders and look mysterious when this subject was mentioned. One very absurd addition was made on occasion of a great ball at Minto House

which it was said was given to draw all people away from the grounds, that the concealed Earl might have leisure for his exercise. This was on the principle in the German play¹ where to hide their conspiracy the associates join in a chorus song.

We dined at home. Mr. Davidoff and his tutor kept an engagement with us to dinner notwithstanding the death of the Emperor Alexander. They went to the play with the womenkind. I staid at home to write.

December 24.—Wrote Walter and Jane, and gave [the] former an account of how things had been borne through in the money market and of the loan of £10,000. Constable has a scheme of publishing the works of the Author of W——y in a superior stile, at £1, 1s. volume. He says he will answer for making £20,000 of this, and liberally offerd me any share of the profit. I have no great claim to any as I have only to contribute the Notes, which are light work, yet a few thousands coming in will be a good thing—besides the P[rinting] Office. Constable, though valetudinary and cross with his partner, is certainly as good a pilot in these rough seas as ever man put faith in. His rally put me in mind of the old song :—

“ The tailor raise and shook his duds,
He gar'd the bills flee aff in cluds,
And they that staid gat fearfu' thuds—
'The tailor proved a man, O.”

We are for Abbotsford to-day with a light heart.

Abbotsford, December 25.—Arrived here last night at seven. Our halls are silent compared to last year, but let us be thankful—when we think how near the chance appeared but a week since that these halls would have been ours no longer. *Barbarus has segetes?*—*Nullum numen abest, si sit prudentia.* There shall be no lack of wisdom. But come—*il faut cultiver notre jardin.*² Let us see: I will write out the bonnets of Bonny Dundee—I will sketch a preface to *La Rochejacquelin* for *Constable's Miscellany*, and

¹ See Canning's *German Play*, in the *Anti-Jacobin*.—J. G. L.

² See *Candida*.—J. G. L.

try about a specimen of notes for the W——y novels. If together with letters and by-business, it will be a good day's work.

“ I make a vow,
And keep it true.”

I will take no invitation excepting for dinner only save to Newton-Don and Mertoun tomorrow instead of Christmas Day. On this day of general devotion I have a particular call for gratitude !!

December 26.—My God ! what poor creatures we are ! After all my fair proposals yesterday I was seized with a most violent pain in the right kidney and parts adjacent which joined to deadly sickness which it brought on forced me instantly to go to bed and send for Clarkson. He came and engineerd,¹ pronouncing the complaint to be gravel augmented by bile. I was in great agony till about two o'clock, but awaked with the pain gone. I got up had a fire in my dressing-closet, and had Dalgleish to shave me—two trifles, which I only mention because they [are] contrary to my hardy and independent person's habits. But although a man cannot be a hero to his valet his valet in sickness becomes of great use to him. I cannot expect that this first will be the last visit of this cruel complaint but shall we receive good at the hand of God and not receive evil ?

December 27th.—Slept twelve hours at a stretch, being much exhausted with pain of last night and the action of the medicine. Totally without pain to-day, but uncomfortable with the effects of calomel, which, with me at least, is like the assistance of an auxiliary army, just one degree more tolerable than the enemy it chases away. Calomel contemplations are not worth recording.

I wrote an introduction and a few notes to the *Memoirs of Madame La Rochejacquelin*,² being all that I was equal to.

Sir Adam Fergusson came over and tried to marry my verses to the tune of “Bonnie Dundee.” They seem

¹ Douglas printed “enquired.”

² See *Constable's Miscellany*, vol. v.—J.G. L.

well adapted to each other. Dined with Lady Scott and Anne.

Worked at Peppy in the evening, with the purpose of review for Lockhart.¹ Notwithstanding the depressing effects of the calomel, I feel the pleasure of being alone and uninterrupted. Few men, leading a quiet life, and without any strong or highly varied change of circumstances, have seen more variety of society than I—few have enjoyed it more, or been *bored*, as it is called, less by the company of tiresome people. I have *rarely*, if ever, found any one, out of whom I could not extract amusement or edification and were I obliged to account for hints afforded on such occasions, I should [have to] make an ample deduction from my inventive powers. Still however from the earliest time I can remember, I prefer the pleasures of being alone to waiting for visitors, and have often taken a bannock and a bit of cheese to the wood or hill to avoid dining with company. As I grew from boyhood to manhood I saw this would not do ; and that to gain a place in men's esteem I must mix and bustle with them. Pride and an excitation of spirits supplied the real pleasure which others seem to feel in society, and certainly upon many occasions it was real. Still if the question was eternal company without the power of retiring within yourself or solitary confinement for life, I should say, "Turnkey, Lock the cell !" My life, though not without its fits of waking and strong exertion, has been a sort of dream spent in

"Chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancy."

I have worn a wishing-cap the power of which has been to divert present griefs by a touch of the wand of imagination, and gild over the future prospect by prospects more fair than can ever be realized. Somewhere it is said that this castle-building—this wielding of the aerial trowel—is fatal to exertions in actual life. I cannot tell ; I have not found it so—I cannot indeed say like Mad^e Genlis, that in the imaginary scenes in which I have acted a part I ever

¹ See the *Quarterly Review* for January 1826—or Scott's *Miscellaneous Prose Works*.—J. G. L.

prepared myself for anything which actually befell me. But I have certainly fashioned out much that made the present hour pass pleasantly away and much that has enabled me to contribute to the amusement of the public. Since I was five years old I cannot remember the time when I had not some ideal part to play for my own solitary amusement.

December 28.—Somehow I think the attack on Christmas Day has been of a critical kind, and, having gone off so well, may be productive rather of health than continued indisposition. If one is to get a renewal of health in his fifty-fourth year, he must look to pay fine for it. Last night George Thompson¹ came to see how I was, poor fellow. He has talent, is well informd, and has an excellent heart but there is an eccentricity about him that defies description. I wish to God I saw him provided in a country kirk. That, with a rational wife—that is, if there is such a thing to be gotten for him,—would, I think, bring him to a steady temper. At present he is between the tyning and the winning. If I could get him to set to any hard study, he would do something clever.

How to make a critic.—A sly rogue, sheltering himself under the generick name of Mr. Campbell, requested [of] me, through the penny-post, the loan of £50 for two years, having an impulse, as he said, to make this demand. As I felt no corresponding impulse, I beggd to decline a demand which might have been as reasonably made by any Campbell on earth and another impulse has determined the man of fifty pounds to send me anonymous abuse of my works and temper and selfish disposition. The severity of the joke lies in 14d. for postage, to avoid which his next epistle shall go back to the clerks of the Post Office, as not for S. W. S. How the severe rogue would be disappointed, if he knew I never looked at more than the first and last line of his satirical effusion !

¹ Formerly tutor of Scott's sons. Lockhart says : " I observe, as the sheet is passing through the press, the death of the Rev. George Thomson —the happy ' Dominic Thomson ' of the happy days of Abbotsford ; he died at Edinburgh on the 8th of January 1838." (*Life*, ch. lxxxv.)

When I first saw that a literary profession was to be my fate, I endeavoured by all efforts of stoicism to divest myself of that irritable degree of sensibility—or, to speak plainly, of vanity—which makes the poetical race miserable and ridiculous. The anxiety of a poet for praise and for compliments I have always endeavoured to keep down].

December 29.—Base feelings this same calomel gives one—mean, poor, and abject—a wretch, as Will Rose says :—

“Fie, fie, on silly coward man,
That he should be the slave o’ t.”

Then it makes one “sinfully¹ dogged and snappish,” as Dr. Rutt[y], the Quaker, says in his *gurnal*.

Sent Lockhart four pages on Sheridan’s plays ; not very good, I think, but the demand came sudden. Must go to W—k ! yet am vexed by that humour of contradiction which makes me incline to do anything else in preference.² Commenced preface for new edition Novels. The city of Cork send my freedom in a silver box. I thought I was out of their grace for going to see Blarney rather than the Cove, for which I was attackd and defended in the papers when in Ireland. I am sure they wer[e] so civil that I would have gone wherever they wished me to go if I had had any one to have told me what I ought to be most inquisitive about.

“For if I should as lion come in strik:
Into such place, ’t were pity of my life.”

December 30.—Spent at home and in labour—with the weight of unpleasant news from Edinburgh. J. B. is like to be pinched next week unless the loan can be brought forward. I must and have endeavoured to supply him. At present the result of my attempts is³ uncertain. I am even more anxious about C[onstable] & Co., unless they can get assistance from their London friends to whom they gave much. All is in God’s hands. The worst can only be what I have before anticipated. But I must, I think,

¹ Douglas printed “woefully.”

² “presency” in photostat.

³ “are” in photostat.

renounce the segars. They brought back (using¹ two this evening) the irritation of which I had no feelings while abstaining from them. Dined alone with Gordon,¹ Lady S., and Anne. James Curle, Melrose, has handsomely lent me £600. He has done kindly. I have served him before and will again if in my power.

December 31.—Took a good sharp walk the first time since my illness, and found myself the better in health and spirits. Being Hogmanae, there dined with us Colonel Russell and his sisters, Sir Adam Fergusson and Lady, Colonel Fergusson, with Mary and Margaret; an auld-world party, who made themselves happy in the auld fashion. I felt so tired about eleven that I was forced to steal to Bed.

1826.

January 1.—A year has passd—another has commenced. These solemn divisions of time influence our feelings as they recur. Yet there is nothing in it—for every day in the year closes a twelvemonth as well as the 31st December. The latter is only the solemn pause, as when a guide, during² a wild and mountainous road, calls on a party to pause and look back at the scenes which they have just passed. To me this new year opens sadly. There are these troublesome pecuniary difficulties, which however I think this week should end. There is the absence of all my children, Anne excepted, from our little family festival. There is, besides, that ugly report of the 15th Hussars going to India. Walter, I suppose, will have some step in view, and will go, and I fear Jane will not dissuade him.

A hard, frosty day—cold, but dry and pleasant under foot. Walked into the plantations with Anne and Anne Russell. A thought strikes me, allied³ to this period of the year. People say that the whole human frame in all

¹ George Huntly Gordon, see *Life*, ch. lxxv.

² Douglas printed "showing." ³ Douglas printed "alluding."

its parts and divisions is gradually in the act of decaying and renewing. What a curious timepiece it would be that could indicate to us the moment this gradual and insensible change had so completely taken place, that no atom was left of the original person who had existed at a certain period, but there existed in his stead another person having the same limbs thewes and sinews the same face and lineaments the same consciousness—a new ship built on an old plank—a pair of transmigrated stockings, like those of Sir John Cutler,¹ all green silk, without one thread of the original black silk left! Singular—to be at once another and the same.

January 2.—Weather clearing up in Edinburgh once more, and all will, I believe, do well. I am pressed to get on with *Woodstock*, and must try. I wish I could open a good vein of interest which would breathe freely. I must take my old way, and write myself into good-humour with my task. It is only when I dally with what I am about, look back, and aside, instead of keeping my eyes straight forward, that I feel these cold sinkings of the heart. All men I suppose do, less or more. They are like the sensation of a sailor when the ship is cleared for action, and all are at their places—gloomy enough; but the first broadside puts all to rights. Dined at Huntly Burn with the Fergusons *en masse*.

January 3.—Promises a fair day, and I think the progress of my labours will afford me a little exercise, which I greatly need to help off the calomel feeling. Walkd with Colonel Russell from eleven till two—the first good day's exercise I have had since coming here. We went through all the Terrace, the Roman Planting,² over by the Stiel and Haxellcleuch, and so by the Rhymer's Glen to Chiefswood,³ which gave my heart a twinge, so disconsolate it seemd.

¹ Alderman of London, created a Baronet by Charles II. "One of those contradictory characters who with habits of petty parsimony combine large benevolence and public spirit" (*Works of Alexander Pope*, ed. Elwin and Courthope, vol. iii. p. 154).

² This plantation now covers the remains of an old Roman road from the Great Camp on the Eildon Hills to the ford below Scott's house.—J. G. L.

³ See entry of 3rd July (p. 195).

Yet all is for the best. Called at Huntly Burn, and shook hands with Sir Adam and his Lady just going off. When I returnd, signd the bond for £10,000, which will disencumber me of all pressing claims¹; when I get forward W—k and Nap. there will be £12,000 and upwards, and I hope to add £3000 against this time next year, or the devil must hold [the] dice. J. B. writes me seriously on the carelessness of my style. I do not think I am more careless than usual but I dare say he is right. I will be more cautious.

January 4.—Despatched the deed executed yesterday. Mr. and Mrs. Skene, my excellent friends, came to us from Edinburgh. Skene, distinguishd for his attainments as a draughtsman, and for his highly gentlemanlike feelings and character, is Laird of Rubislaw, near Aberdeen. Having had an elder brother, his education was somewhat neglected in early life, against which disadvantage he made a most gallant [fight], exerting himself much to obtain those accomplishments which [he] has since possessed. Admirable in all exercises, there enterd a good deal of the cavalier into his early character. Of late he has given himself much to the study of antiquities. His wife, a most excellent person, was tenderly fond of Sophia. They bring so much old-fashiond kindness and good-humour with them, besides the recollections of other times, that they must be always wellcome guests. Letter from Mr. Scrope, announcing a visit.

January 5.—Got the desired accomodation with Coutts, which will put J. B. quite straight, but am a little anxious still about Constable. He has immense stock to be sure and most valuable, but he may have sacrifices to make to convert a large proportion of it into ready money. The accounts from London are most disastrous—many wealthy persons totally ruind, and many, many more have been obliged to purchase their safety at a price they will feel all their lives. I do not hear things are so bad in Edinburgh;

¹ When settling his estate on his eldest son, Sir Walter had retained the power of burdening it with £10,000 for behoof of his younger children; he now raised the sum for the assistance of the struggling firms.—J. G. L.

and J. B.'s business has been transacted by the banks with liberality.

Colonel Russell told us last night that the Last of the Moguls a descendant of Kubla-Khan though having no more power than his effigies at the back of a set of playing-cards refused to meet Lord Hastings, because the Governor-General would not agree to remain standing in his presence. Pretty well for the blood of Timur in these degenerate days!

Much alarmed. I had waked till twelve with Skene and Col. Russell and then sate down to my work. To my horror and surprize I could neither write nor spell but put down one word for another, and wrote nonsense. I was much overpowered at the same time, and could not conceive the reason. I fell asleep, however, in my chair, and slept for two hours. On waking my head was clearer, and I began to recollect that last night I had taken the anodyne left for the purpose by Clarkson, and being disturbed in the course of the night, I had not slept it off.

Received from the Corporation of Corke a very handsome silver snuff box with my freedom of that ancient city.

Obliged to give up writing to-day—read Pepys instead. The Scotts of Harden were to have dined, but sent an apology,—storm coming on. Russells left us this morning to go to Haining.

January 6.—This seems to be a feeding storm, coming on by little and little. Wrought all day, and dined quiet. My disorder is wearing off, and the quiet society of the Skenes suits with my present humour. I really thought I was in for some very bad illness. Curious expression of an Indian-born boy just come from Bengal, a son of my cousin George Swinton. The child saw a hare run across the fields, and exclaimed, "See, there is a little tiger!"

January 7, Sunday.—Knight, a young artist, son of the performer, came to paint my picture at the request of Terry. This is very far from being agreeable, as I submitted to this distressing state of constraint last year—to Newton, at request of Lockhart—[to] Leslie at request

of my American friend¹;—Wilkie, for his picture of the King's arrival at Holy Rood House; and some one besides. I am as tired of the operation as old Maida, who had been so often sketched that he got up and went away with signs of Loathing whenever he saw an artist unfurl his paper and handle his brushes. But this young man is civil and modest; and I have agreed he shall sit in the room while I work, and take the best likeness he can, without compelling me into forced attitudes or the yawning fatigues of an actual sitting. I think, if he has talent, he may do more my way than in the customary mode—at least I can't have the hang-dog look which the unfortunate Theseus has who is doomed to sit for what seems an eternity.²

I wrought all two o'clock—indeed till I was almost nervous with correcting and scribbling. I then walked, or rather was dragd, through the snow by Tom Purdie, while Skene accompanied. What a blessing there is in a man like Tom, whom no familiarity can spoil, whom you may scold and praise and joke with, knowing the quality of the man is unalterable in his love and reverence to his master. Use an ordinary servant in the same way and he will be your master in a month. We should thank God for the snow as well as summer flowers. This brushing exercise has put all my nerves into tone again, which were really jaded with fatigue untill my very backbone seemd breaking. This comes of trying to do too much. J. B.'s news are as good as possible.—prudence—prudence, and all will do excellently.

¹ The "American friend" was George Ticknor (1791-1871), who accompanied Scott to a performance of *Rob Roy* in the Edinburgh theatre. "It was a great treat, for he took his whole family and now saw it himself for the first time. He did not attempt to conceal his delight. . . . He added—'All I wish is that Jedediah Cleishbotham could be here to enjoy it.'" Ticknor's visit to Abbotsford was cut short by Scott's illness in April 1819. Five years later (October 1824) Scott gave sittings to C. R. Leslie, R.A., at Ticknor's request. On a later visit to this country in 1835 Ticknor was gratified to hear from Mrs Lockhart that she thought Leslie's portrait of her father was the best extant and that nothing equalled it except Chantrey's bust (Ticknor's *Life*, vol. i. pp. 281 and 407).

² . . . sedet. aeternumque sedebit

Infelix Theseus . . .

(VIRGIL.)

January 8.—Frost and snow still. Write to excuse myself from attend[ing] the funeral of my aunt, Mrs. Curle, which takes place to-morrow at Kelso. She was a woman of the old Sandy-Know[e] breed, with the strong sense, high principle, and indifferent temper which belonged to my father's family. She lived with great credit on a moderate income and I believe gave away a great deal of it.¹

January 9.—Matthews the comedian and his son came to spend a day at Abbotsford. The last is a clever young man, with much of his father's talent for mimicry. Rather forward though.² Mr. Scrope also came out, which fills our house.

January 10.—Bodily health, the mainspring of the microcosm, seems quite restored. No more flinching or nervous fits, but the sound mind in the sound body. What poor things does a fever-fit or an overflowing of the bile make of the master[s] of creation !

The snow begins to fall thick this morning—

“ The landlord then aloud did say,
As how he wishd they would go away.”

To have our friends shut up here would be rather too much of a good thing.

The day cleared up and was very pleasant. Had a good walk and lookd at the curling. Mr. Matthews made himself very amusing in the evening. He has the good-nature to show his accomplishments without pressing, and without the appearance of feeling pain. On the contrary, I dare say he enjoys the pleasure he communicates.

January 11.—I got proof-sheets, in which it seems I have repeated a whole passage of history which had been

¹ In a letter of this date to his sister-in-law, Mrs. Thomas Scott, Sir Walter says :—“ Poor aunt Curle died like a Roman, or rather like one of the Sandy-Knowe bairns, the most stoical race I ever knew. She turned every one out of the room, and drew her last breath alone. So did my uncle, Captain Robert Scott, and several others of that family.”—J. G. L.

² Mathews, Charles James (1803-1878). The plays he wrote were mostly adaptations. As an actor in a light comedy part he was irresistible, as those who remember him in “Patter versus Clatter” or “Cool as a Cucumber,” can testify.

told before. James is in an awful stew, and I cannot blame him ; but then he should consider the *hyoscyamus*¹ which I was taking, and the anxious botheration about the money-market. However, as Chaucer says :—

“ There is na workeman
That can bothe wirken wel and hastilie ;
This must be done at leisure parfaitly.”

Mathews, his son, Scrope and the Skenes still our guests.

January 12.—Mathews last night gave us a very perfect imitation of old Cumberland, who carried the poetic jealousy and irritabi[lity] further than any man I ever saw.² He was a great flatterer too, the old rogue. Will Erskine used to admire him. I think he wanted originality. A very high-bred man in point of manners in Society.

My little artist, Knight, gets on better with his portrait—the features are, however, too pinched, I think.

Upon the matter, the days pass pleasantly enough—work till one or two, then an hour or two's walk in the snow, then lighter work, or reading. Late dinner, and singing or chat in the evening. Mathews has really all the will as well as the talent to be amusing. He confirms my idea of ventriloquism (which is an absurd word), as being merely the art of imitating sounds at a greater or less distance, assisted by some little points of trick to influence the imagination of the audience. The vulgar idea of a peculiar organization (beyond fineness of ear and of utterance) is nonsense.

January 13.—Our party are about to disperse—

“ Like youthful steers unyoked east north and south.”

I am not sorry, being one of those whom too much mirth always inclines to sadness. The missing so many of my own family together with the serious inconveniences to

¹ In photostat “hyasymus.”

² Richard Cumberland, dramatist, was the original of Sheridan's Sir Fretful Plagiary.

which I have been exposed gave me at present a desire to be alone. The Skenes return to Edinburgh so does Mr. Scrope—*item*, the little artist—Matthews to Newcastle—his son to Liverpool. So *exeunt omnes*.

Mathews assures me that Sheridan was generally very dull in society, and sate sullen and silent, swallowing glass after glass, rather a hindrance than a help. But there was a time when he broke out with a resumption of what had been going on, done with great force, and generally attacking some person in the company,¹ or some opinion which he had expressed. I never saw Sheridan but in large parties. He had a Bardolph countenance, with heavy features, but his eye possessed the most distinguished brilliancy. Mathews says it is very simple in Tom Moore to admire how Sheridan came by the means of paying the price of Drury Lane Theatre, when all the world knows he never paid it at all, and that Lacy, who sold it, was reduced to want by his breach of faith.² Dined quiet with Anne, Lady Scott, and Gordon.

January 14.—An odd mysterious letter from Constable, who is gone post to London, to put something to rights which is wrong betwixt them their banker and another monied friend. It strikes me to be that sort of letter which I have seen men write when they are desirous that their disagreeable intelligence should be rather apprehended than avowed. I thought he had been in London a fortnight ago, disposing of property to meet this exigence, and so I think he should. Well—I must have patience. But these tirrits and frights are truly annoying. Luckily the funny people are gone, and I shall not have the task of grinning when I am serious enough. Dined as yesterday.

A letter from J. B. mentioning Constable's journey, but without expressing much if any apprehension. He knows C. well, and saw him before his departure, and makes no doubt of his being able easily to extricate whatever may be entangled. I will not, therefore, make myself more

¹ "companion" in photostat.

² See Moore's *Life of Sheridan*, vol. i. p. 191. This work was published late in 1825.—J. G. L.

uneasy than I can help¹—doing so surely if I will. At least, I have given up segars since the year began, and have now no wish to return to the habit, as it is calld. I see no reason why one should not be able to vanquish, with God's assistance, these noxious thoughts which foretell evil but cannot remedy it.

January 15.—Like yesterday, a hard frost. Thermometer at 10 [degrees] yesterday, was at $8\frac{1}{2}$ to-day 12 [degrees]. Water in my dressing-room frozen to flint; yet I had a fine walk yesterday, the sun shining delightfully on "grim Nature's visage hoar." Were it not the plague of being dragd along by another person, I should like this weather as well as summer. But having Tom Purdie to do this office reconciles me to it. *I cannot cleik with John*, as old Mrs. Muir used to say. I mean, that an ordinary menial servant, thus hookd to your side reminds me of the twin bodies mentioned by Pitscottie, being two trunks on the same waist and legs. One died before the other, and remained a dead burthen on the back of its companion. Such is the close union with a person whom you cannot well converse with, and whose presence is yet indispensable to your getting on. An actual companion, whether humble or your equal, is still worse. But T. Purdie is just the thing, kneaded up between the friend and servant, as well as Uncle Toby's Bowling Green between sand and clay. You are certain he is proud as well as patient under his burthen, and you are under no more constraint than with a pony. I must ride him to-day if the weather holds up. Meantime I will correct that curious fellow Pepys' Diary,—I mean the article I have made of it for the *Quarterly*.

Edinburgh, January 16.—Came through cold roads to as cold news. Hurst and Robinson have sufferd a bill of £1000 to come back upon Constable, which I suppose infers the ruin of both houses. We will soon see. Constable, it seems, who was to have set off in the last week of December, dawdled here till in all human probability his going or staying became a matter of mighty little

¹ I have inserted a dash after "can help."

consequence. He could not be there till Monday night, and his resources must have come too late. Dined with the Skenes.¹

January 17.—James Ballantyne this morning—good honest fellow, with a visage as black as the crook. He hopes no salvation—has indeed taken measures to stop. It is hard, after having fought such a battle. Have apologised [for not] attending the Royal Society Club, who have a *Gaudeamus* on this day, and seemd to count much on my being the Praeses.

My old acquaintance, Miss Elizabeth Clerk, sister of Willie, dead suddenly. I cannot chuse but wish it had been S. W. S., and yet the feeling is unmanly. I have Anne, my wife, and Charles to look after. I felt rather sneaking as I came home from the P[rinting] House²—felt as if I were liable *monstrari digito* in no very pleasant way. But this must be born[c] *cum caeteris*; and, thank God, however uncomfortable, I do not feel despondent.

I have seen Cadell, Ballantyne, and Hogarth. All advise me to execute a trust of my property for payment of my obligations. So does John Gibson,³ and so I resolve to

¹ See Skene's *Memories* (1909):—"The family had been at Abbotsford, and it had long been their practice the day they came to town to take a family dinner at my house, which had accordingly been complied with upon the present occasion, and I never had seen Sir Walter in better spirits or more agreeable. The fatal intimation of his bankruptcy, however, awaited him at home, and next morning early I was surprised by a verbal message to come to him as soon as I had got up. Fearful that he had got a fresh attack of the complaint from which he had now for some years been free, or that he had been involved in some quarrel, I went to see him by seven o'clock, and found him already by candle-light seated at his writing-table, surrounded by papers which he was examining. Holding out his hand to me as I entered, he said, "Skene, this is the hand of a beggar. Constable has failed, and I am ruined *du fond du comble*. It's a hard blow, but I must just bear up; the only thing which wrings me is poor Charlotte, and the bairns."

² Douglas printed 'Parliament House,' but the entry of January 24 says explicitly—"I went to the Court for the first time to-day."

³ [Sir Walter's private law-agent.] Mr. John Gibson, Junr., W.S., Mr. James Jollie, W.S., and Mr. Alexander Monypenny, W.S., were the three gentlemen who ultimately agreed to take charge, as trustees, of Sir Walter Scott's affairs; and certainly no gentlemen ever acquitted themselves of such an office in a manner more honourable to themselves, or more satisfactory to a client, and his creditors.—J. G. L. Mr. Gibson, in a little volume of *Reminiscences of Scott* (1871), wrote as follows:—"Sir Walter called upon

do. My wife and daughter are gloomy, but yet patient. I trust by my hold on the works to make it every man's interest to be very gentle with me. Cadell makes it plain that by patience¹ they will, in six months, realize £20,000, which can be attainable by no effort of their own.

January 18.—He that sleeps too long in the morning, let him borrow the pillow of a debtor. So says the Spaniard, and so say I. I had of course an indifferent night of it. I wish these two days were over. But the worst is over. The Bank of Scotland has behaved very well; expressing a resolution to serve Constable's house and me to the uttermost; but as no one can say to what extent Hurst and Robinson's failure may go, borrowing would but linger it out.

January 19.—During yesterday I received several² visits from my friends, Skene and Colin Mackenzie (who, I am glad to see, looks well), with every offer of service. The Royal Bank also sent Sir John Hope and Sir Henry Jardine to offer to comply with my wishes. The Advocate³ came on the same errand. But I gave all the same answer—that my intention was to put the whole into the hands of a trustee, and to be contented with the event, and that all I had to ask was time to do so, and to extricate my affairs. I was assured of every accommodation in this way. From all quarters I have had the same kindness. Letters from Constable and Robinson have arrived. The last persist in saying they will pay all and everybody. They say, moreover, in a postscript, that had Constable been in town ten days sooner, all would have been well. When I saw him on 24th December, he proposed starting in three days, but

me, and explained how matters stood with the two Houses referred to, adding that he himself was a partner in one of them—that bills were falling due and dishonoured—and that some immediate arrangement was indispensably necessary. In such circumstances, only two modes of proceeding could be thought of—either that he should avail himself of the Bankrupt Act, and allow his estate to be sequestrated, or that he should execute a trust conveyance for behoof of his creditors. The latter course was preferred for various reasons, but chiefly out of regard for his own feeling."

¹ Douglas printed "prudence."

² Douglas printed "formal."

³ Sir William Rae, Lord Advocate.

dallied, God knows why, in a kind of infatuation, I think, till things had got irretrievably wrong. There would have been no want of support here¹ and his stock under his own management would have made a return immensely greater than it can under any other. Now I fear the loss must be great, as his fall will involve many of the country dealers who traded with him.

I feel quite composed and determined to labour. There is no remedy. I guess (as Mathews makes his Yankees say) that we shall not be troubled with visitors, and I calculate that I will not go out at all; so what can I do better than labour? Even yesterday I went about making notes on *Waverley*, according to Constable's plan. It will do good one day. To-day, when I lock this volume, I go to W—k. Heigho!

Knight came to stare at me to complete his portrait. He must have read a tragic page, comparative to what he saw at Abbotsford.

We dined of course at home, and before and after dinner I finish[ed] about twenty printed pages of *Woodstock*, but to what effect others must judge. A painful scene after dinner, and another after supper, endeavouring to convince these poor dear creatures that they must not look for miracles, but consider the misfortune as certain, and only to be lessend by patience and labour.

January 20.—Indifferent night—very bilious, which may be want of exercise. A letter from Sir J. Sinclair, whose absurd vanity leads him to thrust his finger into every man's pie,² proposing that Hurst and Robinson should sell their prints, of which he says they have a large collection, by way of lottery like Boydell. „

“In scenes like these which break our heart
Comes Punch, like you and lets a f——.”

¹ i.e. in Edinburgh. Douglas printed “then.”

² Scott seems to have decided as early as 1806 not to be drawn into correspondence with Sir John Sinclair. In a letter of 1806, written in the third person with elaborate politeness, Scott regrets that ignorance of Gaelic, pressure of business, etc., make it impossible for him to discuss Sir J. S.'s treatise on the Ossianic controversy. The significance of the letter seems to have escaped the biographer (*Life of Sir John Sinclair*, vol. ii. p. 233).

Meis pourtant, cultivons notre jardin. The publick favour is my only lottery. I have long enjoyd the foremost prize, and something in my breast tells me my evil genius will not overwhelm me if I stand by myself. Why should I not? I have no enemies—many attachd friends. The popular ascendancy which I have maintaind is of the kind which is rather improved by frequent appearances before the public. In fact, critics may say what they will, but “*hain* your reputation, and *tyne* your reputation,” is a true proverb.¹

Sir William Forbes calld—the same kind, honest friend as ever, with all offers of assistance, etc. etc. All anxious to serve me, and careless about their own risk of loss. And these are the cold, hard, money-making men whose questions and controul I apprehended.

Lord Ch : Commissioner Adam also came to see me, and the meeting, though pleasing, was melancholy. It was the first time we have met since the *break up* of his hopes in the death of his eldest son on his return from India, where [he] was Chief in Council and highly esteemed. Lord C. C. is not a very carly friend of mine, for I scarce knew him till his settlement in Scotland with his present office.² But I have since lived much with him, and taken kindly to him as one of the most pleasant, kind-hearted, benevolent, and pleasing men I have ever known. It is high treason among the Tories to express regard for him, or respect for the Jury Court in which he prescribes.³ I was against that experiment as much as any one. But it is an experiment, and the establishment (which the fools will not

¹ To *hain* anything is, *Anglicè*, to deal very carefully, penuriously about it —*tyne*, to lose. Scott often used to say “I *hain* a pen and *tyne* a pen,” which is nearer the proverb alluded to.—J. G. L.

² The Jury Court tried its first cause on 22nd January 1816 and ceased to exist as a separate Court in 1830. Cockburn wrote of the Right Hon. William Adam as follows :—“Nothing could be more beautiful and sometimes even affecting than the anxiety of this old and at last nearly blind man to do his work, and the earnest patience and polite cheerfulness with which he gave himself to it. So far as we are to retain civil trial by jury in this country, we shall owe it to him personally. No one else could have either launched or piloted it” (Cockburn, *Memorials*).

³ Was it necessary to alter this word to “presides,” as Lockhart did?

perceive) is the only thing which I see likely to give some prospects of ambition to our bar, which has been diminished otherwise so much. As for the Chief Commissioner, I dare say he jobs, as all other people of consequence do, in elections, and so forth. But he is the personal friend of the King, and the decided enemy of whatever strikes at the constitutional rights of the Monarch. Besides, I love him for the various changes which he has endured through life, and which have been so great as to make him entitled to be regarded in one point of view as the most fortunate—in the other, the most unfortunate—man in the world. He has gained and lost two fortunes by the same good fortune and the same rash confidence which has raised and now threatens my *peculium*. And his quiet, noble, and generous submission under circumstances more painful than mine,—for the loss of world's wealth was aggravated by the death of his youngest and darling son in the West Indies,—furnished me at the time and now with a noble example. So the Tories and Whigs may go be d—d together, as names that have distracted old Scotland, and torn asunder the most kindly feelings since the first day they were invented. Yes, d—n them, they are spells to rouse all our angry passions, and I dare say, notwithstanding the opinion of my private and calm moments, I will open on the cry again so soon as something occurs to chafe my mood; and yet, God knows, I would fight in honourable contest with word or blow for my political opinions; but I cannot permit that strife to “mix its waters with my daily meal”—those waters of bitterness which poison all mutual love and confidence betwixt the well-disposed on each side, and prevent them, if need were, from making mutual concessions and balancing the constitution against the ultras of both parties. The good man seems something broken by these afflictions.

January 21.—Susannah in *Tristram Shandy* thinks death is best met in bed. I am sure trouble and vexation is not. The watches of the night pass wearily when disturbed by fruitless regrets and disagreeable anticipations. But let it pass.

“ Well, Goodman Time, or blunt, or keen,
Move thou quick, or take thy leisure,
Longest day will have its c'en,
Weariest life but treads a measure.”

I have seen Cadell, who is very much at risque of their copyrights being thrown away. I suggested that if they went very cheap, some means might be fallen on to keep up their value or purchase them in. I fear the split betwixt Constable and Cadell will render impossible what might otherwise be hopeful enough. It is the Italian race-horses, I think, which, instead of riders, have spurs tied to their sides, so as to prick them into a constant gallop. Cadell tells me their gross profit was sometimes £10,000 a year, but much swallowed up with expenses, and his partner's draughts, which came to £4000 yearly. What there is to show for this, God knows. Constable's apparent expenses were very much within bounds.

Colin Mackenzie entered, and with his usual kindness engages to use his influence to recommend some moderate proceeding to Constable's creditors, which may permit him to go on and turn that species of property to account, which no man alive can manage so well as he.

Followed Mr. Gibson with a most melancholy tale. Things are so much worse with Constable than I apprehended that I shall neither save Abbotsford nor anything else. Naked we enter the world, and naked we leave it. Blessed be the name of the Lord !

January 22.—I feel neither dishonoured nor broken down by the bad—miserably bad news I have received. I have walked my last on the domains I have planted—sate the last time in the halls I have built. But death would have taken them from me if misfortune had spared them. My poor people whom I loved so well ! There is just another dye to turn up against me in this run of ill-luck—i.e. if I should break my magic wand in the fall from this elephant, and lose my popularity with my fortune. Then *Woodstock* and *Boney* may both go to the paper-maker, and I may take to smoking cigars and drinking grog, or turn

devotee, and intoxicate the brain another way. In prospect of absolute ruin, I wonder if they would let me leave the Court of Session. I would like, methinks, to go abroad,

“And lay my bones far from the *Tweed*.”

But I find my eyes moistening, and that will not do. I will not yield without a fight for it. It is odd, when I set myself to work *doggedly*, as Dr. Johnson would say, I am exactly the same man that I ever was, neither low-spirited nor *distract*. In prosperous times I have sometimes felt my fancy and powers of language flag, but adversity is to me at least a tonic and bracer; the fountain is awakend from its inmost recesses, as if the spirit of affliction had troubled it in his passage.

Poor Mr. Pole the harper sent to offer me £500 or £600, probably his all.¹ There is much good in the world, after all. But I will involve no friend, either rich or poor. My own right hand shall do it—else will I be *done* in the slang language, and *undone* in common parlance.

I am glad that, beyond my own family, who are, excepting L. S., young and able to bear sorrow, of which this is the first taste to some of them, most of the hearts are past aching which would have been inconsolable on this occasion. I do not mean that many will not seriously regret, and some perhaps lament, my misfortunes. But my dear mother, my almost sister, Christy R[utherfor]d,² poor Will Erskine—these would have been mourners indeed.

Well—exertion—exertion. O Invention, rouse thyself! May man be kind! May God be propitious! The worst is, I never quite know when I am right or wrong and Ballantyne, who does know in some degree, will fear to tell me. Lockhart would be worth gold just now, but he too would be too diffident to speak broad out. All my hope is in the continued indulgence of the public.

¹ Mr. Pole had long attended Sir Walter Scott's daughters as teacher of the harp. In the end Scott always spoke of his conduct as the most affecting circumstance that accompanied his disasters.—J. G. L. See *Life*, ch. lxvi.

² Scott's mother's half-sister. See *Life*, vols. i., iii., v., and vi.

• I have a funeral-letter to the burial of the Chevalier Yelin, a foreigner of learning and talent, who has died at the Royal Hotel. He wished to be introduced to me, and was to have read a paper before the Royal Society when this introduction was to have taken place. I was not at the Society that evening, and the poor gentleman was taken ill in the meeting and unable to proceed. He went to his bed and never arose again; and now his funeral will be the first public place that I shall appear at. He dead, and I ruind. This is what you call a meeting.¹

January 23.—Slept ill, not having been abroad these eight days—*splendida bilis*. Then a dead sleep in the morning, and when the awakening comes, a strong feeling how well I could dispense with it for once and for ever. This passes away, however, as better and more dutiful thoughts arise in my mind.

I know not if my imagination has flaggd—probably it has—but at least my powers of labour have not diminished during the last melancholy week. On Monday and Tuesday my exertions were suspended. Since Wednesday inclusive I have written thirty-eight of my close manuscript pages, of which seventy make a volume of the usual novel size.

Wrote till twelve A.M., finishing half of what I call a good day's work—ten pages of print, or rather twelve. Then walked in the Princes Street pleasure-grounds with good Samaritan James Skene, the only one among my numerous friends who can properly be termed *amicus omnium horarum*²—others being too busy or too gay, and several being estranged by habit.³

¹ Chevalier Yelin, the friend and travelling companion of Baron D'Eichthal, was a native of Bavaria. His wife had told him playfully that he must not leave Scotland without having seen the great bard; and he prolonged his stay in Edinburgh until Scott's return, hoping to meet him at the Royal Society on this evening (Skene's *Memories*, p. 134).

² Scott applies the English of this phrase, i.e. "friend of all hours" to Moubray of St Ronans who is always ready to play piquet with the wounded duellist. Lockhart, followed by Douglas, printed "*amicus curarum mearum*."

³ In James Skene's *Memories* (1909) is printed the following note from Scott:—

"DEAR SKENE,—If you are disposed for a walk in your gardens any time this morning, I would gladly accompany you for an hour, since keeping the

The walks have been conducted on the whole with much taste, though Skene has undergone much criticism, the usual reward of public exertions, on account of his plans. It is singular to walk close beneath the grim old Castle, and think what scenes it must have seen, and how many generations of three score and ten have risen and past away. It is a place to cure one of too much sensation over earthly subjects of mutation. My wife and girl's tongues are chatting in a lively manner in the drawing-room. It does me good to hear them. •

January 24.—Constable came yesterday, and saw me for half an hour. He seemed irritable, but kept his temper under command. Was a little shocked when I intimated that I was disposed to regard the present works in progress as my own. I think I saw two things :—(1) That he is desirous to return into the management of his own affairs without Cadell, if he can. (2) That he relies on my connexion as the way of helping us out of the slough. Indeed he said he was ruined utterly without my counte-

house so long begins rather to hurt me, and you, who supported the other day the weight of my body, are perhaps best disposed to endure the gloom of my mind.—Yours ever,

W. S.

“CASTLE STREET, 23 *January*.

I “will call when you please : all hours after twelve are the same to me.”

During this walk, Scott told Skene of the efforts he was making to rebuild his shattered fortunes. “‘But woe’s me, I much mistrust my vigour, for the best of my energies are already expended. You have seen, my dear Skene, the Roman coursers urged to their speed by a loaded spur attached to their backs to whet the rusty metal of their age,—ay ! it is a leaden spur indeed, and it goads hard.’

“I added, ‘But what do you think, Scott, of the bits of flaming paper that are pasted on the flanks of the poor jades ? If we could but stick certain small documents on your back, and set fire to them, I think you might submit for a time to the pricking of the spur.’ He laughed, and said, ‘Ay ! Ay !—these weary bills, if they were but as the thing that is not—come, cheer me up with an account of the Roman Carnival.’ And, accordingly, with my endeavour to do so, he seemed as much interested as if nothing had happened to discompose the usual tenor of his mind, but still our conversation ever and anon dropt back into the same subject, in the course of which he said to me, ‘Do you know I experience a sort of determined pleasure in confronting the very worst aspect of this sudden reverse,—in standing, as it were, in the breach that has overthrown my fortunes, and saying, Here I stand, at least

nance. I certainly will befriend him if I can, but Constable without Cadell is like getting the clock without the pendulum—the one having the ingenuity, the other the caution of the business. I will see my way before making any bargain, and I will help them, I am sure, if I can without endangering my last cast for freedom. Worked out my task yesterday.

My kind friend Mrs. Coutts has got the cadetship for Pringle Shortreed, in which I was peculiarly interested.

I went to the Court for the first time to-day, and, like the man with the large nose, thought everybody was thinking of me and my mishaps. Many were undoubtedly and all rather regrettingly—some obviously affected. It is singular to see the difference of men's manner, whilst they strive to be kind or civil in their way of addressing me. Some smiled as they wished me good-day, as if to say, "Think nothing about it, my lad; it is quite out of our thoughts." Others greeted me with the affected gravity which one sees and despises at a funeral. The best bred—

an honest man. And God knows, if I have enemies, this I may at least with truth say, that I have never wittingly given cause of enmity in the whole course of my life, for even the burnings of political hate seemed to find nothing in my nature to feed the flame. I am not conscious of having borne a grudge towards any man, and at this moment of my overthrow, so help me God, I wish well and feel kindly to every one. And if I thought that any of my works contained a sentence hurtful to any one's feelings, I would burn it. I think even my novels (for he did not disown any of them) are free from that blame.

"He had been led to make this protestation from my having remarked to him the singularly general feeling of goodwill and sympathy towards him which every one was anxious to testify upon the present occasion. The sentiments of resignation and of cheerful acquiescence in the dispensation of the Almighty which he expressed were those of a Christian thankful for the blessings left, and willing, without ostentation, to do his best. It was really beautiful to see the workings of a strong and upright mind under the first lash of adversity calmly reposing upon the consolation afforded by his own integrity and manful purposes. 'Lately,' he said, 'you saw me under the apprehension of the decay of my mental faculties, and I confess that I was under mortal fear when I found myself writing one word for another, and misspelling every word, but that wore off, and was perhaps occasioned by the effects of the medicine I had been taking, but have I not reason to be thankful that that misfortune did not assail me?—Ay! few have more reason to feel grateful to the Disposer of all events than I have.'"—JAMES SKENE'S *Memories*, pp. 137-8.

all, I believe, meaning equally well—just shook hands and went on.

A foolish puff in the papers, calling on men and gods to assist a popular author who having choused the public of many thousands had not the sense to keep wealth when he had it.

If I am hard pressed, and measures used against me, I must use all means of legal defence and subscribe myself bankrupt in a petition for sequestration. It is the course I would have advised a client to take and would have the effect of saving my land, which is secured by my son's contract of marriage. I might save my library, etc., by assistance of friends, and bid my creditors defiance. But for this I would in a court of honour deserve to lose my spurs for. No, if they permit me, I will be their vassal for life, and dig in the mire of my imagina[tion] to find diamonds (or what may sell for such) to make good my engagements, not to enrich myself. And this from no reluctance to allow myself to be called the Insolvent, which I probably am, but because I will not put out of the [power] of my creditors the resources, mental or literary, which yet remain to me.

Went to the funeral of Chevalier Yelin, the literary foreigner mentiond on 22d. How many and how various are the ways of affliction! Here is this poor man dying at a distance from home—his friend heart-broken,¹ his wife and family anxiously expecting letters, and doomed only to learn they have lost a husband and father for ever. He lies buried on the Calton Hill, near learned and scientific dust—the graves of David Hume and John Playfair being side by side.

January 25.¹—Anne is ill this morning. May God help us! If it should prove serious, as I have known it in such cases, where am I to find courage or comfort? A thought has struck me—Can we do nothing for ourselves² with the goblin drama, called the *Fortunes of Devorgoil*? Could it not be added to *Woodstock* as a fourth volume? Terry refused

¹ Loq'chart printed "proud heart broken"—a copyist's error.

² Douglas printed "creditors."

a gift of it, but he was quite and entirely wrong. It is not good, but it may be made so. Poor Will Erskine liked it much. Gave my wife her £12 allowance. £24 J. B.
£24 to last till Wednesday fortnight.

January 26.—Spoke to J. B. last night about *Devorgoil* who does not seem to relish the proposal, alleging the comparative failure of *Halidon Hill*. Aye, says Self-Conceit, but he has not read it; and when he does, it is the sort of wild fanciful work betwixt heaven and earth, which men of solid parts do not estimate. Pepys thought Shakespeare's *Midsummer's Night's Dream* the most silly play he had ever seen, and Pepys was probably judging on the same grounds with J. B., though presumptuous enough to form conclusions against a very different work from any of mine. How if I send it to Lockhart by and bye?

I call'd to-day at Constable's. Both partners seemed secure that Hurst and Robinson were to go on and pay. Strange that they should have stop'd. Constable very anxious to have husbanding of the books. I told him the truth that I would be glad to have his assistance, and that he should have the benefit of the agency, but that he was [not] to consider past transactions as the rule for settling those in future, since I must needs make the most out of the labours I could: *item*, that I, or whoever might act for me, would of course, after what has happen'd, look especially to the security. He said if Hurst and Robinson were to go on, bank notes would be laid down.¹ I conceive indeed that they would take *Woodstock* and *Napoleon* almost at loss rather than break the connection in the public eye.

Sir William Arbuthnot and Mr. Kinnear were very kind. But *cui bono*? Receiv'd £6 5s. paid back of deposit for Wool Stapling Stock Coy. Gave it to my wife with direction to repay Anne £1 is. £6 5 11

Gibson comes with a joyful face announcing all the creditors had unanimously agreed to a private trust. This is handsome and confidential, and must warm my best efforts to get them out of the scrape. I will not doubt—to doubt is to lose. Sir William Forbes took the chair, •

¹ See p. 144 for the terms on which *Woodstock* was offered to H. and R.

and behaved as he has ever done, with the generosity of ancient faith and early friendship. They¹ are deeper concerned than most. In what scenes have Sir William and I not born[e] share together—desperate, and almost bloody affrays, rivalries, deep drinking-matches, and, finally, with the kindest feelings on both sides, somewhat separated by his retiring much within the bosom of his family, and I moving little beyond mine. It is fated our planets should cross though, and that at the period[s] most interesting for me. Down—down—a hundred thoughts.

Jane Russel[l] drank tea with us.

I hope I will sleep better to-night. If I do not I shall get ill, and then I cannot keep my engagements. Is it not odd? I can command my eyes to be awake when toil and weariness sit on my eyelids, but to draw the curtain of oblivion is beyond my power. I remember some of the wild Buccaneers, in their impiety, succeeded pretty well by shutting hatches and burning brimstone and assafoetida in making a tolerable imitation of *hell*—but their² *heaven* was a wretched affair. It is one of the worst things about this system of ours, that it is a hundred times more easy to inflict pain than to create pleasure.

January 27.—Slept better and less bilious, owing doubtless to the fatigue of the preceding night, and the more comfortable news. I drew my salaries of various kinds amounting to £300 and upwards (£336 including cash due for su[r]plusages to County) and sent, with John Gibson's consent, £200 to pay off things at Abbotsford which must be paid.. Wrote Laidlaw with the money, directing him to make all preparations for reduction. Anne ill of rheumatism: I believe caught cold by vexation and exposing herself to bad weather.

The Celtic Society present me with the most splendid broadsword I ever saw; a beautiful piece of art, and a most noble weapon. Honourable Mr. Stuart (second son of the Earl of Moray), General Graham Stirling, and MacDougal, attended as a committee to present it. This was very kind of my friends the Celts, by whom I have

¹ Sir W. Forbes and Co.'s Banking House.

² "his" in photostat.

had so many merry meetings. It will be a rare legacy to Walter ;—for myself, good luck ! it is like Lady Dowager Don's prize in a lottery of hardware ; she—a venerable lady who always wore a haunch-hoop, silk negligee, and triple ru[f]fles at the elbow—having the luck to gain a pair of silver spurs and a whip to correspond.

January 28.—Ballantyne and Cadell wish that Mr. Alex. Cowan should be Constable's trustee instead of J. B.'s. Gibson is determined to hold by Cowan. I will not interpose, although I think Cowan's services might do us more good as Constable's trustee than as our own. But I will not begin with thwarting the managers of my affairs, or even exerting strong influence. It is not fair. These last four or five days I have wrought little—to-day I set on the steam and ply my paddles.

January 29.—The proofs of vol i.¹ came so thick in yesterday that much was not done. But I begin to be hard at work to-day, and must not gurnalize much.

Mr. Jollie, who is to be my trustee in conjunction with Gibson came to see me—a pleasant and good-humoured man, and has high reputation as a man of business. I told him and I will keep my word that he would at least have no trouble by my interfering and thwarting their management, which is the not unfrequent case of trusters and trustees.²

Constable's business seems unintelligible. No man thought the house worth less than £150,000. Constable told me when he was making his will that he was worth £80,000. Great profits on almost all their adventures. No bad speculations—yet neither stock nor debt to show. Constable might have eat[en] up his share ; but Cadell was very frugal. No doubt trading almost entirely on accommodation is dreadfully expensive.³

¹ *Life of Bonaparte.*

² "In the management of his Trust," Mr. Gibson remarks, "everything went on harmoniously—the chief labour devolving upon myself, but my co-Trustees giving their valuable aid and advice when required."—*Reminiscences*, p. 16.

³ Scott never understood that Constable & Co. were in much the same position as James Ballantyne & Co.—trading on insufficient capital. The

January 30.—False delicacy. Mr. Gibson, Mr. Cowan, and Mr. J. B., were with me last night to talk over important matters and suggest an individual for a certain highly confidential situation. I was led to mention a person of whom I knew nothing but that he was an honest and intelligent man. All seemd to acquiesce and agreed to move the thing to the party concernd this morning, and so Mr. G. and Mr. C. left me, when J. B. let out that it was their unanimous opinion that we should be in great trouble were the individual appointed, from faults of temper, etc., which would make it difficult to get on with him. With a hearty curse I hurried J. B. to let them know that I had no partiality for the man whatever and only named him because he had been proposed for a similar situation elsewhere. This is provoking enough, that they would let me embarrass my affairs with a bad man (an unfit one, I mean) rather than contradict me. I dare say great men are often used so.

I laboured freely yesterday. The stream rose fast—if clearly, is another question; but there is bulk for it, at least—about thirty printed pages.

“And now again, boys, to the Oar.”

January 31.—There being nothing in the Roll to-day, I stay at home from the Court, and add another day's perfect labour to *Woodstock*, which is worth five days of snatched intervals, when the current of thought and invention is broken in upon, and the mind shaken and diverted from its purpose by a succession of petty interruptions. I have now no pecuniary provisions to embarrass me, and I think, now the shock of the discovery is past and over, I am much better off on the whole. I am as if I had shaken off from my shoulders a great mass of garments rich indeed but cumbrous and always more a burthen than a comfort. I am free of an hundred petty public

late Mr James Glen wrote a full account of “Sir Walter Scott's Financial Transactions” (*Letters*, vol. i. lxxxix.-xcv.). See also Sir Herbert Grierson's *Life* (1938), especially pp. 146-9 and 219-21. Mr Glen, after a careful examination of all the evidence, concludes that Lockhart—who had not the training of an accountant—did not do justice to Constable.

duties imposed on me as a man of consideration—of the expense of a great hospitality—and, what is better, of the great waste of time connected with it. I have known in my day all kinds of society and can pretty well estimate how much or how little one loses by retiring from all but that which is very intimate. I sleep and eat and work as I am wont ; and if I could see those about me as indifferent to the loss of rank as I am, I should be completely happy. As it is, time must salve that sore, and to time I trust it.

Since the 16th of this month no guest has broken bread in my house save G. H. Gordon ¹ one morning at Breakfast. This happend never before since I had a house of my own. But I have plaid Abou Hassan long enough ; and if the Caliph comes I would turn him back again.

FEBRUARY

February 1.—A most generous letter (though not more so than I expected) from Walter and Jane, offering to interfere with their fortune, etc. God Almighty forbid ! that were too unnatural in me to accept, tho' dutiful and affectionate in them to offer. They talk of India still—With my damaged fortune I cannot help them to remain by exchange, and so forth. He expects, if they go, to go out eldest Captain, when by staying two or three years he will get the step of Major. His whole thoughts are with his profession, and I understand that when you quit or exchange, when a regiment goes on distant or disagreeable service, you are not accounted as serious in your profession. God send what is for the best ! Remitted Charles a bill for £40—£35 advanced at Christmas makes £75. He must be frugal.

Attended the Court, and saw J. B. and Cadell as I returnd. Both very gloomy. Came home to work, etc., about two.

¹ Mr. Gordon was at this time Scott's amanuensis ; he *copied*, that is to say, the MS. for press.—J. G. L.

February 2.—An odd visit this morning from Miss Jane Bell of North Shields, whose law-suit with a Methodist parson of the name of Hill made some noise. The worthy divine had in the basest manner interfered to prevent this lady's marriage by two anonymous letters, in which he contrived to refer the lover, to whom they were address[ed], for further corroboration to *himself*. The whole imposture makes the subject of a little pamphlet publishd by Marshall of Newcastle. The lady ventured for redress into the thicket of English law—lost one suit—gained another with £300 damages, and was ruined. The appearance and person of Miss Bell is prepossessing. She is about thirty years old, a brunette, with regular and pleasing features, marked with melancholy,—an enthusiast in literature, and probably in religion. She had been at Abbotsford to see me, and made her way to me here, in the vain hope that she could get her story worked up into a novel, and certainly the thing is capable of interesting situations. It throws a curious light upon the aristocratic or rather Hierocratic influence exercised by the Methodist preachers within the *Connexion*, as it is calld. Admirable food this would be [for] the *Quarterly* or any other reviewers who might desire to feed fat their grudge against this Sect. But there are two reasons against such a vindication. First, it would do the poor sufferer no good. 2dly, it would hurt the Methodist Connexion very much, which I for one would not like to injure. They have their faults, and are peculiarly liable to those of hypocrisy and spiritual ambition and priestcraft. On the other hand they do infinite good, carrying religion into classes in society where it would scarce be found to penetrate did it rely merely upon proof of its doctrines upon calm reason and upon rational argument. "To these the Methodists add a powerful appeal to the feelings and passions and though I believe this is often exaggerated into absolute enthusiasm, yet I consider upon the whole they do much to keep alive a sense of religion and the practice of morality necessarily connected with it. It is much to the discredit of the Methodist clergy, that when the villainous calumniator

was actually convicted of guilt morally worse than many men are hanged for, they only degraded him from the *first* to the *second* class of their preachers,—leaving a man, who from mere hatred at Miss Bell's brother, who was a preacher like himself, had proceeded in such a deep and infamous scheme to ruin the character and destroy the happiness of an innocent person—in possession of the pulpit and an authorised teacher of others. If they believed him innocent they did too much—if guilty, far too little. •

I wrote to my nephew Walter to-day, cautioning him against a little disposition which he has to satire or *méchanceté*, which may be a great stumbling-block in his career in life.¹ Otherwise I presage well of him. He is lieutenant of engineers, with high character for mathematical science—is acute, very well-mannered, and, I think, good-hearted. He had seen enough of the world too to regulate his own course through life better than most lads at his age.

February 3.—This is the first morning since my troubles that I felt at awaking

“ I had drunken deep
Of all the blessedness of sleep.”²

I made not the slightest pause, nor dreamd a single dream, nor even changed my side. This is a blessing to be grateful for. There is to be a meeting of the creditors to-day, but I care not for the issue. If they drag me into the Court *oborto collo*, instead of going into this scheme of arrangement, they will do themselves a great injury and perhaps eventually do me good though it would give me much pain.

J. B. is severely critical on what he calls imitations of Mrs. Radcliffe in *Woodstock*. Many will think with him—yet I am of opinion he is quite wrong, or, as friend J. F[errier] says, *wrong*.³ In the first place, I am to look

¹ See *Letters*, vol. ix. p. 269. This letter is dated 1st Nov. 1825, but it contains a warning against a propensity to satire.

² Coleridge's *Christabel*, Part II.

³ James Ferrier, one of the Clerks of Session,—the father of the authoress of *Marriage*, *The Inheritance*, and *Destiny*. •

on the mere fact of another author having treated a subject happily as a bird looks on a potatoe-bogle which scares it away from a field, otherwise as free to its depredations as any one's else ! In 2d place, I have taken a wide difference—my object is not to excite fear of supernatural things in my reader, but to show the effect of such fear upon the agents in the story—one a man of sense and firmness—one a man unhinged by remorse—one a stupid uninquiring clown—one a learned and worthy but superstitious divine. In 3d place, the book turns on this hinge and cannot want it. But I will try to insinuate the refutation of Aldiboronti's exception into the prefatory matter.

From the 19 January to the 2d february inclusive is exactly fifteen days, during which time (with the intervention of some days' idleness, to let imagination brood on the task a little) I have written a volume. I think, for a bett, I could have done it in ten days. Then I must have had no Court of Session to take me up two or three hours every morning, and dissipate my attention and powers of working for the rest of the day. A volume, at cheapest, is worth £1000.* This is working at the rate of £24,000 a year ; but then we must not bake bunns faster than people have appetite to eat them. They are not essential to the market, like potatoes.

John Gibson came to tell me in the evening that a meeting to-day had approved of the proposed trust. I know not why, but the news gave¹ me little concern. I heard it as a party indifferent. I remember hearing that Mandrin testified some horror when he found himself bound alive on the wheel, and saw an executioner approach with a bar of iron to break his limbs. After the second and third blow¹ he fell a-laughing, and being askd the reason by his confessor, said he laughd at his own folly which had anticipated increased agony at every blow, when it was obvious that the *first* must have jarred and confounded the system of the nerves so much as to render the succeeding blows of little consequence. I suppose it is so with the moral feeling ; at least I could not bring myself to be

¹ Douglas altered this to " gives."

anxious whether these matters were settled one way or other.

February 4.—Wrote to Mr. Laidlaw, to come to town on Monday and see the trustees. To farm or not to farm is the question. With our careless habits, it were best I think to risk as little as possible. Lady Scott will not exceed with ready money in her hand ; but calculating on the produce of a farm is different, and neither she nor I are capable of that minute œconomy. Two cows should be all we should keep. But I find Lady S. inclines much for the farm.¹ If she had her youthful activity, and could manage it, it would be well and would amuse her. But I fear it is too late a week.

Returned from Court by Constable, and found Cadell has fled to the sanctuary, being threatend with ultimate diligence by the B[ank], of S[cotland]—about some £1900 drawn out of their cash accot the day before the stop. If this be a vindictive measure, it is harsh, useless, and bad of them, and flight, on the contrary, seems no good sign on his part. I hope he won't prove his father or grandfather at Prestonpans :—

“ And Cadell dressed amang the rest,
 Wi' gun and good claymore, man,
 On gelding grey he rode that day,
 Wi' pistols set before, man. •
 The cause was gude, he'd spend his blude
 Before that he would yield, man,
 But the night before he left the corps,
 And never faced the field, man.”

Harden and Mrs. Scott calld on Mamma. I was abroad. Henry calld on me. Wrote only two pages (of manuscript) and a half to-day. As the boatswain said, one can't dance always *nowther*, but, were we sure of the quality of the stuff, what opportunities for labour does this same system of retreat afford us ! I am convinced that in three years I could do more than in the last ten, but for the mine being, I fear, exhausted. Give me my popularity—

¹ Douglas printed “four.”

an awful postulate !—and all my present difficulties shall be a joke in five years ; and it is *not* lost yet, at least.

February 5.—Rose after a sound sleep, and here am I without bilc or anything to perturb my inward man. It is just about three weeks since so great a change took place in my relations in society, and already I am indifferent to it. But I have been always told my feelings of joy and sorrow, pleasure and pain, enjoyment and privation, are much colder than those of other people.

“ I think the Romans call it stoicism.” ¹

Missie was in the drawing-room, and overheard William Clerk and me laughing excessively at some foolery or other ² in the back-room, to her no small surprise, which she did not keep to herself. But do people suppose that he was less sorry for his poor sister, or I for my lost fortune ? If I have a very strong passion in the world, it is *pride*, and that never hinged upon world's gear, which was always with me—Light come, light go.

February 6.—Letters received yesterday from Lord Montagu, John Morritt, and Mrs. Hughes—kind and dear friends all—with solicitous inquiries. But it is very tiresome to have to tell my story over again, and I really hope I have [no] more friends intimate enough to ask me for it. I detest letter-writing, and envy the Old Hermit of Prague, who never saw pen or ink. What then ? One must write ; it is a part of the Law we live on. Talking of writing, I finishd my six pages, neat and handsome, yesterday. *N.B.* At night I fell asleep, and the oil dropd from the lamp upon my manuscript. Will this extreme unction make it go smoothly down with the public ?

Thus is it we “ profane the sacred time ”

By silly pun, light jest, and lighter rhyme. ³

¹ Addison, *Cato*, i. 4.

² Cockburn records in *Memorials* that Scott said to Clerk that he felt something like Lambert and the other regicides “ who (Pepys says) when they were going to be hanged and quartered, were as cheerful and comfortable as any gentlemen could be in that situation.”

³ Variation from *Henry IV.*, Act II. Sc. 4.

• I have a song to write, too, and I am not thinking of it. I trust it will come upon me at once—a sort of catch it should be.¹ I walked out, feeling a little overwrought. Saw Constable and turned over Clarendon., Cadell not yet out of hiding. This is simple work.

Obliged to borrow £240, to be repaid² in spring, from John Gibson, to pay my nephew's outfit and passage to Bombay. I wish I could have got this money otherwise, but I must not let the orphan boy, and such a clever fellow, miscarry through my fault. His education, etc., has been at my expense ever since he came from America.

February 7.—Had letters yesterday from Lady Davy and Lady Louisa Stuart,³ two very different persons. Lady Davy, daughter an[d] co-heiress of a wealthy Antigua merchant, has been known to me all my life. Her father was a relation of ours of a Scotch calculation. He was of a good family, Kerrs of Bloodielaws, but decayd. Miss Jane Kerr married first Mr. Apreece, son of a Welsh Baronet. The match was not happy. I had lossd (*sic*) all acquaintance with her for a long time, when about twenty years ago we revived it in London. She was then a widow, gay, clever, and most actively ambitious to play a distinguished part in London society. Her fortune, though handsome and easy, was not large enough to make way by dint of showy entertainments, and so forth. So she took the *blue* line, and by great tact and management actually established herself as a leader of literary fashion. Soon after, she resided in Edinburgh for a season or two, and studied the Northern Lights. One of the best of them, poor Jack Playfair, was disposed “to shoot madly from his sphere,” and, I believe, asked her, but he was a little too old. She found a fitter husband in every respect

¹ See “Glee for King Charles,” *Waverley Novels*, vol. xl. p. 40.—J. G. L.

² “repaid” (*sic*) in photostat.

³ Lady Louisa Stuart, daughter of the Earl of Bute, who was Prime Minister in the early part of the reign of George III. Some of Scott's best letters were written to her, and her letters to him are admirable. Some of them have been printed in *Lady Louisa Stuart* (1899). See also *Letters* (vol. ix. pp. 418-21). She died in 1851 in her ninety-fourth year.

in Sir Humphrey Davy, to whom she gave a handsome fortune, and whose splendid talents and situation as President of the Royal Society gave her naturally a distinguished place in the literary society of the Metropolis. Now this is a very curious instance of an active-minded woman forcing her way to the point from which she seemed furthest excluded. For, though clever and even witty, she had no peculiar accomplishment, and certainly no good taste either for science or letters naturally. I was once in the Hebrides with her, and I admired to observe how amid sea-sickness, fatigue, some danger, and a good deal of indifference as to what she saw, she gallantly maintained her determination to see everything.¹ It marked her strength of character, and she joined to it much tact, and always addressed people on the right side. So she stands high, and deservedly so, for to these active qualities, more French I think than English, and partaking of the Creole vivacity and suppleness of character, she adds, I believe, honourable principles and an excellent heart. As a lion-catcher, I could pit her against the world. She flung her lasso (see Hall's *South America*) over Byron himself. But then, poor soul, she is not happy. She has a temper, and Davy has a temper, and these tempers are not one temper, but two tempers, and they quarrell like cat and dog, which may be good for stirring up the stagnation of domestic life, but they let the world see it, and that is not so well. Now in all this I may be thought a little harsh on my friend, but it is between my *Gurnal* and me, and, moreover, I would cry heartily if anything were to ail my little cousin, though she be addicted to rule the cerulean atmosphere. Then I suspect the cares of this as well as other empires overbalance its pleasures. There must be difficulty in being always in the right humour to hold a court. There are usurpers to be encountered, and insurrections to be put down, an incessant troop [of] *bienséances* to be discharged, a sort of etiquette which is the curse of all courts. An old lion cannot get hamstrung quietly at four hundred miles

¹ See *Life*, ch. xxi.

distance but the Empress must send him her condolence and a pot of lipsalve. To be sure the monster is consanguinean, as Sir Toby says.

Looked in at Constable's coming home ; Cadell emerged from Alsatia ; borrowd Clarendon.

Home by half-past twelve. Much comfort in a stupid assistant. Sir R. D. and R. H. have two very clever men of business whom the agents like and carry their business to these two offices to favour the Assistants. Mine, a good creature, only accomplishes the character of an Assistant so far as the three first letters go. So he gets fewer pence, and I less trouble.

My old friend Sir Peter Murray calld to offer his own assistance, Lord Justice-Clerk's, and Abercromby's, to negotiate for me a seat upon the Bench [of the Court of Session] instead of my Sherifffdom and Clerkship. I expland to him the use which I could make of my pen was not, I thought, consistent with that situation ; and that, besides, I had neglected the law too long to permit me to think of that situation. But this was kindly and honourably done. I can see people think me much worse of[f] than I think myself. They may be right ; but I will not be beat till I have tried a rally, and a bold one.

February 8.—Slept ill, and rather bilious in the morning. Many of the Bench now are my juniors. I will not seek *ex ele[e]mosynd* a place which, had I turnd my studies that way, I might have aspired to long ago *ex meritis*. My pen should do much better for me than the odd £1000 a year. If it fails, I will leave¹ on what they leave me. Another chance might be, if it fails, in the patronage which might, after a year or two, place me in Exchequer. But I do not count on this unless, indeed, the D[uke] of B[uccleuch], when he comes of age, should chuse to make play.

Got to my work again, and wrote easier than the two last days. Gave Lady Scott her fortnight's allowance £24.

¹ Scott wrote "leave" for "live." He probably pronounced both words alike.

The Laird of Harden made long visit. Spoke to Anne about a service for Dalglish.

Mr. Laidlaw¹ came in from Abbotsford and dine[d] with us. We spent the evening in laying down plans for the farm, and deciding whom we should keep and whom dismiss among the people. This we did on the true negroe-driving principle of self-interest—the only principle I know which *never* swerves from its objects. We chose all the active young and powerful men turning old age and infirmity adrift. I cannot help this, for [a] guinea cannot do the work of five but I will contrive to make [it] easier to the sufferers.

February 9.—A stormy morning, lowering and blustering, like our fortunes. *Mea virtute me involvo.* But I must say to the Muse of fiction, as the Earl of Pembroke said to the ejected nun of Wilton, “Go spin, you jade, go spin!” Perhaps she has no *tow* on her *rock*.² When I was at Kilkenny last year we went to see a Nunnery, but could not converse with the sisters because they were in strict retreat. I was delighted with the red-nosed Padre, who showed us the place with a sort of proud unctuous humiliation and apparent dereliction of the world, that had to me the air of a complete Tartuffe—a strong sanguine square-shoulderd son of the Church, whom a protestant would be apt to warrant against any sufferings he was like to sustain by privation. My purpose however just now was to talk of the “strict retreat,” which did not prevent the Nuns from walking in their little garden, breviary in hand peeping at us and allowing us to peep at them. Well—now, *we* are in *Strict Retreat*; and if we had been so last year, instead of gallivanting to

¹ Scott made the acquaintance of William Laidlaw in 1792. In 1816, Laidlaw came to reside at Kaeside as steward on the Abbotsford property. The terms on which they stood may be seen from the following paragraph of Scott's letter of 26th January 1826 :—“For you, my dear friend, we must part—that is, as laird and factor—and it rejoices me to think that your patience and endurance which set me so good an example are like to bring round better days. You never flattered my prosperity, and in my adversity it is not the least painful consideration that I cannot any longer be useful to you. But Kaeside, I hope, will still be your residence, and I will have the advantage of your company and advice.”

² Flax on her distaff.

Ireland, this affair might not have befallen—if literary labour could have prevented it. But who could have suspected Constable's timbers to have been rotten from the beginning?

Visited the Exhibition on my way home from the Court. The new rooms are most splendid, and several good pictures. The Institution has subsisted but five years and it is astonishing how much superior the worst of the present collection are to the teaboard-looking things which first appeared. John Thomson of Duddingston has far the finest picture in the Exhibitⁿ of a large size—subject *Dunluce*, a ruinous cas[t]le of the Antrim family, near the Giant's Causeway with one of those terrible seas and skies which only Thomson can paint. Found Scroop¹ there improving a picture of his own, an Italian scene in Calabria. He is I think greatly improved, and one of the very best amateur painters I ever saw—Sir George Beaumont scarcely excepted. Yet hang it *I do* except Sir George.

I would not write to-day after I came home. I will not say *could* not, for it is not true. But I was lazy; felt the desire *far niente*, which is the sign of one's mind being at ease. I read *The English in Italy*, which is a clever book.

Byron used to kick and frisk more contemptuously against the literary gravity and slang than any one I ever knew who had climbed so high—then, it is true, I never knew any one climb so high, and before you despise the eminence, carrying people along with you as convinced that you are not playing the fox and grapes, you must be at the top of the eminence. Moore told me two² delightful stories of him.

One was that while they stood at the window of Byron's Palazzo in Venice looking at a beautiful sunset Moore was naturally led to say something of its beauty, when Byron answered in a tone that I can easily conceive, "Ah! come, d—n me, Tom, don't be poetical." Another time, standing with Moore on the balcony of the same Palazzo a gondola

¹ Scrope, William, had a lease of Lord Somerville's pavilion opposite Melrose. His *Art of Deer-Stalking* appeared in 1839.

² Douglas printed "some."

passd with two English gentlemen who were easily distinguished by their appearance. They cast a careless look at the balcony and went on. Byron crossed his arms, and half stooping over the balcony said, "Ah! d—n ye, if ye had known what two fellows you were staring at, you would have taken a longer look at us." This was the man—quaint, capricious, and playful, with all his immense genius. He wrote from impulse never from effort and therefore I have always reckond Burns and Byron the most genuine poetical geniuses of my time and a half a century before me. We have however many men of high poetical talent but none I think of that ever-gushing and perennial fountain of natural water.

Mr. Laidlaw dined with us. Says Mr. G——n told him he would despair of my affairs were it any but S. W. S.¹ No doubt—so should I and am wellnigh doing so at any rate. But *fortuna juvante* much may be achieved. At worst, the prospect is not very discouraging to one who wants little. Methinks I have been like Burns's poor labourer,

"So constant'y in Ruin's sight,
The view o't gives me little fright."

February 10.—Went through for a new day the task of buttoning which seems to me somehow to fill up more of my morning than usual—not, certainly, that such is really the case, but that my mind attends to the process, having so little left to hope or fear. The half hour between waking and rising has all my life proved propitious to any task which was exercizing my invention. When I [have to] get over any knottv difficulty in a story, or have had

¹ Scott, in the *Journal*, often uses the initials S. W. S. to denote himself.

Lockhart printed "dispose" for "despair," a copyist's blunder—which makes this sentence and the next meaningless. Douglas, with the MS. before him, chose to follow Lockhart.

John Gibson knew that only Scott's industry and Scott's popularity could "dispose of" liabilities to the amount of £130,000, and if he (Gibson) had spoken of "disposing" of them, he would have resembled Aesop's fly on the wheel. He meant that Scott *might* pay off such a debt, but for any other man such a task would be hopeless.

in former times to fill up a passage in a poem, it was always when I first opened my eyes that the desired ideas thronged upon me. This is so much the case that I am in the habit of relying upon it, and saying to myself, when I am [at] a loss, "Never mind, we shall have it at seven o'clock to-morrow morning." If I have forgot a circumstance, or a name, or a copy of verses, it is the same thing. There is a passage about this sort of matutinal inspiration in the *Odyssey*, which would make a handsome figure here if I could read or write Greek.¹ I will look into Pope for it who ten to one will not tell me the real translation.

I think the first hour of the morning is also favourable to the bodily strength. Among other feats, when I was a young man, I was able at times to lift a smith's anvil with one hand, by what is called the *horn*, or round projecting piece of iron on which things are beaten to turn them round. But I could only do this before breakfast, and shortly after rising. It required my full strength undiminished by the least exertion and those who choose to try it will find the feat no easy one.

This morning I had some good ideas respecting *Woodstock* which will make the story better. The devil of a difficulty is, that one puzzles the skein in order to excite curiosity, and then cannot disentangle it for [the] satisfaction of the prying fiend they have² raised.

A letter from Sir James Mackintosh of condolence, prettily expressed, and which may be sung to the old tune of "Wellcome, wellcome, brother Debtor." Another

¹ Scott states in his fragment of autobiography (*Life*, ch. 1) that he attended the Greek class of Professor Dalzel of Edinburgh University. He decided not to learn Greek, but he wrote an essay comparing Homer with Ariosto and roused the Professor's indignation by giving the preference to Ariosto.

The passage on p. 8 where he says of Sir John Sinclair:—"Oh, he is a rare Head-piece, an admirable Morion," may be a reminiscence of Dalzel's Greek *Analecta*. The story of a fox from a Greek fabulist may have been translated in Scott's hearing and retained in his memory. The fox came upon an actor's mask and said:—"What a fine head!" Then having turned it over, the fox added—"Yes, but it has no brains."

² A slip for "one has."

son of chivalry dismounted by mischance is sure to excite the compassion of one laid on the arena before him.

Yesterday I had an anecdote from old Sir James Stewart Denham,¹ which is worth writing down. His uncle Lord Elcho was as is well known engaged in the affair of 1745. He was dissatisfied with the conduct of matters from beginning to end. But after the left wing of the Highlanders was repulsed and broken at Culloden, Elcho rode up to the Chevalier and told him all was lost and that nothing remained except to charge at the head of two thousand men, who were still unbroken, and either turn the fate of the day or die sword in hand, as became his pretensions. The Chevalier gave him some evasive answer, and, turning his horse's head, rode off the field. Lord Elcho called after him (I write the 'very words'), "There you go for a damned cowardly Italian," and never would see him again, though he lost his property and remained an exile in the cause. Lord Elcho left two copies of his memoirs, one with Sir James Stewart's family, one with Lord Wemyss.²

This is better evidence than the romance of Chevalier Johnstone and I have little doubt it is true. Yet it is no proof of the prince's cowardice, though it shows him to have been no John of Gaunt. Princes are constantly surrounded with people who hold up their own *life* and *safety* to them as by far the most important stake in any contest and this is a doctrine in which conviction is easily received. Such an eminent person finds everybody's advice save here and there that of a desperate Elcho recommend obedience to the natural instinct of self-preservation which very often men of inferior situations find it difficult to combat, when all the world are crying

¹ General Sir James Stewart Denham of Coltness, Baronet, Colonel of the Scots Greys. His father, the celebrated political economist, took part in the Rebellion of 1745, and was long afterwards an exile. The reader is no doubt acquainted with "Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's Letters" addressed to him and his wife, Lady Frances.—J. G. L.

² The story related by Sir James Stewart Denham is not found in Lord Elcho's Memoirs. Andrew Lang in a note to *Waverley* (Border Edition) rejects it as inconsistent with proved facts.

to them to get on and be damnd, instead of encouraging them to run away. At Prestonpans the Chevalier offered to lead the van, and he was with the second line, which, during that brief affair, followed the first very close. Johnstone's own account, carefully re[a]d, brings him within a pistol-shot of the first line. At the same time, Charles Edward had not a head or heart for great things, notwithstanding his daring adventure, and the Irish officers, by whom he was guided, were poor creatures. Lord George Murray was the soul of the undertaking.¹

February 11.—Court sate till half-past one. I had but a trifle to do, so wrote letters to Miss Maclean Clephane and nephew Walter. Sent the last, £40 in addition to £240 sent on the 6th, making his full equipment £280. A man, calling himself Charles Gray of Carse, wrote to me, expressing sympathy for my misfortunes, and offering me half the profits of what he calls the anti-radical Laika which, if I understand him right, is a patent medicine, to which I suppose he expects me to stand trumpeter. He endeavours to get over my objections to accepting his liberality (supposing me to entertain them) by assuring me his conduct is founded on a *sage selfishness*. This is diverting enough. I suppose the Commissioners of Police will next send me a letter of condolence, begging my acceptance of a broom, a shovel, and a scavenger's great-coat, and assuring me that they had appointed me to all the emolument of a well-frequented crossing. It would be doing more than they have done of late to the cleanliness of the streets, which, witness my shoes, are in a piteous pickle. I thanked the selfish sage with due decorum—for what purpose can anger serve? I remember once before, a mad woman, from about Alnwick, by [name] Latin or Laytoun, baited me with letters and plans—first for charity to herself or some protegee. I gave my guinea. Then she wanted to have half the profit of a novel which

¹ "Had Prince Charles slept during the whole of the expedition," says the Chevalier Johnstone, "and allowed Lord George Murray to act for him according to his own judgment, there is every reason for supposing he would have found the crown of Great Britain on his head when he awoke."—*Memoirs of the Rebellion of 1745*, etc. 4to, p. 140. London, 1810.—J. G. L.

I was to publish under my name and auspices. She sent me the manuscript, and a *moving* tale it was, for some of the scenes lay in the *cabinet à l'eau*. I declined the partnership. Lastly, my fair correspondent insisted I was a lover of speculation, and would be much profited by going shares in a patent medicine which she had invented for the benefit of little babies, I believe. I declined to have anything to do with such a Herod-like affair, and begged to decline the honour of [her] correspondence in future. I should have thought the thing a quiz, but that the novel was real and substantial. Anne goes to Ravelston to-day to remain to-morrow. Sir Alex^r Don call'd, and we had a good laugh together.

February 12.—Having ended the Second Vol of *Woodstock* last night, I have to begin the Third this morning. Now I have not the slightest idea how the story is to be wound up to a catastrophe. I am just in the same case as I used to be when I lost myself in former days in some country to which I was a stranger. I always pushed for the pleasantest road, and either found or made it the nearest. It is the same in writing, I never could lay down a plan—or, having laid it down, I never could adhere to it; the action of composition always dilated some passages, and abridged or omitted others; and personages were rendered important or insignificant, not according to their agency in the original conception of the plan, but according to the success or otherwise with which I was able to bring them out. I only tried to make that which I was actually writing diverting and interesting, leaving the rest to fate. I have been often amused with the critics distinguishing some passages as particularly labour'd, when the pen pass'd over the whole as fast as it could move, and the eye never again saw them, excepting in proof. Verse I write twice, and sometimes three times over. This may be called in Spanish the *Der donde diere* mode of composition, in English *hab nab at a venture*. It is a perilous stile, I grant, but I cannot help [it]. When I chain my mind to ideas which are purely imaginative—for argument is a different thing—it seems to me that the sun leaves the landscape, that I think away

the whole vivacity and spirit of my original conception, and that the results are cold, tame, and spiritless. It is the difference between a written oration and one bursting from the unpremeditated exertions of the speaker, which have always something of the air of enthusiasm and inspiration. I would not have young authors imitate my carelessness, however—*consilium non currum cape*.¹

Read a few pages of Will D'Avenant, who was fond of having it supposed that Shakespeare intrigued with his mother. I think the pretension can only be treated as Phacton's was, according to Fielding's farce—

“ Besides, by all the village boys I'm sham'd,
You, the sun's son, you rascal ?—you be damn'd.”

Egad—I'll put that into *Woodstock*.² It might come well from the old admirer of Shakespeare. Then Fielding's lines were not written. What then ?—it is an anachronism for some sly rogue to detect. Besides, it is easy to swear they were written, and that Fielding adopted them from tradition. Walked with Skene on the Calton Hill.

February 13.—The Institution for the Encouragement of the Fine Arts opens to-day, with a handsome entertainment in the Exhibition-room, as at Somerset House. It strikes me that the direction given by³ amateurs and professors to their *protégés* and pupils, who aspire to be artists, is upon a pedantic and false principle. All the Fine Arts have it for their mightier and more legitimate end and purpose to affect the human passions or smooth and alleviate for a time the more unquiet feelings of the mind—to excite wonder or terror or pleasure or emotion of some kind or other. It often happens that, in the very rise and origin of these arts, as in the instance of Homer, this principal object is attained in a degree not equalled by his successors. But there is [a]

¹ A reminiscence of Ovid (*Met.* ii. 146)—*consiliis, non curribus, utere nostris*.

² The lines are given in *Woodstock*, with the following apology: “ We observe this couplet in Fielding's farce of *Tumbledown Dick*, founded on the same classical story. As it was current in the time of the Commonwealth, it must have reached the author of *Tom Jones* by tradition, for no one will suspect the present author of making the anachronism.”

³ “ be ” in photostat.

degree of execution which in more refined times the poet or musician begins to study, which gives a value of its own to their productions of a different kind from the rude strength of their predecessors. Poetry becomes complicated in its rules—music¹ learned in its cadences and harmonies—Rhetoric² subtle in its periods. There is more given to the labour of executing—less attained by the effect produced. Still the nobler and popular end of these arts is not forgotten ; and if we have some productions too learned, too *recherchés* for public feeling, we have every now and then music that electrifies a whole assembly, eloquence which shakes the forum, and poetry which carries men up to the third heaven.

But in painting it is different—it is all become a mystery, the secret of which is lodged in a few connoisseurs, whose object is not to favour the production of such pictures as produce effect on mankind at large, but to class them according to their proficiency in the inferior rules of the art, which, though most necessary to be taught and learned, should yet only be considered as the *Gradus ad Parnassum*—the steps by which the higher and ultimate object of a great popular effect is to be obtained. They have all embraced the very stile of criticism which induced Michael Angelo to call some Pope a poor creature, when,¹ turning his attention from the general effect of a noble statue, his Holiness began to criticise the hem of the robe. This seems to me the cause of the decay of this delightful art, especially in history, its noblest branch. As I speak to myself, I may say that a painting should, to be excellent, have something to say to the mind of a man, like myself, well-educated, and susceptible of those feelings of emotion which anything strongly recalling natural emotion is likely to inspire. But how seldom do [I] see anything that moves me much ! Wilkie, the far more than Teniers of Scotland, certainly gave many new ideas. So does Will Allan, though overwhelmed with their rebukes about colouring and grouping, against which they are not willing to place his general and original merits. Landseer's dogs were the

¹ "who" in photostat.

most magnificent things I ever saw—leaping, and bounding, and grinning on the canvas. Leslie has great powers ; and the scenes from Molière by [Newton] are excellent. Yet painting wants a regenerator—some one who will sweep the cobwebs out of his head before he takes the pallet, as Chantrey has done in the sister art. At present we are painting pictures from the ancients, as authors in the days of Louis Quatorze wrote epic poems according to the recipe of Mad^e Dacier and Co. The poor reader or spectator has no remedy ; the compositions are *secundum artem*, and if he does not like them, he is no judge—that's all.

February 14.—I had a call from Glengarry¹ yesterday, as kind and friendly as usual. This gentleman is a kind of Quixote in our age, having retained, in its full extent, the whole feelings of clanship and chieftainship, elsewhere so long abandon'd. He seems to have lived a century too late, and to exist in a state of complete law and order like a Glengarry of old, whose will was law to his sept. Kind-hearted, generous, friendly, he is beloved by those who know him, and his efforts are unceasing to shew kindness to those of his clan who are disposed fully to admit his pretensions. To dispute them is to incur his resentment, which has sometimes broken out in acts of violence which have brought him into collision with the law. To me he is a treasure, as being full of information as to the history of his own clan, and the manners and customs of the highlanders in general. Strong, active, and muscular, he follows the chase of the deer for days and nights together, sleeping in his plaid when darkness overtakes him in the forest. He was fortunate in marrying a daughter of Sir William Forbes, who, by yielding to his peculiar ideas in general possesses much deserved influence with him. The number of his singular exploits would fill a volume ;² for,

¹ Colonel Ranaldson Macdonell of Glengarry. He died in January 1828.—J. G. L.

² “We have had Maréchal Macdonald here. We had a capital account of Glengarry visiting the interior of a convent in the ancient Highland garb, and the effect of such an apparition on the nuns, who fled in all directions.”—Scott to Skene (*Letters*, vol. ix. p. 153).

as his pretensions are high, and not always willingly yielded, he is every now and then giving rise to some rumour. He is, on many of these occasions, as much *sind* against as sinning; for *inen*, knowing his temper, sometimes provoke him, conscious that Glengarry, from his character for violence, will always be put in the wrong by the public. I have seen him behave in a very manly manner when thus tempted. He has of late prosecuted a quarrel, ridiculous enough in the present day, to have himself admitted and recognized as Chief of the whole Clan Ronald, or surname of Macdonald. The truth seems to be, that the present Clanronald is not descended from a legitimate Chieftain of the tribe; for, having accomplished a revolution in the sixteenth century, they adopted a Tanist, or Captain—that is, a Chief not in the direct line of succession—a certain Ian Moidart, or John of Moidart, who [with his descendants] took the title of Captains of Clanronald, with all the powers of Chiefs, and even Glengarry's ancestor recognised them as chiefs *de facto* if not *de jure*. The fact is, that this elective power was, in cases of minority, imbecility, or the like, exercised by the Celtic tribes; and though Ian Moidart was no chief by birth, yet by election he became so, and transmitted his power to his descendants, as would King William III., if he had had any. So it is absurd to set up the *jus sanguinis* now, which Glengarry's ancestors did not, or could [not], make good, when it was a right worth combating for. 'I wrought out my full task yesterday.

Saw Cadell as I returned from the Court. He seems dejected, apprehensive of another trustee being preferred to Cowan, and gloomy about the extent of stock of novels, etc., on hand. He infected me with his want of spirits, and I almost wish my wife had not asked Mr. Scrope and Charles K. Sharpe for this day. But the former sent such lots of game that Lady Scott's gratitude became ungovernable. I have not seen a creature at dinner since the direful 17th January, except my own family and Mr. Laidlaw. The love of solitude increases by indulgence; I hope it will not diverge into misanthropy.

It does not mend the matter that this is the first day that a ticket for sale is on my house. Poor No. 39.¹ One gets accustomed even to stone walls, and the place suited me very well. All our furniture, too, is for [sale]—a hundred little articles that seem to me connected with all the happier years of my life. It is a sorry business. But *sursum corda*.

My two friends came as expected, also Missie, and staid [till] half-past ten. Promised Sharpe the set of Piranesi's views by Clérisseau, in the dining-parlour. They belonged to my uncle, so I do not like to sell them.

February 15.—Yesterday I did not write a line of *Wood—k*. Partly, I was a little out of spirits, though that would not have hindered. Partly, I wanted to wait for some new ideas—a sort of collecting of straw to make bricks of. Partly, I was a little too far beyond the press. I cannot pull well in long traces, [in] which the draught is too far behind me. I love to have the press thumping, clattering, and banging in my rear ; it creates the necessity [which] almost always makes me work best. Needs must when the devil drives—and drive he does even according to the letter. I must work to-day, however. Attended a meeting of the Faculty about our new library. I spoke for the purpose of saying that I hoped we would now at length act upon a general plan, and look forward to commencing upon such a scale as would secure us at least for a century against the petty and partial management[t], which we have hitherto thought sufficient, of fitting up one room after another. Disconnected and distant, these have been costing large sums of money from time to time, which is now in many respects thrown away. We are now to have space enough to have a very large range of buildings, which we may execute in a plain and simple taste, leaving Government to ornament them if they shall think proper—otherwise, to be plain, modest, and handsome, and capable

¹ Lockhart describes (*Life*, ch. xli.) his first meeting with Scott in May 1818 at a dinner-party and how he was admitted a few days later to an interview with Scott in his *den* at 39 Castle Street—"the walls were entirely clothed with books ; most of them folios and quartos, and all in that complete state of repair which at a glance reveals a tinge of bibliomania."

of being executed by degrees, and in such portions as convenience may admit of.

Poor James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, came to advise with me about his affairs,—he is sinking under the times ; having no assistance to give him, my advice, I fear, will be of little service. I am sorry for him if that would help him, especially as, by his own account, a couple of hundred pounds would carry him on.

February 16. — “ Misfortune’s gowling bark ”¹ comes louder and louder. By assigning my whole property to trustees for behoof of creditors, and therewith two works in progress and nigh publication, with all my future literary labours, I conceived I was bringing into the field a large fund of payment, which could not exist without my exertions, and that therefore I was entitled to a corresponding degree of indulgence. I therefore supposed, on selling this house, and various other property, and on receiving the price of *Woodstock* and *Napoleon*, that they would give me leisure to make other exertions, and be content with the rents of Abbotsford, without attempting a sale. This would have been the more reasonable, as [the] very printing of these works must amount to a large sum, of which they will reach the profits. In the course of this delay I supposed I was to have the chance of seeing some insight both into Constable’s affairs and those of Hurst and Robinson. Nay, employing these houses, under precautions, to sell the works, the publisher’s profit would have come in to pay part of their debts. But Gibson last night came in after dinner, and gave me to understand that the Bank of Scotland saw this in a different point of view, and considered my contribution of the produce of passd, present, and future labours, as compensated in full by their accepting of the trust-deed, instead of pursuing the mode of sequestration, and placing me in the *Gazette*. They therefore expected the trustees instantly to commence a lawsuit to reduce the marriage settlement, which settles the estate upon my

¹ Burns’s *Dedication* to Gavin Hamilton—

“ Mav ne’er misfortune’s gowling bark
Howl through the dwelling o’ the Clerk.”

son,¹ thus loading me with a most expensive suit, and, I suppose, selling library and whatever they could lay hold on.

Now this seems unequal measure, and would besides of itself totally destroy any power of fancy or genius, if it deserve the name, which may remain to me. A man cannot write in the House of Correction; and this species of *peine forte et dure* which is threatend would render it impossible for one to help himself or others. So I told Gibson I had my mind made up as far back as 24 January, p. 80, not to suffer myself to be harder pressed than law would press me. If this great commercial company, through whose hands I have directed so many thousands, think they are right in taking every advantage and giving none, it must be my care to see that they take none but what Law gives them. If they take the sword of the Law, I must lay hold of the shield. If they are determined to consider me as an irretrievable bankrupt, they have no title to object to my settling upon the usual terms which the Statute requires. They probably are of opinion that I will be ashamed to do this by applying publicly for a sequestration. Now, my feelings are different. I am ashamed to owe debts I cannot pay; but I am not ashamed of being classed with those to whose rank I belong. The disgrace is in being an actual bankrupt, not in being made a legal one.

I had like to have been too hasty in this matter. I must have a clear understanding that I am to be benefited or indulged in some way, if I bring in two such funds as these works in progress, worth certainly from £10,000 to £15,000.

Clerk came in last night and drank wine and water.

Slept ill, and bilious in the morning. *N.B.*—I smoked a segar, the first for this present year, yesterday evening.

February 17.—Slept sound, for Nature repays herself for the vexation the mind sometimes gives her. This morning put interlocutors on several Sheriff-Court processes from Selkirkshire.

Gibson came to-night to say that he had spoken at

¹ "him" in photostat.

full length with Alex : Monypenny, proposed as trustee on the part of the Bank of Scotland, and found him decidedly in favour of the most moderate measures, and taking burthen on himself for the Bank of Scotland proceeding with such lenity as might enable me to have some time and opportunity to clear these affairs out. I repose trust in Mr. M. entirely. His father, old Colonel Monypenny, was my early friend, kind and hospitable to me when I was a mere boy. He had much of old Withers about him, as expressed in Pope's epitaph—,

“ O youth in arms approved !
O soft humanity in age beloved.”

His son David, and a younger brother, Frank, a soldier who perished by drowning on a boating party from Gibraltar, were my school-fellows, and with the survivor now Lord Pitmilley¹ I have always kept up a friendly intercourse. Of this gentleman, on whom my fortunes are to depend, I know little. He was Colin Mackenzie's partner in business while my friend pursued it—and he speaks highly of him—that's a great deal. He is secretary to the Pitt Club, and we have had all our lives the habit *idem sentire de republica*—that's much too. Lastly, he is a man of perfect honour and reputation ; and I have nothing to ask which such a man would not either grant or convince me was unreasonable. I have, to be sure, some of my constitutional and hereditary obstinacy. But it is in me a dormant quality. Convince my understanding, and I am perfectly docile. Stir my passions by coldness or affronts, and the devil would not drive me from my purpose. Let me record, I have striven against this besetting sin. When I was a boy and on foot expeditions as we had many no creature could be so indifferent which way our course was directed, and I acquiesced in what any one proposed. But if I was once driven to make a choice, and felt piqued

¹ David Monypenny retired in 1830, when the Jury Court ceased to exist as a separate Court. “ Amidst the vexatiousness of the most complicated case aggravated by the strife of the bar and the collisions of the bench he sat so serenely and got through his work with such composure that it made one cool to look at him ” (Cockburn, *Memorials*).

in honour to maintain my proposition, I have broken off from the whole party rather than yield to any one. Time has sobered this pertinacity of mind ; but it still exists, and I must be on my guard against it.

It is the same with me in politics. In general I care very little about the matter, and from year's end to year's end have scarce a thought connected with them, except to laugh at the fools who think to make themselves great men out of little, by swaggering in the rear of a party. But either actually important events—or such as seemd so by their close neighbourhood to me—have always hurried me off my feet, and made me, as I have sometimes afterwards regretted, more forward and more violent than those who had a regular jog-trot way of busying themselves in public matters. Good luck ; for had I lived in troublesome times, and chanced to be on the unhappy side, I had been hangd to a certainty. What I have always remarkd has been, that many who have haloo'd me on at public meetings, and so forth, have quietly left me to the odium which a man known to the public always has more than his own share of—while, on the other hand, they were easily successful in pressing before me, who never pressed forwards at all, when there was any distribution of public favours or the like.

I am horribly tempted to interfere in this business of altering the system of Banks in Scotland ; and yet I know that if I can attract any notice, I will offend my English friends without propitiating one man in Scotland. I will think of it till to-morrow. It is making myself of too much importance after all.

February 18.—I set about Malachi Malagrowther's Letter on the late disposition to change everything in Scotland to an English model, but without resolving about the publication. They do treat us very provokingly.

“ O Land of Cakes ! ” said the Northern Bard,
 “ Though all the world betrays thee,
 One faithful pen thy rights shall guard,
 One faithful harp shall praise thee.” ¹

¹ Parody on Moore's *Mingrel Boy*.—J. G. L.

Called on the Lord Ch : Commissioner, who, understanding there was a hitch in our arrangements, had kindly proposed to execute an arrangement for my relief. I could not, I think, have thought of it at any rate. But it is unnecessary.

February 19.—Finished my letter (Malachi Malagrowth) this morning, and sent it to James B., who is to call with the result this forenoon. I am not very anxious to get on with *Woodstock*. I want to see what Constable's people mean to do when they have their trustee.¹ For an unfinished work they must treat with the author. It is the old story of the varnish spread over the picture, which nothing but the artist's own hand could remove. A finished work might be seized under some legal pretence.

Being troubled with thick-coming fancies, and a slight palpitation of the heart, I have been reading the Chronicle of the Good Knight Messire Jacques de Lalain—curious, but dull, from the constant repetition of the same species of combats in the same style and phrase. It is like washing bushels of sand for a grain of gold. It passes the time, however, especially in that listless mood when your mind is half on your book, half on something else. You catch something to arrest the attention every now and then, and what you miss is not worth going back upon ; idle man's studies, in short.

Still things occur to one. 'Something might be made out of the Pass or Fountain of Tears, a tale of chivalry,—taken from the Passage of Arms, which Jacques de Lalain maintained for the first day of every month for a twelve-month.² The first mention perhaps of red-hot balls appears in the siege of Oudenarde by the citizens of Ghent. *Chronique*, p. 293. This would be light summer work.

J. B. came and sate an hour. I led him to talk of *Woodstock* ; and, to say truth, his approbation did me much good. I am aware it *may*—nay, *must*—be partial ; yet is he

¹ They claimed the unfinished works, *Woodstock* and *Napoleon* (p. 179).

² This hint was taken up in *Count Robert of Paris*.—J. G. L.

Tom Tell-truth, and totally unable to disguise his real feelings. I think I make no habit of feeding on praise, and despise those whom I see greedy for it, as much as I should an under-bred fellow, who, after eating a cherry-tart, proceeded to lick the plate. But when one is flagging, a little praise (if it can be had genuine and unadulterated by flattery, which is as difficult to come by as the genuine Mountain dew) is a cordial after all. So now—*Vamos Caracco*!—let us attone for the loss of the morning.

February 20.—Yesterday though late in beginning I nearly finished my task, which is six of my close pages—about 30 pages of print—to a full and uninterrupted day's work. To-day I have already written four and with some confidence. Thus does flattery—or praise—oil the wheels. It is but two o'clock. Skene was here remonstrating against my taking apartments at the Albyn Club, and recommending that I should rather stay with them. I told him that was altogether impossible. I hoped to visit them often, but for taking a permanent residence I was altogether the Country Mouse, and voted for

—A hollow tree,
A crust of bread and liberty.”¹

The chain of friendship, however bright, does not stand the attrition of constant close contact.

February 21.—Corrected the proofs of *Malachi*² this morning—it may fall dead, and there will be a squib lost—it may chance to light on some ingredients of national feeling and set folk's beards in a blaze—and so much the better if it does—I mean better for Scotland—not a whit

¹ Pope's *Imitation of Horace*, Bk. ii. Sat. 6.—J. G. L.

² These Letters appeared in the *Edinburgh Weekly Journal* in February and March 1826. “They were then collected into a pamphlet, and ran through numerous editions; in the subsequent discussions in Parliament, they were frequently referred to; and although an elaborate answer by the then Secretary of the Admiralty, Mr. Croker, attracted much notice, and was, by the Government of the time, expected to neutralise the effect of the northern lucubrations—the proposed measure, as regarded Scotland, was ultimately abandoned, and that result was universally ascribed to Malachi Malagrowther.”—SCOTT'S *Misc. Works*, vol. xxi.

for me. Attended the hearing in P[arliament] House 'till near four o'clock, so I shall do little to-night, for I am tired and sleepy. One person talking for a long time, whether in pulpit or at the bar, or anywhere else, unless the interest be great, and the eloquence of the highest character, always sets me to sleep. I impudently lean my head on my hand in the Court and take my nap without shame. The Lords may keep awake and mind their own affairs. *Quae supra nos nihil ad nos.* These clerks' stools are certainly as easy seats as are in Scotland, those of the Barons of Exchequer always excepted.

February 22.—Paid Lady Scott her fortnight's allowance, £24.

Ballantyne breakfasted, and is to negotiate about *Malachi* with Constable and Blackwood. It reads not amiss; and if I can get a few guineas for it I shall not be ashamed to take them; for [after] paying Lady Scott, I have just left between £3 and £4 for any necessary occasion and my salary does not become due untill 20th March, and the expense of removing, etc., is to be provided for:

“But shall we go mourn for that, my dear?
The cold moon shines by night,
And when we wander here and there,
We then do go most right.”¹

The mere scarcity of money (so that actual wants are provided) is not poverty—it is the bitter draught to owe money which we cannot pay.

Laboured fairly at *Woodstock* to-day, but principally in revising and adding to *Malachi*, of which an edition as [a] pamphlet is anxiously desired. I have lugged in my old friend Cardrona²—I hope it will not be thought unkindly. The Banks are anxious to have it published. They were

¹ *Winter's Tale*, Act iv. Sc. 2, slightly altered.

² The late Mr. Williamson of Cardrona, in Peeblesshire, was a strange humorist, of whom Sir Walter told many stories. The allusion here is to the anecdote of the *Little Anderson* in the first of *Malachi's* Epistles.—See Scott's *Prose Miscellanies*, vol. xxi. p. 289.—J. G. L.

lately exercising lenity towards me, and if I can benefit them, it will be an instance of the "King's errand lying in the cadger's gate."

February 23.—Corrected two sheets of *Woodstock* this morning. These are not the days of idleness. The fact is that the not seeing company gives me a command of my time which I possessd at no other period in my life—at least since I knew how to make some use of my leisure. There is a great pleasure in sitting down to write with the consciousness that nothing will occur during the day to break the spell.

Detaind in the Court till past three, and came home just in time to escape a terrible squall. I am a good deal jaded, and will not work till after dinner. There is a sort of drowsy vacillation of mind attends fatigue with me. I can command my pen as the school-copy recommends, but cannot equally command my thought, and often write one word for another. Read a little volume called *The Omen*¹—very well written—deep and powerfull language. *Aut Erasmus aut Diabolus*, it is Lockhart or I am strangely deceived. It is passd for Wilson's though, but Wilson has more of the falsetto of assumed sentiment, less of the depth of gloomy and powerful feeling.

February 24.—Went down to printing office after the Court, and corrected *Malachi*. J. B.'s name is to be on the imprint, so he will subscribe the book. He reproaches me with having taken much more pains on this temporary pamphlet than on works which have a greater interest on my fortunes. I have certainly bestowd enough of revision and correction.

But the cases are different. In a novel or poem, I run the course alone—here I am taking up the cudgels, and may expect a drubbing in return. Besides, I do feel that this [is] a public matter in which the country is deeply interested; and, therefore, is far more important than anything referring to my fame or fortune alone. The

¹ *The Omen*, by Galt, had just been published.—See Sir Walter's review of this novel in the *Miscellaneous Prose Works*, vol. xviii. p. 333. John Galt died at Greenock in April 1839.—J. G. L.

pamphlet will soon be out—meantime *Malachi* prospers and excites much attention.¹ The Banks have bespoke 500 copies. The country is taking the alarm ; and I think the Ministers will not dare to press the measure. I should rejoice to see the old red lion ramp a little, and the thistle again claim its *nemo me impune*. I do believe Scotsmen will shew themselves unanimous at least where their cash is concern'd. They shall not want backing. I incline to cry with Biron in *Love's Labour's Lost*,

“ More Atés, more Atés ! stir them on.”

I suppose all imaginative people feel more or less of excitation from a scene of insurrection or tumult, or of general expression of national feeling. When I was a lad, poor Davie Douglas used to accuse me of being *cupidus novarum rerum*, and say that I loved the stimulus of a Broil. It might be so then, and even still—

“ Even in our ashes glow their wonted fires.”²

Whimsical enough that when I was trying to animate Scotland against the Currency bill, John Gibson brought me the deed of Trust assigning my whole estate to be subscribed by me. So that I am turning patriot, and taking charge of the affairs of the country, on the very day I was proclaiming myself incapable of managing my own. What of that ? The eminent politician, *Quidnunc*,³ was in the same condition. Who would think of their own trumpery debts,

¹ Scott wrote to his son Walter (*Letters*, ix. 451)—“ I could not help mingling in the controversy about the intended extension of the gold bill to Scotland to the total superseding of notes under five pounds.—And have written on the subject three letters under the signature of Malachi Malagrowth which have had a great run and made proportional noise. If I had been very wise, I would have let things take their own way, but I think the Ministers have for ten or twelve years back been pursuing a System highly insulting towards Scotland and this sudden and violent change of currency will produce the greatest mischief. Besides when people's own affairs have been mismanaged they are always disposed to put to rights those of the public. If I could get an opportunity I would send you Malachi's Letters, for though on a grave subject they are rather funny.”

² See Gray's *Elegy*.—j. G. L.

³ In Arthur Murphy's farce of *The Upholsterer, or What News ?*

when they are taking the support of the whole system of Scottish Banking on their shoulders?

Odd enough too—on this [day], for the first time since the awful 17th January, we entertain at dinner—Lady Anna Maria Elliot, W. Clerk, John A. Mufray, and Thomas Thomson, as if we gave a dinner on account of my *cessio fori*.

February 25.—Our party yesterday went off very gaily—much laugh and fun, and I think I enjoyed it more from the rarity of the event—I mean from having seen society at home so seldom of late. My head aches slightly though; yet we were but a bottle of Champagne, one of Port, one of old Sherry, and two of Claret, among four gentlemen and three ladies.

I have been led from this incident to think of taking chambers near Clerk, in Rose Court.¹ Methinks the retired situation should suit me well. There a man and woman would be my whole establishment. My superfluous furniture might serve, and I could ask a friend or two to dine, as I have been accustomed to do. I will look at the place to-day.

I will² set now to a second epistle of *Malachi* to the Athenians. If I can but get the sulky Scottish spirit set up, the Devil won't turn them.

“Cock up your beaver, and cock it fu' sprush;
We'll over the Border, and give them a brush;
There's somebody there we'll teach better behaviour;
Hey, Johnnie lad, cock up your beaver.”

February 26.—Spent the morning and till dinner on *Malachi's* second epistle to the Athenians. It is difficult to steer betwixt the natural impulse of one's national feelings setting in one direction and the prudent regard to the interests of the empire and its internal peace and quiet, recommending less vehement expression. I will endeavour to keep sight of both. But were my own interest alone

¹ Rose Court, now Thistle Court, was situated immediately behind St. Andrew's Church, George Street.

² Douglas printed “must.”

concern'd, d—n me but I wad give it them hot! Had some valuable communications from Colin Mackenzie and Lord Medwyn, which will supply my plentiful lack of facts.

Received an anonymous satire in doggrel, which, having read the first verse and last, I committed to the flames.

Peter Murray, son of the clever Lord Elibank, call'd and sate half-an-hour—an old friend, and who, from the peculiarity and originality of his genius, is one of the most entertaining companions I have ever known.¹ But I must finish *Malachi*.

February 27.—*Malachi* is getting on. I must finish him to-night. I dare say some of my London friends will be displeased—Canning perhaps, for he is *engagé* of Huskisson. Can't help it.

The place I looked at won't dō. But I really must get some lodging, for, reason or none, Dalgleish² will not leave me, and cries and makes a scene. Now if I staid alone in a little set of chambers, he would serve greatly for my accomodation. There are some nice places of the kind in the new buildings, but they are distant from the Court, and I cannot walk well on the pavement. It is odd enough that just when I had made a resolution to use my coach frequently I ceased to keep one—in town at least.

February 28.—Completed *Malachi* to-day. It is more serious than the first, and in some places perhaps too peppery. Never mind, if you would have a horse kick, make a crupper out of a whin-cow,³ and I trust to see Scotland kick and fling to some purpose. *Woodstock* lies back for this. But *quid non pro patria*?

¹ One of the nineteen original members of *The Club* which met on Friday evenings in a room in Carrubber's Close (*Life*, ch. v.).

² Dalgleish was Sir Walter's butler. He said he cared not how much his wages were reduced—but go he would not.—J. G. L.

³ Whin-cow—*Anglicè*, a bush of furze.—J. G. L.

MARCH

March 1.—*Malachi* is in the *Edinburgh Journal* to-day, and reads like the work of an uncompromising right-forward Scot of the Old School. Some of the cautious and pluckless instigators will be afraid of their confederate, for if a man of some energy and openness of character happens to be on the same side with these truckling jobbers, they stand as much in awe of his vehemence as doth the inexperienced conjurer who [has] evoked a fiend whom he cannot manage.

Came home in a heavy shower with the Solicitor.¹ I tried him on the question, but found him reserved and cautious. The future Lord Advocate must be cautious; but I can tell my good friend John Hope that, if he acts the part of a firm and resolute Scottish patriot, both his own country and England will respect him the more. Ah! Hal Dundas, there was no such truckling in thy day!

Looked out a quantity of things to go to Abbotsford; for we are flitting, if you please. It is with a sense of pain that I leave behind a parcel of trumpery prints and little ornaments, once the pride of Lady S——'s heart, but which she sees consigned with indifference to the chance of an auction. Things that have had their day of importance with me I cannot forget, though the merest trifles. But I am glad that she, with bad health and enough to vex her, has not the same useless mode of associating recollections with this unpleasant business. The best part of it is the necessity of leaving behind, viz., getting rid of, a set of most wretched daubs of landscapes, in great gilded frames, of which I have often been heartily ashamed. The history of them was curious. An amateur artist (a lady) happened to fall into misfortunes, upon which her landscapes, the

¹ John Hope, Solicitor-General, for whom see the entry of 13th December 1825.

character of which had been buoyed up far beyond their proper level, sank even beneath it, and it was low enough. One most amiable and accomplished old lady continued to encourage her pencil, and to order pictures after pictures, which she sent in presents to her friends. I suppose I have eight or ten of them, which I could [not] avoid accepting. There will be plenty of laughing when they are to be sold. It would be a good joke enough to cause it be circulated that they were performances of my own in early youth, and they would be look[ed] on, and bought up as curiosities. True it is that I took lessons of oil-painting in youth from a little Jew animalcule—a smouch called Burrell, a clever sensible creature though. But I could make no progress either in painting or drawing. Nature denied me correctness of eye and neatness of hand, yet I was very desirous to be a draughtsman at least, and laboured harder to attain that point than at any other in my recollection, to which I did not make some approaches. My oil-paintings were to Miss ——'s above commemorated what hers are to Claude Lorraine. Yet Burrell was not useless to me altogether neither. He was a Prussian, and I got from him many a long story of the battles of Frederick, in whose armies his father had been a commissary, or perhaps a spy. I remember his picturesque account of seeing a party of the Black Hussars bringing in some forage carts which they had taken from a body of the Cossacks, whom he described as lying on the top of the carts of hay, mortally wounded, and, like the Dying Gladiator, ey[e]ing their own blood as it ran down through the straw. I afterwards took lessons from Walker, whom we used to call Blue-beard. He was one of the most conceited persons in the world, but a good teacher—one of the ugliest countenances he had too—enough, as we say, to spean weans.¹ The poor man was always extremely precise in the quality of everything about him; his dress, accomodations, and everything else. He became insolvent, poor man, and for some reason or other I attended the meeting of those concern'd in his affairs. Instead of ordinary accomodations for writing,

¹ Spean a wean, *i.e.* wean a child.

each of the persons present was equipd with a large sheet of drawing paper and a swan's quill. It was mournfully ridiculous enough. Skirving¹ made an admirable likeness of poor Walker, not a single scar or mark of the small-pox which seamed his countenance, but the too accurate brother of the brush had faithfully laid it down in longitude and latitude. Poor Walker destroyed it (being in crayons) rather than let the caricatura of his ugliness appear at the sale of his effects. I did learn myself to take some vile views from Nature. When Will Clerk and I livd very much together, I used sometimes to make them under his instruction. He to whom, as to all his family, art is a familiar attribute, wonder[ed] at me as a Newfoundland dog would [at] a greyhound which shewd fear of the water.

Going down to Liddesdale once, I drew the castle of Hermitage in my fashion, and sketchd it so accurately that with a few verbal instructions Clerk put it into regular form, Williams² (the Grecian) copied over Clerk's, and *his* drawing was engraved as the frontispiece of the first volume³ of the Kelso edition, *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*.

Do you know why you have written all this down, Sir W.? Because it pleases me to record that this thrice-transmitted drawing, though taken originally from a sketch of mine, was extremely like Hermitage, which neither of my colleagues in the task had ever seen. No, that's not the reason. You want to put off writing *Woodstock*, just as easily done as these memoranda, but which it happens your duty and your prudence recommends, and therefore you are loth to begin.

¹ Archibald Skirving (1749-1819), well known as a portrait painter in chalk and crayons. See a letter from Scott to Samuel Rogers on Skirving and his portrait of Burns (*Letters*, iv. 243-4).

² H. W. Williams, a native of Wales, though Cockburn seems to claim him for Edinburgh. "In February 1822 Edinburgh had a beautiful exhibition consisting entirely of the works of one of its own artists. He had returned a few years before from a journey to Greece" (*Memorials*).

³ "edition" in the photostat.

" Heigho,
 I can't say No ;
 But this piece of task-work off I can stave, O,
 For Malachi's posting into an octavo ;
 To correct the proof-sheets only this night I have, O,
 So, Madame Conscience, you've gotten as good as you gave, O
 But to-morrow's a new day and we'll better behave, O,
 So I lay down the pen, and your pardon I crave, O."

In the evening Mr. Gibson call'd and transacted business.

March 2.—I have a letter from Colin Mackenzie, approving *Malachi*,—" Cold men may say it is too strong ; but from the true men of Scotland you are sure of the warmest gratitude." I never have yet found, nor do I expect it on this occasion, that ill-will dies in debt, or what is called gratitude distresses herself by frequent payments. The one is like a ward-holding and pays its *Reddendo* in hard blows. The other a *blanch tenure*, and is discharged for payment of a red rose or a peppercorn.¹ He that takes the forlorn hope in an attack, is often deserted by those that should support him, and who generally throw the blame of their own cowardice upon his rashness. We will see this will end in the same way. But I foresaw it from the beginning. The Bankers will be persuaded that it is a squib which may burn their own fingers, and will curse the poor pyrotechnist that compounded it—if they do they be d—d. Slept indifferently, and dreamd of Napoleon's last moments, of which I was reading a medical account last night, by Dr. Arnott. Horrible death—a cancer on the pylorus. I would have given something to have lain still this morning and made up for lost time. But *Desidia valedixi*. If you once turn on your side after the hour at which you ought to rise, it is all over. Bolt up at once. Bad night last—the next is sure to be better.

" When the drum beats, make ready ;
 When the fife plays, march away—
 To the roll-call, To the roll-call, To the roll-call,
 Before the break of day."

¹ Readers of *Waverley* will remember that the barony of Bradwardine was a *blanch tenure*—*pro servitio detrahendi seu exuendi caligas regis post battaliam*.

Dined with Chief : Com : , Admiral Adam, W. Clerk, Thomson, and I. The excellent old man was cheerful at intervals—at times sad, as was natural. A good blunder he told us, occurr'd in the Annandale case,* which was a question partly of domicile. It was proved that leaving Lochwood, the Earl had given up his *kain* and *carriages*¹ : this an English Counsel contended was the best of all possible proofs that the Noble Earl design'd an absolute change of residence, since he laid aside his *walking-stick* and his *coach*.

First epistle of *Malachi* is getting out of print, or rather is out of print already.

March 3.—Could not get the last sheets of *Malachi*, Second Epistle, last night, so they must go out to the world uncorrected—a great loss, for the last touches are always most effectual ;• and I expect misprints in the additional matter. We were especially obliged to have it out this morning, that it may operate as a gentle preparative for the meeting of Inhabitants at two o'clock. *Vogue la galère*—we shall see if Scotsmen have any pluck left. If not, they may kill the next Percy—battle the next obnoxious measure—themselves.

It is ridiculous enough for me in a state of insolvency for the present to be battling about gold and paper currency. It is something like the humorous touch in Hogarth's distressed poet, where the poor starveling of the Muses is engaged, when [in] the abyss of poverty, in writing an Essay on payment of the National Debt ; and his wall is adorn[ed] with a plan of the mines of Peru. Nevertheless, even these fugitive attempts, from the success which they have had, and the noise they are making, serve to shew the truth of the old proverb—

“ When House and Land are gone and spent,
Then Learning is most excellent.”

On the whole, I am glad of this bruilzie, as far as I am concern'd ; people will not dare talk of me as an object of

¹ *Kain* in Scotch law means payment in kind. *Carriages* in the same phraseology stands for services in driving with horse and cart.

pity—no more “poor-manning.” Who asks how many puns Scots the old champion had in his pocket when

“He set a bugle to his mouth,
And blew so loud and shrill,
The trees in greenwood shook thereat,
Sae loud rang ilka hill” ?¹

This sounds conceited enough, yet is not far from truth.

The meeting was very numerous, 500 or 600 at least, and unanimous, saving one Mr. Howden, who having been all his life as I have been told in bitter opposition to Ministers, proposed on the present occasion that the whole contested measure should be trusted to their wisdom. I suppose he chose the opportunity of placing his own opinion in opposition, single opposition too, to one of a large assembly. The speaking was very moderate. Report had said that Jeffrey, J. A. Murray and other sages of the oeconomical school were to unbuckle their mails and give us their opinions. But no such great guns appeared. If they had, having the multitude on my side, I would [have] tried breaking a lance with them. A few short but well-expressed resolutions were adopted unanimously. These were proposed by Lord Rollo, and seconded by Sir James Fergusson, Bart. I was named one of a committee to encourage all sort of opposition to the measure. So I have already broken through two good and wise resolutions—one, that I would not write on political controversy—another, that I would not be named on public committees. If my good resolves go this way, like *snaw aff a dyke*—the Lord help me !

March 4.—Last night I had a letter from Lockhart, who, speaking of *Malachi*, says, “The Ministers are sore beyond imagination at present ; and some of them, I hear, have felt this new whip on the raw to some purpose.” I conclude he means Canning is offended. I can’t help it, as I said before—*fiat justitia, ruat coelum*. No cause in which I had the slightest personal interest should have made me use my pen ’gainst them, blunt or pointed as it may be. But as they

¹ Ballad of *Hardyknute*, slightly altered.—J. G. L.

are about to throw this country into distress and danger by a measure of useless and uncalld-for experiment they must hear the opinion of the Scotsmen to whom it is of no other consequence than as a general measure affecting the country at large,—and mine they *shall* hear. I had determined to lay down the pen. But now they shall have another of *Malachi* beginning with buffoonery and ending as seriously as I can write it. It is like a frenzy that they will agitate the upper and middling classes of society, so very friendly to them, with unnecessary and hazardous [projects].

“ Oh, thus it was they loved them dear,
And sought how to requite 'em,
And having no friends left but they,
• They did resolve to fight them.”

The country is very high just now, but England may carry the measure if she will, doubtless. But what will be the consequence of the distress ensuing, God only can foretell.

Lockhart, moreover, inquires about my affairs anxiously, and asks what he is to say about them. Says “ he has inquiries every day—kind, most kind all, and among the most interested and anxious, Sir William Knighton,¹ who told me the king was quite melancholy all the evening he heard of it.” *This* I can well believe, for the king, educated as a Prince, has, nevertheless, as true and kind a heart as any subject in his dominions. He goes on : “ I do think they would give you a Baron's gown as soon as possible,” etc. I have written to him in answer, shewing I have enough to carry me on, and can dedicate my literary efforts to clear my land. The preferment would suit me well, and the late Duke of Buccleuch gave me his interest for it. I dare say the young Duke would do the same, for the unvaried love I have born[e] his house ; and by and bye he will have a voice potential. But there is Sir William Rae in the

¹ Sir W. Knighton was Physician and Private Secretary to George IV. Scott made his acquaintance in August 1822, and ever afterwards they corresponded with each other—sometimes very confidentially (*Life*, ch. lxxii.).

meantime, whose prevailing claim I would never place my own in opposition [to], [even] were it possible by a *tour de force*, such as L. points at, to set it aside. Meantime, I am building a barrier betwixt me and promotion. Any prospect of the kind is very distant and very uncertain. *Come time, come Rath*, as the German says.

In the meanwhile, now I am not pulled about for money, etc., methinks I am happier without my wealth than with it. Everything is paid. I have no one wishing to *make [up] a sum* of money, and writing for his accout to be paid. Since 17 January I have not laid out a guinea out of my own hand save two or three in charity and six shillings for a pocket-book. But the cash with which I set out having run short for family expenses I drew on Blackwood through Ballantyne which was honoured for

Ldy S. £25
from Blackwood
for *Malachi*.

£25 to account of *Malachi's Letters*, of which another edition of 1000 is ordered, and gave it to Lady Scott, because our removal will require that expence in hand. This is for a fortnight succeeding Wednesday next, being the 8th March current. On the 20 my quarter comes in, and though I have something to pay out of it, I shall be on velvet for expense—and regular I will be. Methinks all trifling objects of expenditure seem to grow light in my eyes. That I may regain independence, I must be saving. But ambition awakes, as love of quiet indulgence dies and is mortified within me. “Dark Cuthúllin will be renowned or dead.”¹

March 5.—Something of toddy and segar in that last quotation, I think. Yet I only smoked two, and liquified with one glass of spirits and water. I have sworn I will not blot out what I have once written here.

Malachi goes on, but I am dubious about the commencement—it must be mended at least—reads prosy.

Had letters from Walter and Jane, the dears. All well. Regiment about to move from Dublin.

March 6.—Finished 3rd *Malachi*, which I don't much

¹ Ossian.—J. G. L.

like. It respects the difficulty of find[ing] gold to replace the paper circulation. Now this should have [been] considered first. The admitting that the measure may be imposed is yielding up the question, and *Malachi* is like a Commandant who should begin to fire from interior defences before his outworks were carried. If Ballantyne be of my own opinion I will suppress it. We are all in a bustle shifting things to Abbotsford and particularly a good cellar of wines, etc. I believe we shall stay here till the beginning of next week. It is odd, but I don't feel the impatience for the country which I have usually experienced.

March 7.—Detained in the Court till three o'clock by a hearing. Then to the Committee appointed at the meeting on Friday, to look after the small Note business. A pack of old *fainéants*, incapable of managing such a business, and who will lose the day from mere coldness of heart. There are about a thousand names on the petition. They have added no designations—a great blunder—for *testimonia sunt ponderanda non numeranda* should never be lost sight of. They are disconcerted and helpless, just as in the business of the King's visit, when everybody threw the weight on me, for which I suffered much in my immediate labour and after bad health; it bringing on a violent eruption on my skin, which saved me from a fever at the time, but has been troublesome more or less ever since. In another time—I was so disgusted with seeing them sitting in ineffectual helplessness spitting on the hot iron that lay before them, and touching it with a timid finger, as if afraid of being scalded, that I might have dashed in¹ and taken up the hammer, summoned the deacons and other heads of public bodies and by consulting them have carried them with me. But I cannot waste my time health and spirits in fighting thankless battles. I left them in a quarter of an hour and presage unless the country make an alarm the cause is lost. The philosophical reviewers manage their

£20 sent Charles
to account of
allowance.

¹ The simplest change would be—"In another time—so disgusted was I . . . scalded, that I might have dashed in" etc.

affairs better—hold off—avoid commit[ting] themselves, but throw their *vis inertiae* into the opposite scale, and neutralize the feelings which they cannot combat. To force them to fight on disadvantageous ground is our policy. But we have more sneakers after Ministerial favour than men who love their country, and who upon a liberal scale would serve their party. For to force the Whigs to avow an unpopular doctrine in popular assemblies, or to wrench the government of such bodies from them, would be a *coup de maître*. But they are alike destitute of manly resolution and sound policy. D—n the whole nest of them ! I have corrected the last of *Malachi*, and let the thing take its chance. I have made just enemies enough, and indisposed enough of friends.

March 8.—At the Court, though a teind day. A foolish thing happend while the Court were engaged with the teinds. I amused myself with writing on a sheet of paper Notes on Frederick Maitland's account of the capture of Bonaparte—and I have lost these notes—shuffled in perhaps among my own papers, or those of the Teind Clerks. What a curious document to be found in a process of valuation !

Being jaded and sleepy, I took up *Le Duc de Guise à Naples*.¹ I think this, with the old *Memoires* on the same subject which I have at Abbotsford, would enable me to make a pretty essay for the *Quarterly*. We must take up *Woodstock* now in good earnest. Mr. Cowan a good and able man is chosen Trustee in Constable's affairs with full power. From what I hear, the poor man is not sensible of the nature of his own situation. For myself, I have succeeded in putting the matters perfectly out of my mind since I cannot help them, and have arrived at a *flocchi-pauci-nihili-pili-fication* of money, and I thank Shenstone for inventing that long word.

¹ Pastoret : *Le Duc de Guise à Naples, etc., en 1647 et 1648*. 8vo, 1825 ; also *Memoires relating his passage to Naples and heading the Second Revolt of that people*. Englished, sm. 8vo, 1669.

"The Reviewal then meditated was afterwards published in *Foreign Quarterly Review*, vol. iv. p. 355, but not included in the *Misc. Prose Works*."—*Abbotsford Library Catalogue*, p. 36.

They are removing the wine, etc., to the carts, and you will judge if our flitting is not making a noise in the world—or in the street at least.

March 9.—I foresaw justly,

“When first I set this dangerous stone a-rolling, ●

’Twould fall upon myself.”¹

Sir Robert Dundas to-day put into my hands a letter of between thirty and forty pages in angry and bitter reprobation of *Malachi*, full of general averments and very untenable arguments, all written at me by name, but of which I am to have no copy, and which is to be shown to me *in extenso*, and circulated to other special friends, to whom it may be necessary to “give the sign to hate.”² I got it at two o’clock, and returned [it] with an answer five hours afterwards, in which I have studied not to be tempted into either sarcastic or harsh expressions.³ A quarrel it is however, in all the forms, between my old friend and myself, and His Lordship’s reprimand is to be *read out in orders*⁴ to all our friends. They all know what I have said is true, but that will be nothing to the purpose if they are desired to consider them as false. As for Lord Melville, I do not wonder that he is angry, though he has little reason, for he, our *Watchman Stented*,⁵ has from time to time suffered all manner of tampering to go on under his nose with the institutions and habits of Scotland. As for myself, I was quite prepared for my share of displeasure. It is very curious that I should have foreseen all this so distinctly as far back as 17 february. Nobody at least can plague me for interest with Lord Melville as they use to do. By the way, from the tone of his letter I think his Lordship will give up the measure, and I will be the peace-offering. All will agree to condemn me as too warm—too rash—and get

¹ *King Henry VIII.*, Act v. Sc. 2, slightly altered.—J. G. L.

² “Watch the sign to hate.”—Johnson’s *Vanity of Human Wishes*.

³ See *Letters* (vol. ix. pp. 457-61) for Sir Walter’s reply. The reply is reprinted from *Arniston Memoirs*, 1888—the editor not having seen the original.

⁴ Lord Melville had been his Colonel in the Yeomanry twenty years before. Douglas printed “order.”

⁵ “our *Watchman Stented*” is taken from Stanza XV (afterwards cancelled) of *The Author’s Earnest Cry and Prayer* in the Kilmarnock Edition of Burns—

“Thee, sodger Hugh, my watchman stented.”

rich on privileges which they would not have been able to save but for a little rousing of spirit, which [will] not perhaps fall asleep again.¹

A Mr. Worsley, very gentlemanlike, but with distorted eyes, called on the part of a Capt : . . . to make enquiry about the Border Rutherfords. Not being very *cleever*, as John Fraser used to say, at these pedigree matters, referd him to Mrs. Dr. Russell and Robt. Rutherford. The noble Captain conceits he has some title to the honours of Lord Rutherford. Very odd—when there is a vacant or dormant title in a Scottish family or *name*, everybody, and all connected with the clan, conceive they have *quodam modo* a right to it. Not being engrossd by any individual, it communicates part of its lustre to every individual in the tribe, as if it remaind in common stock for that purpose.

March 10.—I am not made entirely on the same mould of passions like other people. Many men would deeply regret a breach with so old a friend as Lord Melville, and many men would be in despair at losing the good graces of a Minister of State for Scotland and all pretty visions about what might be done for myself and my sons, especially Charles. But I think my good Lord doth ill to be angry, like the patriarch of old, and I have, in my odd sans souciant character, a good handful of meal from the grist of the Jolly Miller, who

“ Once
Dwelld on the river Dee ;
I care for nobody, no, not I,
Since nobody cares for me.”

Breakfasted with me Mr. Francks, a young Irishman from Dublin, who brought letters from Walter and Captain Longmore on the Royal Staff. He has written a book of poetry, *Tales of Chivalry and Romance*, far from bad, yet wants spirit. He talks of publishing his recollections in the Peninsula, which must be interesting, for he has, I think, sense and reflection.

¹ “ Seldom has any political measure called forth so strong and so universal an expression of public opinion. In every city and in every county public meetings were held to deprecate the destruction of the one pound and guinea notes.”—*Annual Register* (1826), p. 24.

• Sandie Young¹ came in at breakfast-time with a Monsieur Brocque of Montpelier.

Saw Sir Robt Dundas at Court, who condemns Lord Melville, and says he will not shew his letter to any one—in fact it would be exactly placarding me in a private and confidential manner. He is to send my letter to Lord Melville. Colin McKenzie concurs in thinking Lord Melville quite wrong. “*He must cool in the skin he het in.*”

On coming home from the Court a good deal fatigued, I took a nap in my easy-chair. Then packed my books, and committed the refuse to Jock Stevenson—

“Left not a limb on which a Dane could triumph.”

Gave Mr. Gibson my father's cabinet, which suits a man of business well. Gave Jock Stevenson the picture of my old favourite Dog Camp, mentioned in one of the introductions to *Marmion*, and a little crow-quill drawing of Melrose Abbey by Nelson whom I used to call the Admiral. Poor fellow! he had some ingenuity, and was, in a moderate way, a good pensman and draughtsman. He left his situation of amanuensis to go into Lord Home's militia regiment, but his dissipated habits got the better of a strong constitution, and he fell into bad habits and poverty, and died, I believe, in the Hospital at Liverpool. Strange enough that Henry Weber, who acted afterwards as my amanuensis for many years, had also a melancholy fate ultimately. He was a man of very superior attainments, an excellent linguist and geographer, and a remarkable antiquary. He published a collection of antient Romances, superior, I think, to the elaborate Ritson. He also published an edition of Beaumont and Fletcher, but too carelessly done to be reputable. He was a violent Jacobin, which he thought he disguised from [me], while I, who cared not a figg about the poor young man's politics, used to amuse myself with teasing him. He was an excellent and affectionate creature, but unhappily was afflicted with partial

¹ Alex. Young of Harburn, a steady Whig of the old school, and a steady and esteemed friend of Sir Walter's.—J. G. L.

insanity, especially if he used strong liquors to which like others with that unhappy tendency he was occasionally addicted. In 1826¹ he became quite insane, and, at the risque of my life, I had to disarm him of a pair of loaded pistols, which I did by exerting the sort of authority which, I believe, gives an effectual controul in such cases. His friends, who were respectable, placed him in the York Asylum, where he pined away and died, I think, in 1814 or 1815.² My patronage in this way has not been lucky to the parties protected. I hope poor George Huntly Gordon will escape the influence of the evil star. He has no vice, poor fellow, but his total deafness makes him helpless.

March 11.—This day the Court rose after a long and laborious sederunt. I employd the remainder of the day in completing a set of notes on Captain Maitland's manuscript Narrative of the reception of Napoleon Bonaparte on board the *Bellerophon*. It had been previously³ in the hands of my friend Basil Hall, who had made many excellent corrections in point of stile but he had been hypercritical in wishing—in so important a matter where everything depends on accuracy—wishing this expression to be altered for delicacy's sake,—that to be omitted for fear of giving offence,—and that other to be abridged for fear of being tedious. The plain sailor's narrative for me, written on the spot, and bearing in its minuteness the evidence of its authenticity.⁴

Lord Elgin sent me, some time since, a curious account of his imprisonment in France, and the attempts which were made to draw him into some intrigue which might authorize treating him with rigour.⁵ He calld to-day and communicated some curious circumstances on the authority of Fouché, Denon and others respecting Bonaparte and the empress Maria Louise, whom Lord Elgin had conver[s]ed with on the subject in Italy. His conduct towards her was

¹ A slip for 1814.

² Henry Weber died in 1818.

³ "presently" in photostat.

⁴ "Notoriety" in photostat.

⁵ See Life of Bonaparte. *Miscellaneous Prose Works*, vol. xi. pp. 346-351.—

something like that of Ethwald to Elburga, in Joanna Baillie's fine tragedy, making her postpone her high rank by birth to the authority which [he] had acquired by his talents. Dinner was usually announced for a particular hour, and Napoleon's business often made him late. She was not permitted to sit down to table—an etiquette which was reasonable enough. But from the hour of dinner till the Emperor appeared she was to be in the act of sitting down: that is to say, he was displeased if he found her engaged with a book, with work, or with anything else. She was obliged to [be] in a state of absolute "being about to sit down." She seemed a good deal *gênée* by something of that kind, though remembering with pride she had been Empress it might almost be said of the world. The rest for to-morrow.

March 12.—Resumed *Woodstock* and wrote my task of six pages. I was interrupt[ed] by a slumb[e]rous feeling which made me obliged to stop once or twice. I shall soon have a remedy in the country, which affords the pleasanter resource of a walk when such feelings come on. I hope I am not ¹ the reverse of the well-known line, "sleepy myself, to give my readers sleep." I cannot *gurnalise* at any rate, having wrought my eyes nearly out.

March 13.—Wrote to the end of a chapter, and knowing no more than the man in the moon what comes next, I will put down a few of Lord Elgin's remembrances, and something may occur to me in the meanwhile. When M[aria] Louise first saw Bon., she was in the carriage with his representative Gen^l, when she saw a horseman ride forward at the gallop passing and repassing the carriage in a manner which joined to the behaviour of her companion convinced her who it was especially as he endeavoured with a curiosity which would not have been tolerated in another to peep into the windows. When she

¹ Douglas omitted "not"—against the sense. The "well-known line" is in the *Dunciad*—

"While pensive poets painful vigils keep,
Sleepless themselves, to give their readers sleep."

The "reverse" of it is—"Sleepy myself to give my readers sleep."

alighted at the inn at —, Napoleon presented himself, pulled her by the ear, and kissed her forehead.

Bonaparte's happiest days pass'd away when he dismiss'd from about him such men as Talleyrand and Fouché, whose questions and objections compelled him to recur upon modify and render practicable the grand plans which his ardent conception struck out at a heat. When he had Murat and such persons about him who marvel'd and obey'd, his schemes equally magnificent were not so well matured and ended in the projector's ruin.

I have hinted in these notes that I am not entirely free from a sort of gloomy fits with a fluttering of the heart and depression of spirits just as if I knew not what was going to befall me. I can sometimes resist this successfully, but it is better to evade than to combat it. The hang-dog spirit may have originated in the confusion and chucking about of our old furniture the stripping of walls of pictures and rooms of ornaments; the leaving a house we have so long call'd our home is altogether melancholy enough. I am glad Lady S. does not mind [yet], and yet I wonder, too. She insists on my remaining till Wednesday—not knowing what I suffer. Meanwhile, to make my recusant spirit do penance, I have set to work to clear away papers and pack them for my journey. What a strange medley of thoughts such a task produces! There lie letters which made the heart throb when received, now lifeless and uninteresting—as are perhaps their owners—riddles which time has read—schemes which He has destroyed or brought to maturity—memorials of friendships and e[n]mities which are now alike faded. Thus does the ring of Saturn consume itself. To-day annihilates yesterday, as the old tyrant swallow'd his children, and the snake its tail. But I must say to my *Gurnal* as poor Byron did to Moore, “Damn it, Tom, don't be poetical.”

Memorandum.—I received some time since from Mr. Reddoch of Falkirk a sort of iron mallet, said to have been found in the ruins of Graeme's Dike there. It was reclaim'd about three months since by the gentleman on whose lands it was found, a Doctor—by a very polite letter

from his man of business. Having unluckily mislaid his letter and being totally unable either to recollect the name of the proprietor or the professional gentleman I returned this day the piece of antiquity from (*sic*) Mr. Reddoch, who sent it to me. Wrote at the same time to Tom Grahame of Airth mentioning what I had done. "Touch my honour, touch my life—there is the spoon."¹

March 14.—J. B. called this morning to take leave, and receive directions about proofs, etc. Talks of the uproar about *Malachi*—but I am tired of *Malachi*—the humour is off, and I have said what I wanted to say and put the people of Scotland on their guard, as well as Ministers, if they like to be warned. They are gradually destroying what remains of nationality, and making the country *tabula rasa* for doctrines of bold innovation. Their lowering and grinding down all those peculiarities which distinguished us as Scotsmen will throw the country into a state in which it will be universally turned to democracy, and instead of canny Saunders, they will have a very dangerous North British neighbourhood.

Some [English] lawyer express[ed] to Lord Elibank an opinion, that at the Union the English law should have been extended all over Scotland. "I cannot say how that might have answered our purpose," said Lord Patrick, who was never unsuited for want of an answer, "but it would scarce have suited *yours*, since by this time the *Aberdeen Advocates*² would have possessed themselves of all the business in Westminster Hall."

What a detestable feeling this fluttering of the heart is! I know it is nothing organic, and that it is entirely nervous, but the sickening effects of it are dispiriting to a degree. Is it the body brings it on the mind, or the mind inflicts

¹ Douglas in his note refers to the old Scotch lady who pocketed a silver spoon, one of a set of a dozen which were being passed round for examination in an auction room. Suspicion resting on her, she was asked to allow her person to be searched, but she indignantly produced the article, with "Touch my honour," etc.

² The *Attorneys* of Aberdeen are styled *advocates*. This valuable privilege is said to have been bestowed at an early period by some (sportive) monarch.
—J. G. L.

it upon the body? I cannot tell; but it is a severe price to pay for the *Fata Morgana* with which Fancy sometimes amuses men of warm imaginations. As to body and mind, I fancy I might as well inquire whether the fiddle or fiddlestick makes the tune. In youth this complaint used to throw [me] into involuntary passions of causeless tears. But I will drive it away in the country by exercise. I wish I had been a mechanic—a turning-lathe or a chest of tools would have been a God-send; for thought makes the access of melancholy rather worse than better. I have it seldom, thank God, and, I believe, lightly, in comparison of others.

It was the fiddle after all was out of order, not the fiddlestick; the body, not the mind. I walkd out; met Mrs. Skene, who took a turn¹ with me in Princes Street—Bade Constable and Cadell farewell—and had a brisk walk home, which enables me to face the desolation here with more spirit. News from Sophia. She has had the luck to get an anti-druggist in a Dr. Gooch, who prescribes care for Johnnie instead of drugs, and a little home-brewd ale instead of wine; and, like a liberal phisician, supplies the medicine he prescribes.

As for myself, while I have scarce stird to take exercise for four or five days, no wonder I had the mulligrubs. It is an awful sensation though and would have made an enthusiast of me, had I indulged my imagination on devotional subjects. I have been always careful to place my mind in the most tranquil posture which it can assume during my private exercizes of devotion.

I have amused myself occasionally very pleasantly during the few last days, by reading over Lady Morgan's novel of *O'Donnel*,² which has some striking and beautiful passages of situation and description, and in the comic part is very rich and entertaining. I do not remember being so much pleased with it at first. There is a want of story, always

¹ "turnd" in photostat.

² See *Letters*, vol. iii. p. 464. Scott writes to Hartstonge—"I agree with you that Lady Morgan has fairly hit upon her forte—for *O'Donnell* is incomparably superior to the *Wild Irish Girl*—having nature and reality for its foundation."

fatal to a book the first reading—and it is well if it gets a chance of a second—alas ! poor novel !

Also read again and for the third time at least Miss Austen's very finely written novel of *Pride and Prejudice*. That young lady had a talent for describing the involvements and feelings and characters of ordinary life which is to me the most wonderful I ever met with. The Big Bow-wow strain I can do myself like any now going, but the exquisite touch which renders ordinary commonplace things and characters interesting from the truth of the description and the sentiment is denied to me. What a pity such a gifted creature died so early ! ¹

March 15.—This morning I leave No. 39² Castle Street, for the last time. "The cabin was convenient," and habit had made it agreeable to me. I never reckoned upon a change in this particular so long as I held an office in the Court of Session. In all my former changes of residence it was from good to better—this is retrograding. I leave the house for sale, and I cease to be an Edinburgh citizen, in the sense of being a proprietor, which my father and I have been for sixty years at least. So farewell, poor 39,² and may you never harbour worse people than those who now leave you ! Not to desert the Lares all at once, Lady S. and Anne remain till Sunday. As for me I go as aforesaid this morning.

"Ha til mi tullidh'." ³

Abbotsford, 9 at night.—The naturally unpleasant feelings which influenced me in my ejection, for such it is virtually, readily evaporated in the course of the journey, though I had no pleasanter companions than Mrs. Mackay, the Housekeeper, and one of the maids ; and I have a shyness of disposition, which looks like pride, but is not, which makes me awkward in speaking to my household domestics.

¹ Scott had reviewed Miss Austen in the 27th No. of the *Quarterly*. Lockhart says that *Emma* and *Northanger Abbey* in particular were great favourites of Sir Walter's and he often read chapters of them to his evening circle (*Life*, ch. lv.).

² "93" in photostat.

³ "I return no more,"—see *Mackrimmon's Lament* by Scott.—*Poetical Works*, vol. xi. p. 332.

With an out-of-doors labourer, or an old woman gathering sticks, I can talk for ever. I was wellcomed here on my arrival by the tumult great of men and dogs all happy to see me. One of my old labourers killed by the fall of a stone working at Gattonside foot bridge. Old Will Straiton, my man of wisdom and proverbs, also dead—he was entertaining from his importance and self-conceit, but really a sensible old man.* When he heard of my misfortunes he went to bed and said he would not rise again and kept his word. He was very infirm when I last saw him. Tom Purdie in great glory, being released from all farm duty, and destined to attend the woods, and be my special assistant. The gardener Bogie is to take care of what small farm we have left, which little would make me give up entirely.

March 16.—Pleasant days make short Journals, and I have little to say to-day. I wrote in the morning at *Woodstock*—walked from one till four. Was down at Huntly Burn and paid my respects to the ladies. The spring seems promising, and everything in great order. Visited Will Straiton's widow, who squeezed out among many tears a petition for a house. I do not think I shall let her have one, as she has a bad temper, but I will help her otherwise. She is greedy besides, as was the defunct philosopher William. In a year or two I shall have on the Toft field a gallant show of extensive woodland, sweeping over [the] hill, and its boundaries carefully concealed. In the evening, after dinner, read Mrs. Charlotte Smith's novel of *Desmond*¹—decidedly the worst of her compositions.

March 17.—Sent off a packet to J. B. ; only three pages copy, so must work hard for a day or two. I wish I could wind up my bottom handsomely—an odd but accredited phrase. The conclusion will not be luminous ; we must try to make it flashing. Go spin, you jade, go spin. Have a good deal to do between-hands in sorting up the newly arrived accession of books and furniture.

I need not have exulted so soon in having attained ease and quiet. I am robdd of both with a vengeance. A

¹ Some interesting critical remarks by Scott on her novels and on novels in general are appended to a memoir by her sister, Mrs Dorset.

letter from Lockhart, with one enclosed from Sophia, announces the medical people think the child is visibly losing strength, that its walking becomes more difficult, and, in short, that the spine seems visibly affected. They recommend tepid baths in sea-water, so Sophia has gone down to Brighton, leaving Lockhart in town, who is to visit her once a week. Here is my worst augury verified. See this Journal, 2nd December last. The bitterness of this probably impending calamity is extreme. The child was almost too good for this world—beautiful in features; and, though spoilt by every one, having one of the sweetest tempers, as well as the quickest intellect I ever saw—a sense of humour quite extraordinary in a child, and, owing to the general notice which was taken of him, a great deal more information than suited his years.¹ He was born in the eighth month, and such children are never strong—seldom long-lived. I look on this side and that and see nothing but protracted misery—a crippled frame and decayed constitution occupying the attention of his parents for years and dying at the end of that period when their hearts were turned on him—Or the poor child may die before Sophia's confinement, and that may again be a dangerous and bad affair—Or she may, by increase of attention to him, injure her own health. In short, to trace into how many branches such a misery may flow is impossible. The poor dear Love had so often a slow fever, that when it pressed its little lips to mine, I always foreboded to my own heart what all I fear are now aware of.

Lockhart writes me that Croker is the author of the Letters in the *Courier* agt *Malachi*, and that Canning is to make another attack on me in the House of Commons.²

¹ "hours" in photostat.

² The late Professor J. Shield Nicholson wrote that Scott's three letters under the pseudonym of Malachi Malagrowther "show a thorough grasp of the history of Scottish banking and of its fundamental principles" (*Edinburgh's Place in Scientific Progress*, 1921). Scott's ridicule of the economists who preferred *a priori* speculation to experience of the Scottish banking system—see his third letter—seems to have ruffled Lord Cockburn's equanimity. See his *Memoirs* where he says—"If a nice question of monetary or commercial policy could be settled by jokes, Malachi would be a better economist than Adam Smith."

These things would make a man proud. I will not answer, because I must show up Sir William Rae, and even Lord Melville, and I have done enough to draw public attention, which is all I want. Let them call me ungrateful unkind and all sorts of names so they keep their own fingers free of this most threatening measure. It is very curious that each of these angry friends—Melville, Canning, and Croker—have in former days appealed to me in confidence against each other.

While I smoked my cigar after dinner, my mind has been running into four threads of bitter fancies, or rather into three decidedly bitter, and one that is indifferent. There is the distress incumbent on the country by these most untimely proceedings, which I would stop with my life were that adequate to prevent them. 2d, there is the unpleasant feeling of seeing a number of valued friends pass from me; that I cannot help. 3d, there is the gnawing misery about that sweet child and its parents. 4th, there is the necessity of pursuing my own labours, for which perhaps I ought to be thankful, since it always wrenches one's mind aside from what it must dwell on with pain. It is odd that the state of excitation with me rather increases I think than abates the power of labour. I must finish *Woodstock* well if I can: otherwise how the Philistines will rejoice!

March 18.—Slept indifferently, and under the influence of Queen Mab, seldom auspicious to me, dreamed of reading the tale of the Prince of the Black Marble Islands to little Johnnie, extended on a paralytic chair, and yet telling all his pretty stories about Ha-papa, as he calls me, and Chiefswood—and waked to think I should see the little darling no more, or see him as a thing that had better never have existed. Oh, misery! misery! that the best I can wish for him is early death, with all the wretchedness to his parents that is like to ensue! I intended to have staid at home to-day; but Tom more wisely had resolved that I should walk, and hung about the window with his axe and my own in his hand till I turned out with him, and helped to cut some fine paling.

March 19.—I have a most melancholy letter from Anne. Lady S., the faithful and true companion of my fortunes, good and bad, for so many years, has, but with difficulty, been prevailed on to see Dr. Abercromby, and his opinion is far from favourable. Her asthmatic complaints are fast terminating in hydropsy, as I have long suspected, yet the avowal of the truth and its probable consequences are overwhelming.¹ They are to stay a little longer in town to try the effects of a new medicine. On Wednesday they propose to return hither. A new affliction, where there was enough before ; yet her constitution is so good that if she will be guided by advice, things may be yet ameliorated. God grant it ! for really these misfortunes come too close upon each other.

A letter from Croker of a very friendly tone and tenor, which I will answer accordingly, not failing, however, to let him know that if I do not reply it is not for fear of his arguments or raillery, far less from diffidence in my cause. I hope and trust it will do good.²

Maxpapple and two of his boys arrived to take part of my poor dinner. I fear the little fellows had little more than the needful, but they had all I had to give them.

I wrote a good deal to-day notwithstanding heavy thoughts.

March 20.—Despatched proofs and copy this morning ; and Swanston the carpenter coming in, I made a sort of busy idle day of it with altering and hanging pictures and prints, to find room for those which came from Edinburgh, and by dint of being on foot from ten to near four, put all things into apple-pie order. What strange beings we are ! The serious duties I have on hand cannot divert my mind from the most melancholy thoughts, and yet the talking with these workmen, and the trifling occupation which they give me, serves to dissipate my attention. The truth is, I fancy that a body under the impulse of violent motion

¹ See p. 49 where Scott writes of an impending misfortune which he fears more than loss of wealth.

² The letter to Croker of 19th March is printed in *Letters*, vol. ix. p. 471.

cannot be stopd or forced back, but may indirectly be urged into a different channel. In the evening I read, and sent [off] my Sheriff-Court processes.

I have a sort of grudging to give reasons why *Malachi* does not reply to the answers which have been sent forth. I don't know—I am strongly tempted—but I won't. To drop the tone might seem mean, and perhaps to maintain [it] would only exasperate the quarrel, without producing any beneficial results, and might be considered as a fresh insult by my alienated friends, so on the whole I won't.

The thing has certainly had more effect than it deserves ; and I suspect my Ministerial friends, if they love me less, will not hold me cheaper for the fight I have made. I am far from saying *oderint dum metuerint*,¹ but there is a great difference betwixt that and being a mere protégé, a poor broken-down man, who was to be assisted when existing circumstances that most convenient of all apologies and happiest of all phrases would permit.

March 21.—Perused an attack on myself, [done] with as much ability as truth, by no less a man than Joseph Hume, the Night-work man of the House of Commons, who lives upon petty abuses, and is a very useful man by so doing. He has had the kindness to say that I am interested in keeping up the taxes. I wish I had anything else to do with them than to pay them. But he lies, and is an ass, and not worth a man thinking about. Joseph Hume, indeed !—I say Joseph Hum,—and could add a Swiftian rhyme, but forbear.

Busy in unpacking and repacking the wine sent from Edinburgh. It makes me a fine cellarful for many a day. I wrote five pages of *Woodstock*, which work begins

“ To appropinque an end.”

March 22.—A letter from Lord Downshire's man of business about funds supposed to belong to my wife or to the estate of my late brother-in-law. The possessor of the secret wants some reward. If any is granted, it should be a

¹ Douglas printed the meaningless “*emerint*.”

percentage on the net sum recoverd,¹ with the condition no cure—no pay. I expect Lady S., and from Anne's last letter hope to find her better than the first anticipations led me to dread.

Sent off proofs and copy, and shall indulge a little leisure to-day to collect my ideas and stretch my limbs. I am again far before the press.

March 23.—Lady Scott arrived yesterday to dinner. She was better than I expected, but Anne, poor soul, looked very poorly, and had been much worried with the fatigue and discomfort of the last week. Lady S. takes the digitalis and as she thinks with advantage though the medicine makes her very sick. Yet, on the whole, things are better than my gloomy apprehensions had anticipated.

I wrote to Lockhart, and to Lady Downshire's Agent,—G. Handley, Esq., Pentonville, London.

Took a good brushing walk, but not till I had done a good task.

March 24.—Sent off copy, proofs, etc. J. B. clamorous for a motto. Go to. D—n the mottoe.

It is foolish to encourage people to expect mottoes and such-like Decoraments. You have no credit for success in finding them, and there is a disgrace in wanting them. It is like being in the habit of shewing feats of strength, which you at length gain no² praise by accomplishing, while there is some shame occurs in failure.

March 25.—The end winds out well enough. I have almost finishd to-night—indeed I might have done so had I been inclined, but I had a walk in a hurricane of snow for two hours and feel a little tired. Miss Margaret Ferguson came to dinner with us.

March 26.—Here is a disagreeable morning, snowing and hailing, with gleams of bright sunshine between, and all the ground white, and all the air frozen. I don't like this jumbling of weather. It is ungenial, and gives chilblains. Besides with its whiteness and its coldness and its glisten, and its discomfort it resembles that most disagreeable of

¹ Douglas printed "received."

² Douglas omitted "no."

all things, a vain, cold, empty, beautiful woman, who has neither head nor heart, but only features like a doll. I do not know but it is like this disagreeable day, when the sun is so bright, and yet so uninfluential, that

“ One may gaze upon its beams
Till he is starved with cold.”

No matter, it will serve as well as another day to finish *Woodstock*. Walked out¹ to the lake, and coquetted with this disagreeable weather, whereby I catch chilblains on my fingers and cold in my head. Fed the swans.

Finished *Woodstock*, however, *cum tota sequela* of title-page, introduction, etc., and so, as Dame Fortune says in *Quevedo*,

“ Go wheel, and may the devil drive thee.”²

March 27.—Another bright cold day. I answered two modest requests from widow Ladies. One, whom I had already assisted in some law business on the footing of her having visited my mother requested me to write to Mr. Peele saying on her authority that her second son a youth of infinite merit and accomplishment was fit for any situation in a public office and that I requested he might be provided accordingly. Another widow dame whose claim is having read *Marmion* and the *Lady of the Lake* besides a promise to read all my other works—Gad, it is a rash engagement!—demands that I shall either pay £200 to get her cub into some place or other or settle him in a seminary of education. Really this is very much after the fashion of the husbandman of Miguel Turra's requests of Sancho when Governor.³ “Have you anything else to ask, honest Man?” quoth Sancho. But what are the demands of an honest man to those of an honest woman, and she a widow to boot? I do believe your destitute widow, especially if she hath a charge of children and one or two fit for patronage is one of the most impudent animals living.

¹ “ought” in photostat.

² Fortune—having received Jove's command that every man be put in the circumstances he deserves—sets her wheel turning with these words.

³ *Don Quixote*, Pt. II. cap. 47.

Went to Galashiels and settled the dispute about Sandie's well. Lodged with George Craig cash being the

Quarter's salary minus £20 advanced to Charles,	£230
Deducted overdrawn replaced	£150
Cash Lady Scott £20.	
Cash received and payable to	
Lady Scott	£20
	<hr/>
	£170
Remains balance	£60

March 28.—We have now been in solitude for some time—myself nearly totally so, excepting at meals, or on a call as yesterday from Henry and William Scott of Harden. One is tempted to ask himself, knocking at the door of his own heart, Do you love this extreme loneliness? I can answer conscientiously, *I do*. The love of solitude was with me a passion of early youth when in my teens I used to fly from company to indulge visions and airy castles of my own—the disposal of ideal wealth, and the exercise of imaginary power. This feeling prevailed even till I was eighteen, when love and ambition awaking with other passions threw me more into society, from which I have, however, at times withdrawn myself, and have been always glad to do so. I have risen from a feast satiated, and unless it be one or two persons of very strong intellect, or whose spirits and good-humour amuse me, I wish neither to see the high the low nor the middling class of society. This is a feeling without the least tinge of misanthropy, which I always consider as a kind of blasphemy of a shocking description. If God bears with the very worst of us, we may surely endure each other. If thrown into society, I always have, and always will endeavour to bring pleasure with me, at least to shew willingness to please. But for all this “I had rather live alone,” and I wish my appointment so convenient otherwise did not require my going to Edinburgh. But this must be, and in my little lodging I will be lonely enough.

Had a very kind letter from Croker disowning the least idea of personal attack in his answer to *Malachi*.

Reading at intervals a novel called *Grandby*; one of that very difficult class which aspires to describe the actual current of society, whose colours are so evanescent that it is difficult to fix them on the canvas. It is well written, but over-laboured—too much attempt to put the reader exactly up to the thoughts and sentiments of the parties. The women do this better—Edgeworth, Ferriar, Austen have all had their portraits of real society, far superior to anything Man, vain Man, has produced of the like nature.¹

March 29.—Workd in the morning. Had two visits from Colonels Russell and Ferguson. Walkd from one till half-past four. A fine, flashy, disagreeable day; snow-clouds sweeping past among sunshine, driving down the valley, and whitening the country behind them.

Mr. Gibson came suddenly in, after dinner. Brought very indifferent news from Constable's house. It is not now hoped that they will pay above 3 or 4 shillings in the pound. Robinson supposed not to be much better.

Mr. G. goes to London immediatly, and is to sell *Woodstock* to Robinson if they² can [pay cash down]. Otherwise to those who will. John Murray is [disposed to buy]. This work may fail, perhaps, though better than some of its predecessors. If so, we must try some new manner. I think I could catch the dogs yet.

A beautiful and perfect lunar rainbow to-night.

March 30.—Mr. Gibson looks unwell, and complains of cold—bitter bad weather for his travelling, and he looks but frail.

These indifferent news he brought me affect me but to a little degree. It is being too confident to hope to ensure success in the long series of successive struggles which lies before me, but somehow I do fully entertain the hope of doing a good deal.

¹ *Granby* was the work of Thomas Henry Lister (1800-1842), appointed Registrar-General of England and Wales in 1836. His *Life of Edward, first Earl of Clarendon*, 3 vols, 1837-8, led to a controversy with J. W. Croker (see *D.N.B.*).

² Douglas changed "they" into "he," not seeing that "Robinson" means the firm of Hurst and Robinson. See p. 159 (last three lines).

March 31.—

“He walkd and wrote poor soul, what then?
Why then, he wrote and walkd again.”

But I am begun *Nap. Bon.* again, which is always a change, because it gives me a good deal of reading and research, whereas *Woodstock* and such like being extempore from my mother-wit is a sort of spinning of the brains of which a man tires. The weather seems milder to-day.

APRIL

April 1.—*Ex uno die discite omnes.* Rose at seven or soon[er] studied and wrote till breakfast with Anne about $\frac{1}{4}$ before 10. Lady Scott seldom able to rise till 12 or one. Then I write and study again till one. At that hour to-day I drove to Huntley Burn and walkd home by one of the hundred and one pleasing paths which I have made through the woods I have planted—now chatting with Tom Purdie, who carries my plaid, and speaks when he pleases, telling long stories of hits and misses in shooting twenty years back—sometimes chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancy—and sometimes attending to the humours of two curious little terriers of the Dandie Dinmont breed, together with a noble wolf-hound puppy which Glengarry has given me to replace Maida. This brings me down to the very moment I do tell—the rest is prophetic. I will feel sleepy when this book is lockd and perhaps sleep untill Dalgleish brings the dinner summons. Then I will have a chat with Lady S. and Anne—some broth or soup, a slice of plain meat—and man's chief business in Dr. Johnson's estimation is briefly despatchd. Half an hour with my family and half an hour coquetting with a cigar a tumbler of weak whisky and water, and a novel perhaps, lead on to tea, which sometimes consumes another half hour of chat—then write and read in my own room till ten o'clock at night—a little bread and cheese a glass of porter, and to bed.

And this very rarely varied by a visit from some one is the tenor of my daily life—and a very pleasant one indeed, were it not for apprehension about Lady S. and poor John[~~v~~]ie Hugh. The former will, I think, do well—for the latter—I fear—I fear——

April 2.—I am in a wayward humour this morning. I received yesterday the last proof-sheets of *Woodstock* and I ought to correct them. Now, this *ought* sounds as like as possible to *must*, and *must* I cannot abide. I would go to Prester John's country of free good-will, sooner than I would *must* it to Edinburgh. Yet this is all folly and silly folly too and so *Must* shall be for once obeyd after I have thus written myself out of my aversion to its peremptory sound. Corrected the said proofs till twelve o'clock—when I think I will treat Resolution, not to a dram, as the drunken fellow said after he had passed the dram-shop, but to a walk, the rather that my eyesight is somewhat uncertain and wavering. I think it must be from the stomach. The whole page wal[t]zes before my eyes. J. B. writes gloomily about *Woodstock*; but commends the conclusion. I think he is right. Besides, my manner is nearly caught, and, like Captain Bobadil,¹ I have taught nearly a hundred gentlemen to fence very nearly, if not altogether, as well as myself. I will strike out something new.

April 3.—I have from Ballantyne and Gibson the extraordinary and gratifying news that *Woodstock* is sold for £8228 in all. That is ,

Hurst and Robinson.	.	.	.	£1728
Woodstock	.	.	.	6500
				<hr/>
				£8228

All for ready⁴ money—a matchless sale for less than three months' work.² If Napoleon does as well, or near it, it will put the Trust affairs in high flourish. Four or

¹ Ben Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour*, Act iv. Sc. 5.

² The reader will understand that the Novel was sold for behoof of James Ballantyne & Co.'s creditors, and that this sum includes the cost of printing the first edition as well as paper.—J. G. L.

five years of leisure and industry would, with [such] success, amply replace my losses, and put me on a steadier footing than ever. I have a curious fancy : I will go set two or three acorns, and judge by their success in growing whether I will succeed in clearing my way or not. I have a little toothache keeps me from working much to-day, besides I se[n]t off, per Blucher, copy for *Napoleon*, as well as the damnd proofs.

A blank forenoon ! But how could I help it, Madam Duty ? I was not lazy ; on my soul I was not. I did not cry for half holiday for the sale of *Woodstock*. But in came Colonel Fergusson with Mrs. Stewart of Blackhill, or hall, or something, and I must shew her the garden, pictures, etc. This lasts till one ; and just as they are at their lunch, and obliged to go off, guard is relieved by the Laird and Lady Harden, and Miss Eliza Scott—and my dear Chief, whom I love very much, though [he] is a little obsidional or so, remains till three. That same crown,¹ composed of the grass which grew on the walls of besieged places, should be offerd to visitors who stay above an hour in any decent person's house. Wrote letters this evening.

April 4.—Wrote two pages in the morning. Then went to Ashestiel in the sociable, with Colonel Ferguson. Found my cousin Russell settled keenly to his gardening and his projects. He seems to have brought home with him the enviable talent of being interested and happy in his own place and projects. Ashestiel looks waste, I think, at this period of the year ; but is a beautiful place in summer, where I passed nine happy years. Did I ever pass unhappy years anywhere ? None that I remember, save those at the High School, which I thoroughly detested on account of the confinement. I disliked serving in my father's office, too, from the same hatred to restraint. In other respects, I have had unhappy days—unhappy weeks—even, on one or two occasions, unhappy months ; but Fortune's Finger has never been able to play a dirge on me for a quarter of a year together.

¹ i.e. *corona obsidionalis*.

I am sorry to see the Peel-wood, and other natural coppice, decaying and abridged about Ashestiel—

“ The horrid plough has razed the green,

• Where once my children plaid ;

• The axe has fell'd the hawthorn screen,

• The schoolboy's summer shade.¹

There was a very romantic pasturage called the Cow-park, which I was particularly attached to, from its wild and sequestered character. Having been part of an old wood which had been cut down, it was full of copse and hazel and oak and all sorts of young trees irregularly scattered over fine pasturage, and affording a hundred intricacies so delicious to the eye and the imagination. But some misjudging friend had cut down and cleared away without mercy and divided the varied and sylvan scene, which was divided by a little rivulet, into the two most formal things in nature—a thriving plantation, many-angled as usual, and a park *laid down in grass* ; wanting therefore the rich graminivorous variety which Nature gives its carpet, and having instead a brai[r]d of six days' growth—lean and hungry growth too—of rye-grass and clover. As for the rill, it stagnates in a deep square ditch, which silences its prattle, and restrains its meanders with a witness. The original scene was, of course, imprinted deeper on Russell's mind than mine, and I was glad to see he was intensely sorry for the change.

April 5.—Rose late in the morning, past eight, to give the cold and toothache time to make themselves scarce, which they have obligingly done. Yesterday every tooth on the left—no the right side of my head was absolutely wal[t]zing. I would have [had them] drawn by the half dozen, but country dentists are not to be *lippend* to.² To-day all is quiet, but a little swelling and stiffness in the jaw. Went to Chiefswood at one, and marked with regret forty trees indispensibly necessary for paling—much like drawing a tooth ; but they *are* wanted and will never be better, but I am avaricious of grown trees, having so few.

• ¹ These lines slightly altered from Logan.—J. G. L.

• ² Lippened to, *i.e.* relied upon.—J. G. L.

Worked a fair task; dined, and read Clapperton's journey and Denman's into Bornou. Very entertaining, and less botheration about mineralogy, botany, and so forth, than usual. Pity Africa picks up so many brave men, however. Work in the evening.

April 6.—Wrote in the morning. Went at one to Huntley Burn, where I had the great pleasure to hear, through a letter from Sir Adam, that Sophia was in health, and John[n]ie gaining strength. It is a fine exchange from deep and aching uncertainty on so interest[ing] a subject, to the little spitfire feeling of "Well, but they might have taken the trouble to write"; but so wretched a correspondent as myself has not much to say, so I will just grumble sufficiently to maintain the patriarchal dignity.

I returned in time to work, and to receive a shoal of things from J. B. Among others, a letter from an Irish lady, who, for the *beaux yeux* which I shall never look upon, desires I will forthwith send her all the Waverley Novels which are published, with an order to furnish her with all others in course as they appear, which she assures me will be an *æra* in her life. She may find out some other epocha.

April 7.—Made out my morning's task. At one drove to Chiefswood, and walked home by the Rymer's Glen, Mar's Lee, and Haxell-Cleugh. Took me three hours—the heath gets somewhat heavier for me every year—but never mind, I like it altogether as well as the day I could tread it best. My plantations are getting all into green leaf, especially the larches, if theirs may be called leaves, which are only a sort of hair. And from the number of birds drawn to these wastes, I may congratulate myself on having literally made the desert to sing. As I returned, there was in the phraseology of that [most] precise of prigs in a white collarless coat and *Chapeau-Bras*, Mister Commissary Ramsay—"a rather dense inspissation of rain." Deil care.

"Lord, who would [live] turmoiled in the Court,
That might enjoy such quiet walks as these?"¹

² *King Henry VI.*, Act iv. Sc. 10, slightly varied.

Yet misfortune comes our way too. Poor Laidlaw lost a fine prattling child of five years old yesterday.

It is odd enough—I den, the Kentish Esquire, has just made the ejaculation which I adopted in the last page, when he kills Cade, and posts away up to Court to get the price set upon his head. Here is a letter come from Lockhart, full of Court news, and all sort of news,—best is his wife is well, and thinks the child gains in health.

Lockhart erroneously supposes that I think of applying to Ministers about Charles, and that notwithstanding Croker's terms of pacification I should find *Malachi* stick in my way. I would not make such an application for millions; I think if I were to ask patronage it would [not] be through them, for some time at least, and I might have better access.¹

April 8.—We expect a *raid* of folks to visit us this morning, whom we must have *dined* before our misfortunes. Save time, wine, and money, these misfortunes—and so far are convenient things. Besides, there is a dignity about them when they come only like the gout in its mildest shape, to authorize the dignity of diet and retirement, the night-gown and the velvet shoe; when the one comes to chalkstones, and the other to prison, though, there would be the devil. Or compare the effects of *Sieur Gout* and absolute poverty upon the stomach—the necessity of a bottle of laudanum in the one case, the want of a morsel of meat in the other.

Laidlaw's infant, [which] died on Wednesday, is buried to-day. The people coming to visit prevent my going, and I am glad of it. I hate funerals—always did. There is such a mixture of mummery with real grief—the actual mourner perhaps heart-broken, and all the rest making solemn faces, and whispering observations on the weather and public news, and here and there a greedy fellow enjoying the cake and wine. To me it is a farce full of most tragical mirth, and I am not sorry

¹ In a letter of the same day he says—"My interest, as you might have known, lies Windsor way."—J. G. L.

(like Provost Coulter¹) but glad that I shall not see my own. This is a most unfilial tendency of mine, for my father absolutely loved a funeral; and as he was a man of a fine presence, and lookd the mourner well, he was asked to every interment of distinction. He seemd to preserve the list of a whole bead-roll of cousins, merely for the pleasure of being at their funerals, which he was often asked to superintend, and I suspect had sometimes to pay for. He carried [me] with him as often as he could to these mortuary ceremonies; but feeling I was not, like him, either useful or ornamental, I escaped as often as I could.

I saw the poor child's funeral from a distance. Ah, that Distance! What a magician for conjuring up scenes of joy or sorrow, smoothing all asperities, reconciling all incongruities, veiling all absurdness, softening every coar[se]ness, doubling every effect by the influence of the imagination. A Scottish wedding should be seen at a distance; the gay bound of the dancers just distinguishd amid the elderly groupe of the spectators,—the glass held high, and the distant cheers as it is swallowd, should be only a sketch, not a finishd Dutch picture, when it becomes brutal and boorish.

Scottish psalmody, too, should [be] hea[r]d from a distance. The grunt and the snuffle, and the whine and the scream, should be all blended in that deep and distant sound which, rising and falling like the Eolian harp, may have some title to be called the praise of our Maker.

Even so the distant funeral: the few mourners on horseback, with their plaids wrapd around them—the father heading the procession as they enterd the river, and pointing out the ford by which his darling was to be carried on the last long road—not [one] of the subordinate figures in discord with the general tone of the incident—the presence of the mourners seeming just accessories, and

¹ See *Life* (ch. xix.), where it is said that Lord Provost Coulter, who died in office, was known to have been greatly consoled on his deathbed by the prospect of so grand a funeral as must needs occur in his case.—Scott *used to take him off* as saying, at some public meeting, "Gentlemen, though doomed to the trade of a stocking-weaver, I was born with the soul of a *Sheepio*" (Scipio).

no more, to the general purpose of the procession—this is affecting. To be in the midst of the bustle is incongruous and unpleasant from the contradictions which it involves.

April 9.—I worked at correcting proofs in the morning, and, what, [is] harder, at correcting manuscript, which fags me excessively. I was dead sick of it by two o'clock, the rather as my hand, O revered "Gurnal," be it said between ourselves, gets daily worse.

Have a letter from Mr. Handley which holds out some hope of Lady Scott's money being forthcoming. It is a fund in Chancery and amounts or is stated to amount to about £4000 which would be a Godsend.

Lockhart's review.¹ Don't like his article of Sheridan's life. There is no breadth in it, no general views, the whole flung away in smart but party criticism. Now, no man can take more general and liberal views of literature than J. G. L. But he lets himself too easily into that advocatism of stile, which is that of a pleader, not a judge or a critic, and is particularly unsatisfactory to the reader. Lieut.-Col. Fergusson dined here.

April 10.—Sent off proofs and copy galore before breakfast, and might be able to give idleness a day if I liked. But it is as well reading for *Boney* as for anything else, and I have a humour to make my amusement useful. Then the day is changeable, with gusts of wind, and I believe a start to the garden will be my best out-of-doors exercise. No thorough hill-expedition in this gusty weather.

April 11.—Wrought out my task, although I have been much affected this morning by the Morbus, as I call it. Aching pain in the back, rendering one posture intolerable—fluttering of the heart—idle fears gloomy thoughts and anxieties which if not unfounded are at least bootless. I have been out once or twice, but am driven in by the rain. Mercy on us, what poor devils we are! I shook this affection off, however. Mr. Scrope and Col. Fergusson came to dinner, and we twaddled away the evening well enough.

April 12.—I have finishd my task this morning at half-past eleven—easily and early—and, I think, not amiss.

¹ *Quarterly Review*, No. 66 : Lockhart's review of Sheridan's Life.

I hope J. B. will make some great points of admiration !!! —otherwise I will be disappointed. If this work answers—if it *but* answers, it must set us on our legs ; I am sure worse trumpery of mine has had a great run. Well, I will console myself and do my best ! But fashion changes, and I am getting old, and may become unpopular. But it [is] time to cry out when I am hurt. I remember with what great difficulty I was brought to think myself something better than common,—and now I will not in mere faintness of heart give up good hopes. So Fortune protect the bold ! I have finishd the whole introductory sketch of the Revolution—too long for an introduction. But I think I may now go to my solitary walk.

April 13.—On my return from my walk yesterday I learnt with great concern the death of my old friend, Sir Alex^r Don which was shortly after confirmd. He cannot be above six- or seven-and-forty. Without being much together, we lived, considering our different habits, in much friendship together, and I sincerely regret his death. His habits were those of a gay man, much connected with the turf, but he possessed strong natural parts, and in particular few men could speak better in public when he chose. He had tact, wit, power of sarcasm, and that indescribable something which marks the gentleman. His manners in society were extremely pleasing, and as he had a taste for literature and the fine arts, there were few more pleasant companions, besides being a highly-spirited, steady, and honourable man. His indolence prevented his turning these good parts towards acquiring the distinction he might have attained. He was among the *détenus* whom Bonaparte's iniquitous commands confin'd so long in France¹ ; and becoming there in possession of a large estate in right of his mother, the heiress of the Glencairn

¹ “ The mass of individual evil occasioned by this cruel measure was incalculably great. Twelve years, a large proportion of human life, were cut from that of each of these *détenus*, as they were called, so far as regarded settled plan or active exertion. Upon many the interruption fell with fatal influence, blighting all their hopes and prospects ; others learned to live only for the passing day and were thus deterred from habitual study or useful industry.”—SCOTT, *Life of Napoleon*, vol. v. p. 78.

family, he had the means of being very expensive, and probably then acquired those gay habits which rendered him averse to serious business. Being our member for Roxburghshire, his death will make a stir amongst us. I prophesy Harden will be here to talk about starting his son Henry.

Accordingly the Laird and Lady called. I exhorted him to write to Lord Morragu instantly. I do not see what they can do better, and unless some pickthank intervene to insinuate certain irritating suspicions, I suppose Lord M. will make no objection. There can be no objection to Henry Scott for birth, fortune, or political principle; and I do not see where they can¹ get a better representative.

April 14.—Wrote to Lord M. last night. I hope they will keep the peace in the county. I am sure it would be to me a most distressing thing if Buccleuch and Harden were to pull different ways, being so intimate with both families.

I did not write much yesterday, not above two pages and a half. I have begun *Boney*, though, and *c'est toujours quelque chose*. This morning I sent off proofs and manuscript. Had a letter from the famous Denis Davidoff, the Black Captain, whose abilities as a partizan were so much distinguished during the retreat from Moscow. If I can but wheedle him out of a few anecdotes, it would be a great haul.

A kind letter from Colin Mack[enzie]; he thinks the Ministry will not push the measure against Scotland. I fear they will; there is usually an obstinacy in weakness. But I will think no more about it. Time draws on. I have been here a month. Another month carries me to be a hermit in the city instead of the country. I could scarce think I had been here a week. I wish I was able, even at great loss, to retire from Edinburgh entirely. Here is no bile—no visits—no routine—and yet on the whole, things are as well perhaps as they are.

April 15.—Received last night letters from Sir John Scott Douglas, and from that daintiest of Dandies, Sir William Elliot of Stobbs, canvassing for the county.

¹ Douglas printed "we could."

Young Harry's¹ the lad for me. But will he be the lad for Lord Montagu?—there is the point. I should have given him a hint to attend to Edgerstane. Perhaps being at Minto, and not there, may give offence, and a bad report from that quarter would play the D—I. It is rather too late to go down and tell them this, and to say truth I don't like the air of making myself busy in the matter.

Poor Sir Alexander Don died not of a cramp in the stomach, as was supposed, but of a disease in the heart. The body was open'd, which was very right. Odd enough, too, to have a man, probably a friend two days before, slashing at one's heart as it were a bullock's.

I had a letter yesterday from John Gibson. The House of Longman and Co. guarantee the sale [of *Woodstock*] to Hurst, and take the work, if Hurst and Robinson (as is to be feared) can make no play.

Also I made up what was due of my task both for thirteenth and fourteenth. So hey for a Swiftianism—

“ I loll in my chair,
And around me I stare
With a critical air,
Like a calf at a fair ;
And, say I, Mistress Duty,
Good-morrow to your beauty,
I kiss your sweet shoe-tie,
And hope I can suit ye.”

Fair words butter no parsnips, says Duty ; don't keep talking then, but get to your work again. Here is a day's task before you—the siege of Toulon. Call you that a task ? d— me, I'll write it as fast as *Boney* carried it on.

April 16.—I am now far ahead with *Nap*. I wrote a little this morning, but this forenoon I must write letters, a task in which I am far behind.

“ Heaven sure sent letters for some wretch's plague.”

Lady Scott seems to make no way, yet can scarce be said to lose any. She suffers much occasionally, especially

¹ See entry of April 13.

² Pope's *Eloisa to Abbeard*.

during the night. Sleeps a great deal when at ease ; all symptoms announce water upon the chest. A sad prospect.

In the evening a despatch from Lord Melville, written with all the familiarity of former times, desiring me to ride down and press Mr. Scott of Harden to let Henry stand, and this in Lord Montagu's name as well as his own, so that the two propositions cross each other on the road, and Henry is as much desired by the Buccleuch interest as he desires their support. I am very glad of it.¹

Sent off £10 to Mrs. Bohte bookseller's widow to pay an accompt due to her late husband.

Craig	:	£60
Draugh[t]	:	10
Ball[ance]	:	£50

Jedburgh, April 17.—Came over to Jedburgh this morning, to breakfast with my good old friend Mr. Shortreed, and had my usual warm reception. Lord Gillies held the Circuit Court, and there was no criminal trial for any offence whatsoever. I have attended these circuits with tolerable regularity since 1792, and though there is seldom much of importance to be done, yet I never remember before the Porteous roll being quite blank. The judge was presented with a pair of white gloves, in consideration of its being a maiden circuit. Harden came over and talkd about his son's preferment, naturally much pleased.

Received £100 from John Lock[h]art, for review of Pepys² ; but this is by far too much ; £50 is plenty. Still I must impetico the gratuity for the present,³—for Whitsunday will find me only with £300 in hand, unless Blackwood settles a few scores of pounds for *Malachi*.

Wrote a great many letters. Dined with the Judge where I met the disappointed candidate, Sir John Scott Douglas, who took my excuse like a gentleman. Sir William Elliot, on the other hand, was, being a fine man, very much out of sorts, that having got his own consent,

¹ See *Letters*, vol. ix. p. 510.

² *Quarterly Review*, No. 66, Pepys' *Diary*. See an undated letter from Lockhart quoted in *Letters*, vol. ix. p. 510—"That article has delighted everybody, for altho' there had been abundance of reviews of the book it is the first to point out the real character value and varied interest of its contents."

³ *Twelfth Night*, Act II. Sc. 3.

he could not get that of the county. He shewed none of this, however, to me.

April 18.—This morning I go down to Kelso from Jedburgh to poor Don's funeral. It is, I suppose, forty years since I saw him first. I was staying at Sydenham, a lad of fourteen, or by 'r Lady some sixteen; and he, a boy of six or seven, was brought to visit me on a pony, a groom holding the leading rein—and now, I, an old grey man, am going to lay him in his grave. Sad work. I detest funerals—there is always a want of consistency—it is a tragedy played by strolling performers, who are more likely to make you laugh than cry. No chance of my being made to laugh to-day. The very road I go is a road of grave recollections. Must write to Charles seriously on the choice of his profession, and will do it now. .

[*Abbotsford,*] *April 19.*—Return'd last night from the House of death and mourning to my own, now the habitation of sickness and anxious apprehension. Found Lady S. had tried the foxglove in quantity, till it made her so sick she was forced to desist. The result cannot yet be judged. Wrote to Mrs. Thomas Scott to beg her to let her daughter Anne an uncommonly sensible steady and sweet-tempered girl come and stay with us a season in our distress. Sent her £100 No. 6567 £5c 'o accompt of her allowance from me the other £50 for travelling expences to Anne who I trust will come forthwith.

Two melancholy things. Last night I left my pallet in our family apartment, to make way for a female attendant, and removed to a dressing-room adjoining. When to return, or whether ever, God only can tell. Also my servant cut my hair, which used to be poor Charlotte's personal task. I hope she will not observe it. •

The funeral yesterday was very mournful—about fifty persons present, and all seemed affected. The domestics in particular were very much so. Sir Alex^r was a kind though an exact master. It was melancholy to see those apartments where I have so often seen him play the graceful and kind landlord filled with those who were to carry him to his long home.

There was very little talk of the election, at least till the funeral was over.

April 20.—Lady Scott's health in the same harassing state of uncertainty, yet on my side with more of hope than I had two days since.

Another death—Thomas Riddell, younger of Camiston, Sergeant-Major of the Edinburgh Troop in the merry¹ days of our yeomanry, and a very good fellow.

The day was so tempting that I went out with Tom Purdie to cut some trees, the rather that my task was very well advanced. He led me into the wood, as the blind King of Bohemia was led by his four knights into the thick of the battle at Agincourt or Cressy,² and then, like the old King, "I struck good strokes more than one," which is manly exercise.

April 21.—This day I entertained more flattering hopes of Lady Scott's health than late events permitted. I went down to Mertoun with Colonel Ferguson, who returned to dine here, which consumed time so much that I made a short day's work.

Had the grief to find Lady S. had insisted on coming downstairs and was the worse of it. Also a letter from Lockhart, giving a poor account of the infant. God help us ! earth cannot.

April 22.—Lady Scott continues very poorly. Better news of the child.

Wrought a good deal to-day, rather correcting sheets and acquiring information than actually composing, which is the least toilsome of the three.

J. G. L. kindly points out some solecisms in my stile, as "amid" for "amidst," "scarce" for "scarcely." "Whose," he says, is the proper genitive of "which" only at such times, as "which" retains its quality of impersonification. Well ! I will try to remember all this, but after all I write grammar as I speak, to make my meaning known, and a solecism in point of composition, like a Scotch word in speaking, is indifferent to me. I

¹ Douglas printed "sunny."

² The King of Bohemia slain in the battle of Crécy.

never learned grammar; and not only Sir Hugh Evans but even Mrs. Quickly might puzzle me about Jinnie's case and horum harum horum.¹ I believe the Bailiff in *The Good-natured Man* is not far wrong when he says, "One man has one way of expressing himself, and another another, and that is all the difference between them." Went to Huntley Burn to-day and looked at the Colonel's projected approach. I am sure if the kind heart can please himself he will please me.

April 23.—A glorious day, bright and brilliant, and, I fancy, mild. Lady Scott is certainly better, and has promised not to attempt quitting her room.

Henry Scott has been here, and his canvass comes on like a moor-burning. I did the Assistants at Don's funeral too much honour when I recorded their abstaining from the affairs of the living even while shovelling the earth in upon the dead. One gentleman, Mr. I. of H. who had eat of poor Don's loaf and drunk of his cup almost daily—his toad-cater and bottle-holder—just when the sod was clapped down with the spade took Henry Scott by the arm and with his foot on the grave of his friend who makes the vacancy which Henry wishes to fill, said—"Now I can wish you joy." Henry shrunk from him with loathing. I wonder if there be any cause in nature for these hard hearts, as Lear says.

April 24.—Good news from Brighton. Sophia and child both doing well and the child's name is announced to be Walter—a favourite name in our family, and I trust of no bad omen. Yet it is no charm for life. Of my father's family I was the second Walter, if not the third. I am glad the name came my way, for it was born[e] by my father, great-grandfather, and great-great-grandfather; also by the grandsire of that last-named venerable person who was the first laird of Raeburn.

Hurst and Robinson, the Yorkshire tyke[s], have failed after all their swaggering, and Longman and Co. take *Woodstock*.² But if *Woodstock* and *Napoleon* take with the

¹ *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act iv. Sc. 1.

² See p. 144, l. 14 from foot.

public I shall care little about their insolvency, and if they do not, I don't think their solvency would have lasted long. Constable is sorely broken down.

“Poor fool and knave, I have one part in my heart
That's sorry yet for thee.”¹

His conduct has not been what I deserved at his hand, but, I believe that, walking blindfold himself, he misled me without *malice prepense*. It is best to think so at least, unless the contrary be demonstrated. To nourish angry passions against a man whom I really liked would be to lay a blister on my own heart.

April 25.—Having fallen behind on the 23d, I wrought pretty hard yesterday ; but I had so much reading, and so many proofs to correct, that I did not get over the daily task, so am still a little behind, which I shall soon make up. I have got Nap., d—n him, into Italy, where with bad eyes and obscure maps, I have a little difficulty in tracing out his victorious chess-play.²

Lady Scott was better yesterday, certainly better, and was sound asleep when I lookd in this morning. Walkd in the afternoon. I lookd at a hooded crow building near [the] thicket with great pleasure. It is a shorter date than my neighbour Torwoodlee thought of, when he told me, as I was bragging a little of my plantations, that it would be long ere crows built in them.

April 26. — Cheque on Galashiels £13-0-0 to pay coals. Letters from Walter and Lockharts ; all well and doing well. Lady S. continues better, so the clouds are breaking up. I made a good day's work yesterday, and sent off proofs, letters, and copy this morn[ing] ; so,³ if this fine day holds good, I will take a drive at one.

£13-0-0 coals.	£50
	13
Ball. . .	£37

There is an operation called putting to rights—*Scottice*, *Redding up*—which puts me into a fever. I always leave

¹ *King Lear*, Act III. Sc. 2.

² Scott had by this time written the third chapter of the third volume of his *Life of Napoleon*.

any attempt at it half executed, and so am worse off than before, and have only embroiled the fray. Then my long back aches with stooping into the low drawers of old cabinets, and my neck is strained with staring up to their attics. Then you are sure never to get the thing you want. I am certain they creep about and hide themselves. Tom Moore¹ gave us the insurrection of the papers. That was open war, but this is [a] system of privy plot and conspiracy, by which those you seek creep out of the way, and those you are not wanting perk themselves in your face again and again, untill at last you throw them into some corner in a passion, and then they are the objects of research in their turn. I have read in a French Eastern tale of an enchanted person called *L'homme qui cherche*, a sort of "Sir Guy the Seeker," always employed in collecting the beads of a chaplet, which, by dint of gramarye, always dispersed themselves when he was about to fix on the last upon the string. It was an awful doom; transmogrification into the Laidleyworm of Spindlestaneheugh² would have been a blessing in comparison. Now, the explanation of all this is, that I have been all this morning seeking a parcel of sticks of sealing wax which I brought from Edinburgh, and the "*Weel Brandt and Vast houd*" has either melted without the agency of fire or barricaded itself within the drawers of some cabinet, which has declared itself in a state of insurrection. A choice subject for a journal, but what better have I!

I did not quite finish my task to-day—nay I only did one third of it. It is so difficult to consult the maps after candles are lighted or to read the *Moniteur* that I was obliged to adjourn. The task is three pages or leaves of my close writing per diem, which corresponds to about a sheet (15 pages) of *Woodstock*, and about 12 of *Bonaparte*, which is a more comprehensive page. But I was not idle

¹ See Moore's *The Twopenny Post-Bag* (1812) in which he had some sarcastic remarks on *Rokeby*.

² See *Letters*, vol. vi. pp. 305-6—"My Presidency (of the Royal Society of Edinburgh) took place with great éclat. I spoke of the story of the Laidly worm to the Naturalists which made a great sensation. Dr Barclay says the horrid reptile produces the large brown butterfly."

neither, and wrote some *Balaam*¹ for Lockhart's *Review*. Then I was in hand a leaf above the tale, so I am now only a leaf behind it.

April 27.—This is one of those abominable April mornings which deserve the name of *Sans Cullotides*, as being cold beggarly coarse savage and intrusive. The earth lies an inch deep with snow to the confusion of the worshippers of Flora. By the way, Bogie attended his professional dinner and show of flowers at Jedburgh yesterday. Here is a beautiful sequence to their *floralia*. It is this uncertainty in April and the descent of snow and frost when one thinks themselves clear of them and that after fine encouraging weather that destroys our Scottish fruits and flowers. It is as imprudent to attach yourself to flowers in Scotland as to a caged bird. The cat, sooner or later, snaps up one, and these d—d *Sans Cullotides*—annihilate the other. It was but yesterday I was admiring² the glorious flourish of the pears and apricots and now hath come the killing frost.³

But let it freeze without, we are comfortable within. Lady Scott continues better and we may hope has got the turn of her disease.

April 28.—Beautiful morning but ice as thick as paste-board too surely showing that the night has made good yesterday's threat. Dalgleish with his most melancholy face conveys the most doleful tidings from Bogie. But servants are fond of the woeful : it gives such consequence to the person who communicates bad news.

Wrote two leaves, and read till twelve, and then for a stout walk among the plantations till four. Found Lady Scott obviously better, I think, than I had left her in the morn[ing]. In walking I am like a spavind horse, and heat as I get on. The flourishing plantations around me are a great argument for me to labour hard.

"*Barbarus has segetes?*" I will write my fingers-ends off first.

¹ *Balaam* is the cant name in a Newspaper Office for asinine paragraphs, about monstrous productions of Nature and the like, kept standing in type to be used whenever the real news of the day leaves an awkward space that must be filled up somehow.—J. G. L.

² "admired" in photostat.

³ *Henry VIII.*, Act III. Sc. 2.

April 29.—I was always afraid, privately, that *Woodstock* would not stand the test. In that case my fate would have been that of the unfortunate minstrel trumpeter Marine at the battle of Sheriffmoor—

“ By misfortune he chanced to fa', man ;
 And in saving his neck
 His trumpet did brek,
 And came off without musick at a', man.” ¹

J. B. corroborated my doubts by his raven-like croaking and criticiz'ng ; but the good fellow writes me this morning that he is written down an ass, and that the approbation is unanimous. It is but Edinburgh, to be sure. But Edinburgh has always been a harder critic than London. It is a great mercy, and gives encouragement for future exertion. Having written two hours this morning, I think I will turn out to my walk, though two hours earlier ² than usual. Egad, I could not persuade myself that it was such bad *Balaam* after all.

April 30.—I corrected this morning a quantity of proofs and copy, and dawdled about a little, the weather of late becoming ³ rather milder, though not much of that. Methinks Duty looks as if she were but half-pleased with me ; but would the pagan bitch have me work on the Sunday ?

MAY

May 1.—Cash in Excheq^r precepts
 £37 received by Ballantyne £170 which paid
 170 into Mr. Craig Leaves Bal^l. £207. If
 £207 Ball.

Malachi brings anything and £250 in June I will be quite well off. But I wish Walter's equipments and outfit (Nephew Walter) were paid back. I walked to-day to the western corner of the Chiefswood plantation, and marked out a large additional plantation to be drawn

¹ Hogg's *Jacobite Relics*, vol. ii. p. 5. ² “early” in photostat.

³ “being of later becoming” in photostat. •

along the face of the hill. It cost me some trouble to carry the boundaries out of the eye, for nothing is so paltry as a plantation of almost any extent if its whole extent lies defined to the eye. By availing myself of the undulations of the ground I think I have avoided this for the present ; only when seen from the Eildon hills the cranks and turns of the enclosure will seem fantastic, at least untill the trees get high.

This cost Tom and me three or four hours. Lieut.-Colonel Ferguson joined us as we went home, and dined at Abbotsford.

My cousin, Barbara Scott of Raeburn, came here to see Lady S. I think she was shocked with the melancholy change. She insisted upon walking back to Lessudden House, making her walk 16 or 18 miles, and though the carriage was ordered she would not enter it. The old Caliban her father will not even allow her a pony and I believe makes my Aunt lay out all the interest of her own fortune and Barbara's to keep the family and save his own wretched pelf.

May 2.—Yesterday was a splendid May day—to-day seems inclined to be *soft*, as we call it, but *tant mieux*. Yesterday had a twang of frost in it. I must get to work and finish Boaden's *Life of Kemble*, and Kelly's *Reminiscences*,¹ for the *Quarterly*.

I wrote and read for three hours, and then walkd, the day being soft and delightful ; but alas ! all my walks are lonely from the absence of my poor companion. She does not suffer thank God but strength must fail at last. Since Sunday there has been a gradual change—very gradual—but, alas ! to the worse. My hope is almost gone. But I am determined to stand this grief as I have done others.

May 3.—Another fine morning. I answered a letter from Mr. Handley, who has taken the pains to rummage the Chancery Records untill he has actually discovered the fund due to Lady Scott's mother. £1200, it seems, have been

¹ See *Miscellaneous Prose Works*, vol. xx. pp. 152-244.

invested in the estates of a Mr. Owen, as it appears for M^{me} Charpentier's benefit. But, she dying, the fund was lost sight of and got into Chancery, where I suppose it must have accumulated. But I cannot say I understand the matter ; at a happier moment the news would have given poor Charlotte much pleasure, but now—it is a day too late.

May 4.—On visiting Lady Scott's sick-room this morning I found her suffering, and I doubt if she knew me. Yet, after breakfast, she seemed serene and composed. The worst is, she will not speak out about the symptoms under which she labours. Sad, sad work ; I am under the most melancholy apprehension, for what constitution can hold out under these continued and wasting attacks ?

My niece Anne Scott a prudent sensible and kind young woman arrived to-day having come down to assist us in our distress from so far as Cheltenham. This is a great consolation.

May 5.—Haunted by gloomy thoughts ; but I corrected proofs from seven to ten, and wrote from $\frac{1}{2}$ past ten to one. My old friend Sir Adam call'd, and took a long walk with me, which was charity. His gaiety rubbed me up a little. I had also a visit from the Laird and Lady of Harden. Henry Scott carries the county without opposition.

Drew on Craig for £20 to house
expences.

£207
20

£187 Ball.

May 6.—The same scene of hopeless (almost) and unavailing anxiety. Still wellcoming me with a smile, and asserting she is better. I fear the fatal disease is too deeply entwined with the principles of life. Yet the increase of good weather especially if it would turn more genial might I think, aid her excellent constitution. Still labouring at this review, without heart or spirits to finish it. I am a tolerable Stoic, but preach to myself in vain.

“ Since these things are necessities,

Then let us meet them like necessities.”¹

And so we will.

¹ 2 *Henry IV.*, Act III. Sc. 1, slightly altered.

May 7.—Hammered on at the Review till my backbone ached. But I believe it was a nervous affection for a walk cured it. Sir Adam and the Colonel dined here with my cousin Maxpopple. So I spent the evening as pleasantly as I well could, considering I am so soon to leave my own house, go like a stranger to the town of which I have been so long a citizen, and leave my wife lingering without prospect of recovery under the charge of two poor girls. *Talia cogit dura Necessitas.*

May 8.—I went over to the Election at Jedburgh carry[ing] Maxpopple with me. There was a numerous meeting; the Whigs who did not bring ten men to the meeting of course took the whole matter under their patronage, which was much of a piece with the Blue Bottle driving the carriage. I tried to pull [them] up once or twice, but quietly, having no desire to disturb the quiet of the election. To see the difference of modern times! We had a good dinner, and excellent wine; and I had ordered my carriage at half-past seven, almost ashamed to start so early. Everybody dispersed at so early an hour, however, that when Henry had left the chair, there was [no] carriage for me, and Peter proved his accuracy by showing me it was but a quarter-past seven. In the days I remember they would have kept it up till day-light; nor do I think poor Don would have left the chair before midnight. Well, there is a medium. Without being a veteran Vice, a Grey Iniquity, like Falstaff, I think an occasional jolly bout, if not carried to excess, improved society. Men were put into good humour; when the good wine did its good office, the jest the song the speech had double effect; men were happy for the night, and better friends ever after, because they had been so.

May 9.—My new Liverpool neighbour, Mr. Bainbridge, breakfasts here to-day with some of his family. They wish to try the fishing in Cauldshields Loch, and [there is] promise of a fine soft morning. But the season is too early.

They have had no sport accordingly after trying with trimmers. Mr. Bainbridge is a good cut of John Bull—

plain sensible and downright—the maker of his own fortune, and son of his own works.

May 10.—To-morrow I leave my home. To what scene I may suddenly be recalld, it wrings my heart to think. If she would but be guided by the medical people and attend rigidly to their orders something might be hoped, but she is impatient with the protracted suffering, and no wonder. Anne has a severe task to perform, but the assistance of her cousin is a great comfort. Baron Weber, the great composer, wants me (through Lockhart) to compose something to be set to music by him, and sung [by] Miss Stephens—as if I cared who set or who sung any lines of mine. I have recommended instead Beaumont and Fletcher's unrivalled song in the *Nice Valour* :

“Hence, all ye vain delights,” etc.

May 11.—

“Der Abschi[e]d's Tag ist da,
Schwer liegt er auf den Herzen—schwer.”¹

Charlotte was unable to take leave of me, being in a sound sleep, after a very indifferent night. Perhaps it was as well,—an adieu might have hurt her ; and nothing I could have expressd would have been worth the risk. I have foreseen for two years and more that this menaced event could not be far distant. I have seen plainly within the last two months, that recovery was hopeless—and yet to part with the companion of twenty-nine years when so very ill—that I did not, could not foresee. It withers my heart to think of it, and to recollect that I can hardly hope again to seek confidence and counsel from that ear to which all might be safely confided. But in her present lethargic state, what would my attentions have availd ? and Anne has promis'd close and constant intelligence. I must dine with James Ballantyne to-day *en famille*. I cannot help it but would rather be at home and alone. However, I can go out too. I will not yield to the barren sense of

¹ This is the opening couplet of a German trooper's song, alluded to in *Life*, vol. ii. p. 13. The literal translation is :—

“The day of departure is come ;
Heavy lies it on the hearts—heavy.”—J. G. L.

hopelessness which struggles to invade me. I drew upon Mr. Craig to-day the following sums :-

		To my own account . . .	£15
Ball. with Craig	£187	To wages etc. for Anne . . .	£100
Deduce . . .	£136	To Dr Clarkson . . .	£21
	<u>£51</u>		<u>£136</u>
Ball. £51. 0. 0.			

I passed a pleasant day with honest J. B., which was a great relief from the black dog which would have worried me at home. We were quite alone.

May 12.—Well—Here I am in Arden. And I will say with Touchstone, “When I was at home I was in a better place,” and yet this is not by any means to be complained of—good apartments, the people civil and apparently attentive. No appearance of smoke, and absolute warrandice against my dreaded enemies, Bugs. I must when there is occasion draw to my own Baillie Nicol Jarvie’s consolation, “One cannot carry the comforts of the Saut-Market about with one.” Were I well at ease in mind, I think the body is very well cared for. I have two steady servants, a man and woman and they seem to set out sensibly and steadily enough. Only one lodger in the house, a Mr Shandy, a clergyman ; and despite his name, said to be a quiet one.

May 13.—The projected measure against the Scottish bank-notes has been abandoned, the resistance being general. Malachi might clap his wings upon this but, alas ! domestic anxiety has cut his comb.

I think very lightly generally of praise—it costs men nothing, and is usually only lip-salve. They wish to please and most suppose that flattery is the ready [road] to the good will of every professor of literature. Some praise however and from some people does at once delight and strengthen the mind, and I record¹ in this place the quotation with which Ld. C. Baron Shepherd concluded a letter concerning me to the Chief Commissioner : “ *Magna enim illa laus et admirabilis videri solet subiisse casus sapienter*

¹ Lockhart printed “insert” instead of “record.”

adversos, non fractum esse Fortunâ, retinuisse in rebus asperis dignitatem." I record these words, not as meriting the high praise they imply, but to remind me that such an opinion being partially entertained of me by a man of a character so eminent, it becomes me to make my conduct approach as much as possible to the standard at which he rates it.

As I must pay back to Terry some cash in London, £170, together with other matters here, I have borrowed from Mr. Alex^r Ballantyne the sum of £500, upon a promissory note for £512, 10s. payable 15/18 of November to him or his order. If God should call me before that time, I request my son Walter will, in reverence to my memory, see that Mr. Alex^r Ballantyne does not suffer for having obliged me in a sort of exigency—he cannot afford it, and God has given my son the means to repay him.

May 14.—A fair good-morrow to you, Mr. Sun, who are shining so brightly on these dull walls. Methinks you look as if you were looking as bright on the banks of the Tweed ; but look where you will, Sir Sun, you look upon sorrow and suffering. Hogg was here yesterday in danger from having obtained an accomodation of £100 from Mr. Ballantyne, which he is now obliged to repay. I am unable to help the poor fellow being obliged to borrow myself. But I long ago remonstrated against the transaction at all, and gave him £50 out of my pocket to avoid granting the accomodation, but it did no good.

I likewise received yesterday the displeasing assurance that my landlady had cribbed a piece of silk from the end of a packet belonging to Mr. Allan and been examined by the Magistrates about it. But I find she had mentioned the thing to Dalgleish my servant describing herself as a woman *much harassed*. Now, in the first place, I think the poor woman may be innocent, and were I to leave the lodgings and make a noise it would ruin her. 2dly—I have known ladies of better rank perfectly capable of *nimming* as it were lace ribbands and silk remnants who yet would not put forth their hands upon men's apparel and linnen which with a few books is all I risque in her custody. 3dly—Her

having spoke on the subject herself shews that she intends like the fox to keep her own den clean, and I might go to another lodging where the mistress was equally thievish but being still possessed of a fair character was more free to follow forth her vocation. 4thly—The Bureau, writing table, secretary's dispatch box are my own as well as the Cellaret and have capital keys. 5thly and lastly I have so little to lose that I would not be at the trouble to shift quarters for the risque. The woman is sensible she has a character to regain, and I would not stand in her way and do not believe she would go to the Devil with such a dishclout as linnen of mine would make.

“ So we'll stay with Mrs Broon,
Though I fear she's but a lown.”

May 15.—Received the melancholy intelligence that all is over at Abbotsford.

May 16.—She died at nine in the morning, after being very ill for two days,—easy at last.

I arrived here late last night. Anne is worn out, and has had hystericks, which returned on my arrival. Her broken accents were like those of a child, the language as well as the tones broken, but in the most gentle voice of submission. “ Poor mamma—never return again—gone for ever—a better place.” Then when she came to herself she spoke with sense freedom and strength of mind till her weakness returnd. It would have been inexpressibly moving to me as a stranger—what was it then to the father and the husband? For myself, I scarce know how I feel—sometimes as firm as the Bass rock, sometimes as weak as the wave that breaks on it.

I am as alert at thinking and deciding as I ever was in my life. Yet, when I contrast what this place now is with what it has been not long since, I think my heart will break. Lonely aged deprived of my family—all but poor Anne, impoverished, an embarrassd man, I am deprived of the sharer of my thoughts and counsels, who could always talk down my sense of the calamitous apprehensions which break the heart that must bear them alone. Even

her foibles were of service to me; by giving me things to think of beyond my weary self-reflections.

I have seen her. The figure I beheld is, and is not, my Charlotte—my thirty years' companion. There is the same symmetry of form, though those limbs are rigid which were once so gracefully elastic—but that yellow masque, with pinched features, which seems to mock life rather than emulate it, can it be the face that was once so full of lively expression? I will not look on it again. Anne thinks her little changed, because the latest idea she had formed of her mother is as she appeared under circumstances of sickness and pain. Mine go back to a period of comparative health. If I write long in this way, I shall write down my resolution, which I should rather write up, if I could. I wonder how I shall do with the large portion of thoughts which were hers for thirty years. I suspect they will be hers yet for a long time at least. But I will not blaze cambrick and crape in the publick eye like a disconsolate widower, that most affected of all characters.

May 17.—Last night Anne, after conversing with apparent ease, dropt suddenly down as she rose from the supper-table, and lay six or seven minutes as if dead. Clarkson has no fear of the results of these affect[ions].

Accompts stand as under

To loan from Mr. Alex ^r Bal'antyne	£500
By sent to Terry	£170
By Dalgleish's wages £25 Cissy £5, 5	
say	30
By Charles	50
By bill Mrs. Tho ^s Scott	25
By Mr Laidlaw for poor of Dryburgh £8	
do. do. Melrose	5
Balance	2
Mournings Tom and Bogie	10
	— 25
By Miss Fergussons interest	75
	— £375
Ball. in purse	£135

Ball. in desk. £185
Mr. Craig . . 60
£185

May 18.—Another day, and a bright one to the external world, again opens on us—the air soft, and the flowers smiling, and the leaves glittering. They cannot refresh her to whom mild weather was a natural enjoyment. Cearments of lead and of wood already hold her—cold earth must have her soon. But it is not my Charlotte, it is not the bride of my youth, the mother of my children, that will be laid among the ruins of Dryburgh, which we have so often visited in gaiety and pastime. No, no. She is sentient and conscious of my emotions somewhere—somehow; *where* we cannot tell; *how* we cannot tell—yet would I not at this moment renounce the mysterious yet certain hope that I shall see her in a better world, for all that this world can give me. The necessity of this separation—that necessity which rendered it even a relief—that and patience must be my comfort. I do not experience those paroxysms of grief which others do on the same occasion. I can exert myself and speak even cheerfully with the poor girls. But alone, or if anything touches me—the choking sensation. I have been to her room: there was no voice in it—no stirring; the pressure of the coffin was visible on the bed, but it had been removed elsewhere; all was neat as she loved it, but all was calm—calm as death. I remembered the last sight of her—she raised herself in bed, and tried to turn her eyes after me, and said, with a sort of smile, “You all have such melancholy faces.” They were the last words I ever heard her utter, and I hurried away, for she did not seem quite conscious of what she said. When I returned, immediately [before] departing, she was in a deep sleep. It is deeper now—This was but seven days since.

They are arranging the chamber of death, that which was long the apartment of connubial happiness, and of whose arrangements (better than in richer houses) she was so proud—They are treading fast and thick—For weeks you could have heard a foot-fall—Oh, my God!

May 19.—Anne, poor love, is ill with her exertions and agitation—cannot walk—and is still hysterical, though less so. I advised flesh-brush and tepid bath, which I think will bring her about. We speak freely of Her whom we

have lost, and mix her name with our ordinary conversation. This is the rule of Nature. All primitive people speak of their dead, and I think virtuously and wisely. The idea of blotting the name of those who are gone out of the language and familiar discourse of those to whom they were dearest is one of the rules of ultra-civilisation which, in so many instances, strangle natural feeling by way of avoiding a painful sensation. The Highlanders speak of their dead children as freely as of their living, and mention how poor Colin or Robert would have acted in such or such a situation. It is a generous and manly tone of feeling—and, so far as it may be adopted without affectation or contradicting the general habits of society, I reckon on observing it.

May 20.—To-night, I trust, will bring Charles or Lockhart, one or both this evening; at least I must hear from them. A letter from Violet [Lockhart] gave us the painful intelligence that she had not mentioned to Sophia the dangerous state in which her mother was. Most kindly meant, but certainly not so well judged. I have always thought that truth even when painful is a great duty on such occasions, and it is seldom that concealment is justifiable.

Sophia's baby was christened on Sunday, 14th May, by Brighton, by the name of Walter Scott. May God give him life and health to wear it with credit to himself and those belonging to him. Melancholy to think that the next morning after this ceremony deprived him of so near a relation. • Sent £11 to Cash . . . £135
Mr. Curle to remit Mrs. Bohte, York Off . . . 11
Street, Covent Garden, for books—I thought Craig . . . 124
I had paid the poor woman before. 50
£174

May 21.—Our sad preparations for to-morrow continue. A letter from Lockhart doubtful if Sophia's health or his own state of business will let him be here. If they permit he comes to-night. From Charles not a word—but I think I may expect him. I wish to-morrow were over—not that I fear it, for my nerves are pretty good, but it will be a day of many recollections.

May 22.—Charles arrived last night much affected of course. Anne had a return of her fainting-fits on seeing

him, and again upon seeing Mr. Ramsay, the gentleman who performs the service. I heard him do so with the utmost propriety for my late friend, Lady Alvanley, the arrangement of whose funeral devolved upon me. How little I could guess when, where, and with respect to whom I should next hear those solemn words. Well—I am not apt to shrink from that which is my duty merely because it is painful but I wish this day over. A kind of cloud of stupidity hangs about me, as if all were unreal that men seem to be doing and talking about.

May 23.—About one hour before the mournful ceremony of yesterday, Walter arrived, having travelled express from Ireland on receiving the news. He was much affected, poor fellow, and no wonder. Poor Charlotte nursed him, and perhaps for that reason she was ever partial to him. The whole scene floats as a sort of vision before me—the beautiful day, the grey ruins covered and hidden among shreds¹ of foliage and flourish, where the grave, even in the lap of beauty, lay lurking and gaped for its prey. Then the grave looks, the hasty important bustle of men with spades and mattocks—the train of carriages—the coffin containing the creature that was so long the dearest on earth to me, and which² I was to consign to the very spot which in pleasure-parties we so frequently visited. It seems still as if this could not be really so. But it is so—and duty to God and to my children must teach me patience.

Ball . .	£124	0	0	Poor Anne has had longer fits since our arrival from Dryburgh than before, but yesterday was the crisis. She desired to hear prayers read by Mr. Ramsay, who performed the duty in a most solemn manner. ³ But her strength could not carry it through. She fainted before the service was concluded.
Clergmn	15			
	100			
Craig .	50			
	£159			
By Cash	11			
	£170			
Walter .	5			
	£165			

May 24.—Slept wretchedly, or rather waked wretchedly,

¹ "shreds" in photostat. Douglas printed "clouds."

² Douglas following Lockhart printed "whom" for "which" (*i.e.* the coffin).

³ "matter" in photostat.

all night, and was very sick and bilious in consequence, and scarce able to hold up my head with pain. A walk, however, with my sons did me a great deal of good ; indeed their society is the greatest support the world can afford me. Their ideas of everything are so just and honourable—kind towards their sisters, and affectionate to me—that I must be grateful to God for sparing them to me and continue to battle with the world for their sakes, if not for my own.

May 25.—I had sound sleep to-night, and waked with little or nothing of the strange, dreamy feeling which made [me] for some days feel like one bewildered in a country where mist or snow has disguised those features of the landscape which are best known to him.

Walter leaves me to-day. He seems disposed to take interest in country affairs, which will be an immense resource, supposing him to tire of the army in a few years. Charles, he and I, went up to Ashestiel to call upon the Misses Russell, who have kindly promised to see Anne on Tuesday. This evening Walter left us, being anxious to return to his wife as well as to his regiment. We expect he will be here early in autumn, with his household.

May 26.—A rough morning, and makes me think of St. George's Channel, which Walter must cross to-night or to-morrow to get to Auldone. The wind is almost due east, however, and the channel at the narrowest point between Port-Patrick and Dona[g]hadh. His absence is a great blank in our circle, especially, I think to his sister Anne to whom he shows invariably much kindness. But indeed they do so without exception each towards the other and in weal or woe have shown themselves a family of love. No persuasion could force on Walter any of his poor mother's ornaments for his wife. He undid a reading-glass from the gold chain to which it was suspended and agreed to give the glass to Jane, but would [on] no account retain the chain. I will go to town on Monday and resume my labours. Being of a grave nature, they cannot go against the general temper of my feelings, and in other respects the exertion, as I am convinced,¹ will do me good. Besides,

¹ Douglas printed "as [far as] I am concerned."

I must re-establish my fortune for the sake of the children, and of my own character. I have not leisure to indulge the disabling and discouraging thoughts that press on me. Were an enemy coming upon my house would I not do my best to fight although oppressd in spirits, and shall a similar despondency prevent me from mental exertion? It shall not, by Heaven! This day and to-morrow I give to the currency of the ideas which have of late occupied my mind, and with Monday they shall be mingled at least with other thoughts and cares. Last Night Charles and I walked late on the terræ at Kaeside, when the clouds seem[ed] accumulating in the wildest masses both on the Eildon Hills and other mountains in the distance. This rough morning reads the riddle.

Dull, dropping, cheerless has the day been. I cared not to carry my own gloom to the girls, and so sate in my own room, dawdling with old papers, which awaked as many stings as if they had been the nest of fifty scorpions. Then the solitude seemd so absolute—my poor Charlotte would have been in the [room] half-a-score of times to see if the fire burnd, and to ask a hundred kind questions. Well—that is over—and if it cannot be forgotten, must be rememberd with patience.

May 27.—A sleepless night. It is time I should be up and be doing, and a sleepless night sometimes furnishes good ideas. Alas! I have no companion now with whom I can communicate to relieve the loneliness of these watches of the night. But I must not fail myself and my family—and the necessity of exertion becomes apparent. I must try a *hors d'œuvre*, something that can go on between the necessary intervals of *Nap*. Mrs. M[urray] K[ith's] tale of the Deserter with her interview with the lad's mother may be made most affecting, but will hardly endure much expansion. The framework may be a Highland tour, under the guardianship of the sort of postilion, whom Mrs. M. K. described to me—a species of conducteur who regulated the motions of his company, made their halts, and was their cicerone.

May 28.—I wrote a few pages yesterday, and then

walked. I believe the description of the old Scottish lady may do, but the change has been unceasingly rung upon Scottish subjects of late, and it strikes me that the introductory matter may be considered as an imitation of Washington Irving. Yet not so neither. In short, I will go on to-day, make a dozen of close pages ready, and take J. B.'s advice. I intend the work as an *olla podrida*, into which any species of narrative or discussion may be thrown.

I wrote easily. I think the exertion has done me good. I slept sound last night, and at waking, as is usual with me, I found I had some clear views and thoughts upon the subject of this trifling work. I wonder if others find so strongly as I do the truth of the Latin proverb, *Aurora musis amica*. If I forget a thing over-night, I am sure to recollect it as my eyes open in the morning. The same if I want an idea, or am encumbered by some difficulty, the moment of waking always supplies the deficiency, or gives me courage to endure the alternative.

May 29.—To-day I leave for Edinburgh this House of sorrow. In the midst of much distress, I have the great pleasure to see Anne regaining her health, and showing both patience and steadiness of mind. God continue this, for my own sake as well as hers. Much of my future comfort must depend upon her.

Expences

		Anne to various Accots and Cash in hand	£40
Craig	£50	Tom purdie to coals and to Accot ^t	25
Anne drn	20	Self to Journey etc.	5
Craig	30	Charles	10
Cash	40	Bogie	10
			£90
		Tom to further accot ^t	5
			95
		Cash	£165
		Deduce	95
		Cash remaining	£70

May 30.—Returned to Edinburgh last night with Charles. This morning resume ordinary habits of working in the morning rising early and attending the Court. All will come easily round. But it is at first as if men looked strange on me and bit their lip when they wrung my hand and indicated suppressd feelings. It is natural this should [be]—undoubtedly it has been so with me. Yet it is strange to find one's-self resemble a cloud which darkens gaiety wherever it interposes its chilling shade. Will it be better when left to my own feelings I will see the whole world pipe and dance around me? I think it will—their sympathy intrudes on my private affliction.

I finishd correcting the proofs for the *Quarterly*. It is but a flimsy article, but then the circumstances were most untoward.

This has been a melancholy day—most melancholy. I am afraid poor Charles found me weeping—I do not know what other folks feel, but with me the hysterical passion that compels tears is of terrible violence—a sort of throttling sensation—then succeeded by a state of dreaming stupidity, in which I ask if my poor Charlotte can actually be dead. I think I feel my loss more than at the first blow.

Poor Charles wishes to come back to study here when his term ends at Oxford. I can see the motive.

May 31.—The melancholy hours of yesterday must not return—to encourage that dreamy state of incapacity is to resign all authority over the mind, and I have been wont to say—

“ My Mind to me a Kingdom is.”

I am rightful monarch and God to aid I will not be dethroned by any rebellious passion that may rear its standard against me. Such are morning thoughts, strong as carl-hemp—says Burns—

“ Come, firm Resolve, take thou the van,
Thou stalk of *Carle-Hemp* in man.”

Charles went by the steam-boat this morning at six.

We parted last night mournfully on both sides. Poor boy, this is his first serious sorrow.

Cash . .	£40	in hand	£12.	Wrote this morning a
	12			memorial on the claims which Constable's
	—			people prefer to <i>Woodstock</i> and <i>Napoleon</i> .
	£28			

JUNE

June 1.—Yesterday I also finished a few trifling Memoranda on a book called *The Omen*, at Blackwood's request. There is something in the work which pleases me and the stile is good, though the story is not artfully conducted. I dined yesterday in family with Skene, and had a visit from Lord Ch[ief]-Commissioner. We met as mourners under a common calamity. There is something extremely kind in his disposition.

Sir R. D[undas] offers me three days of the country next week, which tempt me strongly were it but the prospect of seeing Anne. But I think I must resist and say with Tilburina,

“Duty, i'm all thine own.”¹

If I do this I shall deserve a holiday about the 15th June, and I think it is best to wait till then.

June 2.—A pleasant letter from Sophia, poor girl; all doing well there, for which God be praised.

I wrote a good task yesterday, five pages, which is nearly double the usual stint.

I am settled that I will not go to Abbotsford till to-morrow fortnight.

I might have spared myself the trouble of my self-denial, for go I cannot, Hamilton having a fit of gout.

Gibson seems in high spirits on the views I have given to him on the nature of Constable and Company's claim. It amounts to this, that being no longer accountable as

¹ Sheridan's *Critic*, Act iv. Sc. 2.

publishers, they cannot claim the character of such, or plead upon any claim arising out of the contracts entered into while they filled that capacity.

June 3.—I was much disturbed this morning by bile and its consequences, and lost so much sleep that I have been rather late in rising by way of indemnification. I must go to the map and study the Italian campaigns instead of scribbling.

June 4.—I wrote a good task yesterday, and to-day a great one, scarce stirring from the desk the whole day, except a few minutes when Lady Rae called. I was glad to see my wife's old friend, with whom in early life we had so many *liaisons*. I am not sure it is right to work so hard ; but a man must take himself, as well as other people, when he is in the humour. A man will do twice as much at one time and in half the time and twice as well that he will be able to do in another.¹ People are always crying out about method, and in some respects it is good, and shows to great advantage among men of business, but I doubt if men of method, who can lay aside or take up the pen just at the hour appointed, will ever be better than poor creatures. Lady L[ouisa] S[tuart] used to tell me of Mr. Hoole, the translator of *Tasso* and *Ariosto*, and in that capacity a noble transmuter of gold into lead, that he was a clerk in the India House, with long ruffles and a snuff-coloured suit of clothes, who occasionally visited her father [John, Earl of Bute]. She sometimes conversed with him, and was amused to find that he *did* exactly so many couplets day by day, neither more or less ; and habit had made it light to him, however heavy it might seem to the reader.

Well, but if I lay down the pen, as the pain in my breast hints that I should, what am I to do ? If I think, why, I shall weep—and that's nonsense ; and I have no friend now—none—to receive my tediousness for half-an-hour of the gloaming. Let me be grateful—I have good news from Abbotsford.

June 5.—Though this be Monday, I am not able to

¹ The sentence is printed as it stands in the photostat. Douglas's alterations are not improvements.

feague it away, as Bayes says. Between correcting proofs and writing letters, I have got as yet but two pages written, and that with labour and a sensation of pain in the chest. I may be bringing on some serious disease by working thus hard ; if I had once justice done to other folks, I do not much care, only I would not like to suffer long pain. Harden made me a visit. He agreed with me that Lord M. affiché'd his own importance too much at the election, and says Henry is anxious about it. I hinted to him the necessity of counter-balancing it the next time, which will be soon.

Thomson also call'd about the Bannatyne Club.

These two interruptions did me good, though I am still a poor wretch.

After all, I have fagg'd through six pages and made poor Wurmser lay down his sword on the glacis of Mantua—and my head aches—my eyes ache—my back aches—so does my breast—and I am sure my heart aches, and what can Duty ask more ?

June 6.—I arose much better this morning, having taken some medicine, which has removed the strange and aching feeling in my back and breast. I believe it is from the diaphragm. It must be look'd to, however. I have not yet breakfasted, yet have clear'd half my day's work holding it at the ordinary stint.

Worked hard. John Swinton, my kinsman, came to see me,—very kind and affectionate in his manner. My heart always warms to that Swinton connection, so faithful to old Scottish feelings. Harden was also with me. I talked with him about what Lord M. did at the Election & find that he disapproves—I see these visits took place on the 5th.

June 7.—Again a day of hard work—only at half-past eight I went to the Dean of Faculty's to a consultation about Constable,¹ and met with said Dean and Mr. [J. S.] More and J. Gibson. I find they have as high hope of success as lawyers ought to express and I think I know how our profession speak when sincere. I cannot interest myself deeply in it. When I had come home from such a

¹ See entry of June 2.

business, I used to carry the news to poor Charlotte, who dressed her face in sadness or mirth as she saw the news affect me. This hangs bitterly¹ about me. I had almost forgot the appointment, if J. G. had not sent me a card, I passed a piper in the street as I went to the Dean's and could not help giving him a shilling to play *Pibroch a Donuil Dhu* for luck's sake—what a child I am!

June 8.—Bilious and headache this morning. A dog howld all night and left me little sleep. Poor cur! I dare say he had his distresses, as I have mine. I was obliged to make Dalgleish shut the windows when he appeared at half-past six, as usual, and did not rise till nine, when—*me voici*—I have often deserved a headache in my younger days without having one and Nature is I suppose paying off old scores. Aye, but then the want of the affectionate care that used to be ready with lowerd voice and stealthy pace to smooth the pillow—and offer condolence and assistance,—gone—gone—for ever—ever—ever. Well, there is another world, and we'll meet free from the mortal sorrows and frailties which beset us here. Amen, so be it. Let me change the topic with hand and head, and the heart must follow.

I think that sitting so many days and working so hard may have brought on this headache. I must inflict a walk on myself to-day. Strange that what is my delight in the country is *here* a sort of penance! Well, but now I think on it, I will go to the Ch: Baron and try to get his Lordship's opinion about the question with Constable. If I carry it as there is I trust much hope I shall, Mr. Gibson says there will be funds to divide 6s. in the pound without counting upon getting anything from Constable or Hurst, but sheer hard cash of my own. Such another pull is possible, especially if *Boney* succeeds, and the rogue had a knack at his success. Such another, I say, and we touch ground I believe. For surely Constable, Robinson, etc., must pay something. The struggle is worth waring² a headache upon.

I finishd five pages to-day—headache, laziness, and all.

¹ Douglas printed "lightly."

² i.e. spending.

June 9.—Corrected a stubborn proof this morning. These battles have been the death of many a man—I think they will be mine. Well but it clears to windward ; so we will fag on.

Slept well last night. By the way, how intolerably selfish this Journal makes one seem—so much attention to one's naturals and non-naturals ! Lord Mackenzie¹ call'd, and we had much chat about parish² business. The late regulations for preparing cases in the Outer House does not work well, and thus our old machinery, which was very indifferent, is succeeded by a kind that will hardly move at all. Mackenzie says his business is trebled, and that he cannot keep it up. I question whether the extreme strictness of rules of court be adviseable. In practice they are always evaded upon an equitable showing. I do not, for instance, lodge a paper, *debito tempore*, and for an accident happening perhaps through the blunder of a Writer's apprentice I am to lose my cause. The penalty is totally disproportion'd to the delict, and the consequence is that means are found out of evasion by legal fictions and the like. The judges listen to these ; they become frequent, and the rule of Court ends by being a scarecrow merely. Formerly, delays of this kind were checked by corresponding *amendes*. But the Court relaxed these petty fines too often. Had they been more strict, and levied the mulct on the agents, with *no recourse* upon their clients, the abuse might have been remedied. I fear, the present rule is too severe to do much good.

One effect of running causes fast through the Courts below is that they go by scores to appeal, and Lord Gifford³ has hitherto decided them with such judgment and so much rapidity as to give great satisfaction. The consequence will in time be, that the Scottish Supreme Court will be in effect situated in London. Then down fall—as national objects

¹ The eldest son of "*The Man of Feeling*." He was appointed a judge in 1822 in succession to Lord Kinnedder.

² Douglas omitted this word, although Lockhart printed it.

³ Baron Gifford died a few months later, viz., in Sept. 1826 ; he had been Attorney-General in 1819, and Chief-Justice in 1824. Lord and Lady Gifford had visited Abbotsford in the autumn of 1825.

of respect and veneration—the Scottish Bench, the Scottish Bar, the Scottish Law herself, and—and—“there is an end of an auld sang.”¹ Were I as I have been, I would fight knee-deep in blood ere it came to that. But it is a catastrophe which the great course of events brings daily nearer—

“And who can help it, Dick?”

I shall always be proud of *Malachi* as having headed back the Southron, or helped to do so, in one instance at least.

June 10.—This was an unusual teind-day at Court. In the morning and evening I corrected proofs—four sheets in number; and I wrote my task of three pages and a little more. Three pages a day will come, at Constable’s rate, to about £12,000 to £15,000 per year. They have sent their claim; it does not frighten me a bit.

June 11.—Bad dreams about poor Charlotte. Woke, thinking my old and inseparable friend beside me; and it was only when I was fully awake that I could persuade myself that she was dark, low, and distant, and that my bed was widowed. I believe the phenomena of dreaming are in a great measure occasioned by the *double touch*, which takes place when one hand is crossed in sleep upon another. Each gives and receives the impression of touch to and from the other, and this complicated sensation our sleeping fancy ascribes to the agency of another being, when it is in fact produced by our own limbs acting on each other. Well, here goes—*incumbite remis*.

June 12.—Finishd Vol. III of *Napoleon*. I resumed it on the 1st of June the earliest period that I could bend my mind to it after my great loss. Since that time I have lived, to be sure, the life of a hermit, except at attending the Court five times in the week for about three hours on an average. Except at that time I have been reading or writing on the subject of *Boney*, and have finishd last night, and sent to printer this morning the last sheets of fifty-two written since 1st June. It is an awful screed;

¹ Speech of Lord Chancellor Seafield on the ratification of the Scottish Union.—See *Miscell. Prose Works*, vol. xxv. p. 93.

but grief makes me a house-keeper, and to labour is my only resource. Ballantyne thinks well of the work—very well, but I shall [expect] inaccuracies. An it were to do again, I would get some one to look it over. But who could that some one be? Whom is there left of human race that I could hold such close intimacy with? No one. “*Tanneguy du Châtel, ou es-tu!*”¹ Workd five pages. To House
House . . . £5 keeping £5.

June 13.—I took a walk out last evening after tea, and calld on Lord [Chief]-Commissioner and the Buchanan Macdonalds, that kind and friendly clan. The heat is very great, and the wrath of the *bugs* in proportion. Two hours last night I was kept in an absolute fever. I must make some arrangement for winter. Great pity my old furniture was sold in such a hurry! The wiser way would have been to have let the house furnishd. But it's all one in the Greek.

“*Peccavi, peccavi, dies sine lined quidem!*” I walkd to make calls—got cruelly hot—drank ginger-beer—wrote letters. Then as I was going to dinner, enter a big splay-footed, trifle-headed, old pottering minister, who came to annoy me about a claim which one of [his] parishioners has to be Earl of Annandale, and which he conceits to be establishd out of the Border Minstrely. He mentioned a curious thing—that three brothers of the Johnstone family, on whose descendants the male representation of these great Border chiefs devolved, were forced to fly to the north in consequence of their feuds with the Maxwells, and agreed to change their names. They slept on the side of the Soutra Hills, and asking a shepherd the name of the place, agreed in future to call themselves Sowtra or Sowter Johnstones. The old pudding-headed man could not comprehend a word I either askd him or told him, and maunderd till I wishd him in the Annandale beef-stand. Mr. Gibson came in after tea, and we talked business. The[n] I was lazy and stupid, and dosed over a book instead of writing. So on the whole, *Confiteor—confiteor—culpa mea—culpa mea!*

¹ J. A. de Thou, *Histoire Universelle* (1740), vol. ii. p. 839.

June 14.—In the morning I began with a page and a half before breakfast. This is always the best way. You stand like a child going to be bathed, shivering and shaking till the first pitcherfull is flung about your ears, and then are as blythe as a water-wagtail. I am just come home from¹ P. House; and now, my friend Nap., have at you with a down-right blow! Methinks I would fain [make] peace with my conscience by doing six pages to-night. Bought a little bit of Gruyère cheese, instead of our domestic choak-dog concern. When did I ever purchase anything for my own eating? But I will say no more of that. And now to the tread-mill.

6/- cheese.

Cheeze 6/.

June 15.—I laboured all the evening, but made little way. There were many books to consult; and so all I could really do was to make out my task of three pages. I will try to make up the deficit of tuesday to-day and to-morrow. Letters from Walter—all well. A^{*} visit yesterday from Charles Sharpe.

June 16.—Yesterday sate in the Court till near four. I had, of course, only time for my task. I fear I will have little more to-day, for I have accepted to dine at Hector's. I got yesterday a present of two engravings from Sir Henry Raeburn's portrait of me, which (poor fellow!) was the last he ever painted, and certainly not his worst.² I had the pleasure to give one to young Mr. Davidoff for his uncle, the celebrated Black Captain of the campaign of 1812. Curious that he should be interested in getting the resemblance of [a] person whose mode of attaining some distinction has been very different. But I am sensible that if there be anything good about my poetry or prose either it is a hurried frankness of composition

¹ "for" in photostat.

² Raeburn left two pictures of Scott—one lacking the finishing touches—at his death in 1823. A letter from Raeburn's son to Scott from the Walpole Collection is printed in *Letters*, vol. viii. p. 63 n.—"I would have cheerfully complied with your and Lord Montague's wish by giving him the finished portrait, had not my father from the time when he first laid a brush on it called that particular one his own. From what I have stated you will at once perceive that a sale of the picture is out of the question."

which pleases soldiers sailors and young people of bold and active disposition. I have been no sigher in shades—no writer of

“Songs and sonnets and rustical roundelays,
Framed on fancies, and whistled on reeds.”¹

June 17.—Left Edinburgh to-day after Parl^t House to come [here]. My two girls met me at Torsonce, which was a pleasant surprize, and we returnd in the Sociable all together. Found everything right and well at Abbotsford under the new regime. I again took possession of the family bedroom and my widowd couch. This was a sore trial, but it was necessary not to blink such a resolution. Indeed, I do not like to have it thought that there is any way in which I can be beaten.

June 18.—This morning wrote till $\frac{1}{2}$ twelve—good day's work—at *Canongate Chronicle*. Methinks I can make this work answer. Then drove to Huntley Burn and calld at Chiefswood. Walkd home. The country crying for rain; yet on the whole the weather delicious—dry and warm with a fine air of wind. The young woods are rising in a kind of profusion I never saw elsewhere. Let me once clear off these encumbrances, and they shall wave broader and deeper yet. But to attain this I *must work*.

Wrought very fair accordingly till two; then walked; after dinner out again with the girls. Smoked two cygars, first time these two months.

June 19.—Wrought very fair indeed, and the day being scorching we dined *al fresco* in the hall among the armour, and went out early in the evening. Walkd to the lake and back again by the marle-pool. Very delightful evening.

June 20.—This is also a hard-working day. Hot weather is favourable for application, were it not that it makes the composer sleepy. Pray God the reader may not partake the sensation! But days of hard work make short journals. To-day we again dine in the hall, and drive to Ashestiel in the evening *pour prendre le frais*.

¹ Song of *The Hunting of the Hare*.—J. G. L.

June 21.—We followd the same course we propose[d]. For a party of pleasure I have attended to business well. Twenty pages of Croftangry, five printed pages each, attest my diligence, and I have had a delightful variation by the company of the two Annes. Regulated my Little expenses here.

		Anne	£5
		Tom	£5
		Bogie	£5
		These by cheque on Craig being	
		£10.	
Cash . . .	£28	Travelling Expences . . .	£5
Dt on Craig	£10	B——(?)	£3
	38	Charles remitted	£10
	38		
Laid out	38		
	0 0 0		
In Craig's hands	£20.		
			£38 (<i>sic</i>)

[*Edinburgh,*] *June 22.*—Returnd to my Patmos. Heard good news from Lockhart. Wife well, and John Hugh better. He mentions poor Southey testifying much interest for me, even to tears. It is odd—am I so hard-hearted a man? I could not have wept for him, though in distress I would have gone any length to serve him. I sometimes think I do not deserve people's good opinion, for certainly my feelings are rather guided by reflection than impulse. But everybody has their own mode of expressing interest, and mine is stoical even in bitterest grief.

Agere atque pati Romanum est.

I hope I am not the worse for wanting the tenderness that I see others possess, and which is so amiable. I think it does not cool my wish to be of use where I can. But the truth is, I am better at enduring or aiding than at consoling. From childhood's earliest hour my heart rebelled against the influence of external circumstances in myself and others. *Non est tanti!*

To-day I was detain'd in the Court from $\frac{1}{2}$ past ten till near four; yet I finish'd and sent off a packet to Cadell, which will finish one-third of the *Chronicle*, vol. 1st.

Henry Scott came in while I was at dinner, and sate while I eat my beef-steak. A gourmand would think me much at a loss, coming back to my ploughman's meal of boild beef or broild beef and Scotch broth, from the rather *recherché* table at Abbotsford, but I have no philosophy in my carelessness on that score. It is natural—though I am no ascetic, as my father was.

June 23.—The heat tremendous, and the drought threatening the hay and barley crop. Got from the Court at $\frac{1}{2}$ twelve, and walked to the extremity of Heriot's row to see poor Lady Don ; left my card as she does not receive any one. I am glad this painful meeting is adjourn'd.

My cash is expended except £20 in Craig's hands. But I received to-day £10 from Blackwood for the article on *The Omen*. Time was I would not have taken these small tithes of mint and cummin, but scornful dogs will eat dirty puddings, and I, with many depending on me, must do the best I can with my time—God help me !

By cash Blackwood £10 Quarter's Salary £250. £260

Discharge To Miss Watson . . .	£20	
To Oliphant & Co. . . .	15	
To Mrs. Baxter	5	
To Armstrong, Coppersmith . .	13	
To Sundries and change . . .	2	
	—	55

Craig	£24
Remitted . .	£100
	124
In hand . .	103
	£227

Ball. . . .	£205
Antiquarian Society	2
	—
	203

Gad my braids¹ are walking the plank, I think—Why then to sea for more.

Whereof to Mr. Craig £100.

June 24.—Left Edinburgh yesterday after the Court, $\frac{1}{2}$ past twelve, and came over here with the L. Ch. Baron

¹ The *O.E.D.* gives "broads" = "broad-pieces."

and William Clerk, to spend as usual a day or two at Blair-Adam. In general, this is a very gay affair. We hire a light coach-and-four, and scour the country in every direction in quest ¹ of objects of curiosity. But the L.C.C.'s family misfortunes and my own makes our holiday this year of a more quiet description and a sensible degree of melancholy hangs on the reunion of our party. It was wise, however, not to omit it, for to slacken your hold on life in any agreeable point of connection is the sooner to reduce yourself to the indifference and passive vegetation of old age.

June 25.—Another melting day; thermometer at 78 degrees even here. 80 was the height yesterday at Edinburgh. If we attempt any active proceedings we dissolve ourselves into a dew.

W. C. mentioned to me last night a horrid circumstance about a very particularly dear friend ² who lately retired suddenly and seemingly causelessly from parliament. He ascribed [this] to his having been detected in unnatural practices—I hope there may be doubts of this, though he spoke very positively and the sudden and silent retreat from a long wishd for seat look[s] too like truth. God God whom shall we trust!! Here is learning wit gaiety of temper high station in society and compleat reception everywhere all at once debased and lost by such a degrading bestiality. Our passions are wild beasts. God grant us power to muzzle them.²

We have lounged away the morning creeping about the place, sitting a great deal, and walking as little as might be on account of the heat.

Blair-Adam has been successively in possession of three generations of persons attached to and skilled in the art of embellishment, and may be fairly taken as a place where art and taste have done a great deal to improve nature. A long ridge of hilly and varied ground sloping to the foot of the hill called Bennarty, and which originally was of a bare, mossy, boggy character, has been clothed by the son, father, and grandfather; while the undulations and hollows,

¹ "question" in photostat.

² See entry of 10th July.

which seventy or eighty years since mus[t] have looked only like wrinkles in the black morasses, being now drained and limed, are skirted with deep woods, particularly of spruce, which thrives wonderfully, and covered with excellent grass. We drove in the droskie and walked in the evening.

June 26.—Another day of unmitigated heat ; thermometer 82 ; must be higher in Edinburgh, where I return to-night, when the decline of the sun makes travelling practicable. It will be well for my work to be there—not quite so well for me ; there is a difference between the clean, nice arrangement[s] of Blair-Adam and Mrs. Brown's accommodations, though he who is insured against worse has no right to complain of them. But the studious neatness of poor Charlotte has perhaps made me fastidious. She loved to see things clean, even to Oriental scrupulosity. So oddly do our deep recollections of other kinds correspond with the most petty occurrences of our life.

Lord Ch : Baron told us a story of the ruling passion strong in death. A Mr. Stevens a Master in Chancery was on his death-bed—a very wealthy man. Some occasion of great urgency occurred in which it was necessary to make an affidavit, and the attorney missing one or two other Masters whom he inquired after ventured to ask if Mr. Stevens would be able to receive the deposition. The proposal seemed to give him momentary strength ; his clerk was sent for, and the oath taken in due form, the Master was lifted up in bed, and with difficulty subscribed the paper ; as he sank down again, he made a signal to his clerk—"Wallace."—"Sir?"—"Your ear—lower—lower. Have you got the *half-crown*?" He was dead before morning.

June 27.—Returned to Edinburgh late last night, and had a most sweltering night of it. This day also cruel hot. However, I made a task or nearly so, and read a good deal about the Egyptian Expedition. Had comfortable accounts of Anne, and through her of Sophia. Dr. Shaw doubts if anything is actually the matter with poor Joh[n]nie's back. I hope the dear child will escape deformity, and the

infirmities attending that helpless state. I have myself been able to fight up very well, notwithstanding my lameness, but it has cost great efforts, and I am besides very strong. Dined with Colin Mackenzie—a fine family all growing up about him, turning men and women, and treading fast on our heels. Some thunder and showers which I fear will be but partial. Hot—hot—hot.

June 28.—Another hot morning—and something like an idle day, though I have read a good deal. But I have slept also, corrected proofs, and prepared for a great start, by filling myself with facts and ideas.

	Household, Cissie £3 Dagleish £3 . . .	£6
£108 8	Box of paints for my niece	2
£95		—
		<u>£8</u>

June 29.—I walkd out for an hour last night, and made one or two calls—the evening was delightful—

“ Day its sultry firs had wasted,
Calm and cool the moonbeam rose ;
Even a captive's bosom tasted
Half oblivion of his woes.”

I wonder often how Tom Campbell, with so much real genius, has not maintained a greater figure in the public eye than he has done of late. The *Magazine* seems to have paralyzed him. The author, not only of the *Pleasures of Hope*, but of *Hohen Linden*, *Lochiel*, etc., should have been at the very top of the tree. Somehow he wants audacity—fears the public, and, what is worse, fears the shadow of his own reputation. He is a great corrector too, which succeeds as ill in composition as in education. Many a clever boy is flogg'd into a dunce,¹ and many an original composition corrected into mediocrity. Yet Tom Campbell ought to have

¹ Dryden says this of Dr. Busby in a letter to Charles Montague. See Scott's *Dryden*, ed. 1808, vol. xviii. 159-160—"I am now in fear that I purged them out of their spirit, as our master Busby us'd to whip a boy so long, till he made him a confirm'd blockhead."

done a great deal more : his youthful promise was great. John Leyden introduced me to him. They afterwards quarrelld. When I repeated *Hohenlinden* to Leyden, he said, "Dash it, man, tell the fellow that I hate him, but, dash him, he has written the finest verses that have been published these fifty years." I did mine errand as faithfully as one of hermes¹ messengers, and had for answer, "Tell Leyden that I detest him, but I know the value of his critical approbation." This feud was therefore in the way of being taken up. "When Leyden comes back from India," said Tom Campbell, "what cannibals he will have eaten and what tigers he will have torn to pieces !"

paid board &c. for William. See 1st July £17
a poor poetess £1

18

Gibson writes me that £2300 is offerd for the poor House. It is worth £300 more, but I will not oppose my own opinion or convenience to good and well-meant council. So farewell, poor No. 39. What a portion of my life has been spent there ! It has shelterd me from the prime of life to its decline and now I must bid good-bye to it. I have bid good-bye to my poor wife, so long its courteous and kind mistress,—and I need not care about the empty rooms. Yet it gives me a turn. I have been so long a citizen of Edinburgh, now an indweller only. Never mind—All in the day's work.

J. Ballantyne and R. Cadell dined with [me] and [as] Pepys would say, all was very handsome. Drank amongst us one bottle of champagne, one of claret, a glass or two of port, and each a tumbler of whisky toddy. J. B. had courage to drink his with *hot* water. Mine was iced.

June 30.—Here is another dreadful warm day, fit for nobody but the flies. And then one is confined to town.

¹ The photostat has "hermes"—a curious confusion for "as faithfully as Hermes in Homer."

Yesterday I agreed to let Cadell have the new work,¹ edition 1500—he paying all charges, and paying also £500—two hundred and fifty at Lambmas, to pay J. Gibson money advanced on the passage of young Walter, my nephew, to India. It is like a thorn in one's eye this sort of debt, and Gibson is young in business, and somewhat involved in my affairs besides. Our plan is, that this same *Miscellany* or *Chronicle* shall be committed quietly to the public, and we hope it will attract attention. If it does not, we must turn public attention to it ourselves. This latter issue of the business will resemble the old woman at Carlisle who not doubting that the highlanders when they took the place in 1745 were to violate all the women shut herself up in a bedroom to await her fate with decency. But after a little time [when] she saw no appearance of the expected violence she pop'd out her head and asked a Rorie who was passing, "Pray, sir, is not the Ravishing going to begin?"

Ravish or not, about one half of vol. i. is written, and there is worse abomination, or I mistake the matter.

I was detain'd in Court till four—dreadfully close—and obliged to drink water for refreshment, which formerly I used to scorn, even on the moors, with a burning August sun the heat of exercise and a hundred springs gushing around me.

Corrected proofs, etc., on my return. I think I have conquer'd the trustees' objections to carry on the small edition of novels. Got Cadell's letter about the *Chronicle*.

¹ The "new work" was published with the title *Chronicles of the Canongate* in November 1827—a year and four months after the date of this entry. In the interval the Theatrical Fund Dinner of February 1827 had occurred—at which Scott publicly avowed his authorship of the Waverley Novels. In his preface to the *Chronicles* (dated 1st October 1827) he was naturally led to make acknowledgment of his debt to many people who had communicated to him family traditions or local traditions. Among them may be mentioned Mrs Goldie, whom he never met but who gave him the central incident of the *Heart of Midlothian*—Mrs Murray Keith who appears in the Introduction as Mrs Bethune Balliol—Alexander Stewart of Invernahyle—George Constable of Wallace Craigie—and the indefatigable Joseph Train.

JULY

[*Edinburgh,*] *July 1st.* — Another sunny day. This threatens absolutely Syrian drought. As the Selkirk election comes on Monday, I go out to-day to Abbotsford, and carry young Davidoff and his Tu : with me,* to see our quiet way of managing the choice of a national Representative. Wrote to Gibson about the prose works. Surely they could go on mean time.

		To William Mitchel (Neph ^w) $\frac{1}{2}$ years	
		board &c.	£17
		Wine &c.	2
		Antiqu ⁿ Society	2
		<hr/>	
		£21	
		<hr/>	
		£194	

I wrote a page or two last night slumbrously.

July 2.—Late at Court. Got to Abbotsford last night with Count Davidoff about eight o'clock at night. I worked a little this morning, then had a long and warm walk.

July 3.—Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton from Chiefswood, present inhabitants of Lockhart's cottage, dined and spent the night with us, which made the society pleasant. He is a fine, soldierly-looking man¹—though affected with paralysis—his wife a fine good-humoured little woman. He is supposed to be a writer in Blackwood's *Magazine*. Since we were to lose the Lockharts, we could scarce have had more agreeable folks.

At Selkirk, where Borthwick[†] was elected with the usual unanimity of the Forest freeholders. • This was a sight to my young Muscovite. We walked in the evening to the Lake.

July 4.—Another warm and dry day. Why this passes.

¹ Captain Thomas Hamilton, author of *Cyril Thornton, Men and Manners in America, Annals of the Peninsular Campaign, etc.* See the *Noctes Ambrosianæ* (vol. i. p. 89), in Wilson's *Collected Works*.

Answer of a Russian peasant to Peter the Great who had asked his opinion of his new Capital Saint Petersburg.

“Before you lie the ocean deeps.
Behind you grief in anguish weeps.
On one side is the barren heath
On t’other is the groan of death.”

Walked in the evening.

July 5.—Still very hot, but with thunder showers. Wrote till breakfast, then walked and signed the death-warrant of a number of old firs at Abbotstown. I hope their deaths will prove useful. Their lives are certainly not ornamental. Young Mr. Davidow entered upon the cause of the late discontents in Russia, which he imputes to a deep-seated Jacobin conspiracy to overthrow the state and empire and establish a government by consuls.

		Cash.	To Bogie	£6
Craig	£120		Anne for House £20	Dra ^t
Anne	£10		£10	30
Curle	£50	60	Travelling Expences . . .	5
		60	23 May to Mr Curl[e]	
Cash in hand	£74		per drat.	50
Deduce	31			
	—	43		
In purse and bank	£103			
				<hr/> £91

July 6.—Returned last night with my frozen Muscovites to the Capital, and suffered as usual from the incursions of the black horse during the night. It was absolute fever. A bunch of letters, but little interesting. Mr. Barry Cornwall writes to condole with me. I think our acquaintance scarce warranted this; but it is well meant and modestly done. Myself, I cannot conceive the idea of forcing myself on strangers in distress, and I have half a mind to turn sharp round on some of my consolers. Came home from Court. R. P. Gillies calld; he is writing a satire. He has a singular talent of aping the measure and tone of Byron, and this poem goes to the tune of *Don Juan*. But [it] is the Champagne after it has stood two days with the cork drawn. Thereafter came Charles K. Sharpe and

Will Clerk as Robinson sayeth to my exceeding refreshment.¹ And last, not least, Mr. Jollie, one of the triumvirs who manage my poor matters. He consents to the going on with the small edition of novels, which he did not before comprehend. All this has consumed the day, but we will make up tide-way presently. I must dress to go to Lord Medwyn to dinner, and it is near time.

July 7.—Coming home from Lord Medwyn's last night I fell in with Willie Clerk, and went home to drink a little shrub and water, over which we chatted of old stories until half-past eleven.

This morning I corrected two proofs of C[roftangr]y, which is getting on. But there must be a little check with the throng of business at the close of the session. D—n the session ! I wish it would close its eyes for a century. It is too bad [to] be kept broiling here. But, on the other hand, we must have the instinctive gratitude of the Laird of M'Intosh, who was for the King that gave M'Intosh half-a-guinea the day and half-a-guinea the morn. So I retract my malediction.

Received from Blackwood to accot. sales of *Malachi* £72 with some odd shillings. This was for copies sold to Banks. The cash comes far from ill-timed, having to clear all odds and ends before I leave Edinburgh. This will carry me on tidily enough till 25th, when precepts become payable. Well ! if *Malachi* did me some mischief, he must also contribute *quodam modo* to my comfort.

July 8.—Wrote a good task this morning. I may be mistaken ; but I do think the tale of Elspat McTavish² in my bettermost manner—but J. B. roars for chivalry. He does not quite understand that everything may be overdone in this world or sufficiently estimate the necessity of novelty. The Highlanders have been off the field now for some time.

Returning from the Court, lookd into a fine show of wild beasts, and saw Nero the great lion, whom they had the brutal cruelty to bait with bull-dogs, against whom the noble creature disdained to exert his strength. He was

¹ A favourite expression of Scott's, from *Robinson Crusoe*.

² *The Highland Widow*.

lying like a prince in a large cage, where you might be admitted if you [wished]. I had a month's mind—but was afraid of the newspapers ; I could be afraid of nothing else, for never did a creature seem more gentle and yet majestic—I longed to caress him. Wallace, the other lion, born in Scotland, seemed much less trustworthy. He handled the dogs as his name-sake did the Southron.

In purse . . .	£43	Paid Bridges' accompt . . .	£31
Malachi minus			
Bridges . . .	41		<hr/>
purse . . .	£84		41
Craig . . .	60		<hr/>
	£144		

Enter a confounded Dousterswivel, calld Burschal or some such name patronized by John Lockhart, Teacher of German and Learner of English.

He open'd the trenches by making me a present of a German work called *Der Bibelsche Orient*—then began to talk of literature at large and display his own pretensions. Ask'd my opinion of Gray as a poet, and wish'd me to subscribe an attestation of his own merits for the purpose of getting him scholars. As I hinted my want of acquaintance with his qualifications, I found I had nearly landed myself in a proof, for he was girding up his loins to repeated thundering translations by himself into German, Hebrew, until, thinking it superfluous to stand on very much ceremony with one who used so little with me, hinted at letters to write, and got him to translate himself elsewhere.

Saw a house in Brunswick Street, which I liked.¹ This evening sup'd with Thomas Thomson about the affairs of the Bannatyne. There were there the Dean, Will Clerk, John Thomson, young Smythe of Methven ; very pleasant.

July 9.—Rather slumbrous to-day from having sat up till twelve last night. We settled, or seemed to settle, on an election for the Bannatyne Club. There are people who would wish to confine it much to one party. But those who were together last night saw it in the true and liberal point of view, as a great national institution, which may do much good in the way of publishing our old records,

¹ A description of the house is here omitted.

providing we do not fall into the usual habit of antiquaries, and neglect what is useful for things that are merely curious. Thomson is a host for such an undertaking. I wrote a good day's work at the Canongate matter, notwithstanding the intervention of two naps. I get sleepy oftener than usual. It is the weather I suppose—*Naboclish* !¹ I am near the end of the 1st volume, and every step is one out of difficulty.

July 10.—Slept too long this morning. It was eight before I rose—half-past eight ere I came into the parlour. Terry and J. Ballantyne dined with me yesterday, and I suppose the wassail, though there was little enough of it, had stuck to my pillow.

This morning I was visited by a Mr Lewis, a smart Cockney, whose object is to amend the handwriting. He uses as a mechanical aid a sort of puzzle of wire and ivory, which is put upon the fingers to keep them in the desired position, like the puzzle on a dog's nose to make him bear himself right in the field. It is ingenious, and may be useful. If the man comes here, as he proposes, in winter, I will take lessons. Bear witness, good reader, that if W. S. writes a cramp hand, as you can bear witness is the case, he is desirous to mend it.

Cash in purse .	£84
Lockhart . .	£65
	—
	£149
Bank . . .	60
	—
	£209

Received from Lockhart the money
for the article £70 minus £[5]
advanced to Charles being in cash £65

The frightful rumours about R. H—r confirmed in their [fullest] extent. His life was compromised but for the exertions of Hobhouse Under Sec^y of State who detected a warrant for his trial passing through the office. These things—worse than loss of fortune or even loss of friends—make a man sick of this worldly [scene] where the fairest outsides so often cover the foulest vices. This then was the reason he seemed rather to shun his old friends and never came down to Scotland.

¹ A favourite exclamation of Sir Walter's, which he had picked up on his Irish tour, signifying "don't mind it." Viscount Morley of Blackburn introduces it occasionally in the two volumes of *Recollections* which he published in 1918.

Dined with John Swinton *en famille*. He told me an odd circumstance. Coming from Berwickshire in the mail coach he met with a passenger who seemed more like a military man than anything else. They talked on all sort[s] of subjects, at length on politics. *Malachi's* letters were mentioned, when the stranger observed they were much more seditious than some expressions for which he had three or four years ago been nearly sent to Botany Bay.¹ And perceiving John Swinton's surprize at this avowal, he added, "I am Kinloch of Kinloch." This gentleman had got engaged in the radical business (the only real gentleman by the way who did), and harangued the weavers of Dundee with such emphasis that he would have been tried and sent to Botany Bay had he not fled abroad. He was outlawed, and only restored to his status on a composition with Government. It seems to have escaped Mr. Kinloch that the conduct of a man who places a lighted coal in the middle of combustibles, and upon the floor, is a little different from him who places the same quantity of burning fuel in a fire-grate!

July 11.—The last day of the session, and as toilsome a one as I ever saw. There were about 100 or 120 cases on the roll, and most of them of an incidental character, which gives us Clerks the greatest trouble, for it is the grasshopper that is a burthen to us. Came home about four, tired and hungry. I wrought little or none; indeed I could not, having books and things to pack. Went in the evening to sup with John Murray,² where I met Will Clerk, Thomson, Henderland, and Charles Stuart Blantyre, and had of course

¹ See Scott's letter to Morritt of 17th December 1819—"A landed man and gentleman of ancient family Mr Kinloch of Kinloch presided at a Radical Meeting at Dundee in which he made a most violent speech exhorting the people to right their lives by arms in case the Magistrates of Manchester Yeomanry etc. were not *punishd*—guilty or innocent" (*Letters*, vol. vi. p. 59).

In the *Scotsman* of 8th March 1826, a writer using the pseudonym of "Terence MacRosty" had written—"You . . . doubtless know the boundary where free discussion passes into sedition better than I do; but I can well remember that some unlucky radicals who sported this sort of logic five years ago were sent rather unceremoniously to study the constitution in another hemisphere."

² John Archibald Murray, afterwards Lord Advocate, and a Judge of the Court of Session.

a pleasant party. I came late home, though, for me, and was not in bed till past midnight ; it would not do for me to do this often.

July 12.—I have the more reason to eschew evening parties that I slept two mornings till past eight ; these vigils would soon tell on my utility, as the divines call it, but this is the last day in town, and the world shall be amended. I have been trying to mediate between the unhappy R. P. G[illies] and his uncle Lord G. The latter talks like a man of sense and a good relation, and would, I think, do something for R. P. G., if he would renounce temporary expedients and bring his affairs to a distinct crisis. But this R. P. will not hear of, but flatters himself with ideas which seemd to me quite visionary. I could make nothing of him ; but, I conclude, offended him by being of his uncle's opinion rather than his, as to the mode of extricating his affairs.

Paid off bills as follows

Cash . . .	£149	Lodgings . . .	£24	
Deduce . . .	96	Bill Ironmonger to Acct.	20	
	53	Stevenson Bookseller do.	50	
Paid . . .	3	Print of Lord Stair . . .	I	
	£50	Dalglish to Acct. . . .	I	
				£96

Of this sum £70 was incurd last year so that I am only accountable for £26 willfully expended.

My clumsy way of bookkeeping answers very well. I find the balances come out accurate. I never bother myself with the silver. The *Review* money came well in and as it seems to do Lockhart service also we are [both satisfied¹].

I am to dine out to-day, and I would fain shirk and stay at home ; never, Shylock-like, had less will to supping forth, but I must go or be thought sulk. Lord M. and Lord Abercromby called this morning, and a world of people besides, among others honest Mr. Wilson, late of Wilson-ton, who took so much care of me at London, sending fresh eggs and all sort[s] of good things. Well, I have dawdled and written letters sorely against the grain all day.

¹ Blank in photostat.

Also I have been down to see Will Allan's picture of the Landing of Queen Mary, which he has begun in a great stile ; also I have put my letters and papers to rights, which only happens when I am about to move, and now, having nothing left to do, I *must* go and dress myself.

July 13.—Dined yesterday with Lord Abercromby at a party he gave to Lord Melville and some old friends, who formed the Contemporary Club. Lord M. and I met with considerable feeling on both sides, and all our feuds were forgotten and forgiven. I conclude so at least, because one or two people, who I know to be sharp observers of the weatherglass on occasion of such squalls, have been earnest with me to meet Lord M. at parties—which I am well assured they would not have been (had I been Horace¹ come to life again) were they not sure the breeze was over. For myself, I am happy that our usual state of friendship should be restored, though I could not have come *down proud stomach* to make advances, which is, among friends, always the duty of the richer and more powerful of the two.

To-day I leave Mrs. Brown's lodgings. Altogether I cannot complain, but the insects were voracious, even until last night when the turtle-soup and champagne ought to have [made] me sleep like a top. But I have done a monstrous sight of work here notwithstanding the indolence of the last week, which must and shall be amended.

“ So good-by Mrs. Brown,
 I am going, out of town,
 Over dale, over down,
 Where bugs bite not,
 Where lodgers fight not,
 Where below you chairmen drink not,
 Where beside you gutters stink not ;
 But all is fresh, and clean, and gay,
 And merry lambskins sport and play,
 And they toss with rakes uncommonly short hay,
 Which looks as if it had been sown only the other day,
 And where oats are at twenty-five shillings a boll, they say,
 But all's one for that, since I must and will away.”

July 14, ABBOTSFORD.—Arrived here yesterday before

¹ Lord Melville is Mæcenas, and “ Horace ” stands for Scott.

four o'clock. Anybody would think, from the fal-de-ral-tit conclusion of my journal of yesterday, that I left town in a very gay humour—*cujus contrarium verum est*. But nature has given me a kind of buoyancy, I know not what to call it, that mingles even with my deepest afflictions and most gloomy hours. I have a secret pride—I fancy it will be so most truly termed—which impels me to mix with my distresses strange snatches of mirth “which have no mirth in them.” In fact, the journey hither, the absence of the affectionate friend that used to be my companion on the journey, and many mingled thoughts of bitterness, have given me a fit of the bile.

July 15.—This day I did not attempt to work, but spent my time in the morning in making the necessary catalogue and distribution of two or three chests of books which I have got home from the binder, Niece Anne acting as my Amanuensis. In the evening we drove to Huntly Burn, and took tea there. Returning home we escaped a considerable danger. The iron screw bolts of the driving-seat suddenly giving way, the servants were very nearly precipitated upon the backs of the horses. Had it been down hill instead of bang¹ on the level, the horses must have taken fright, and the consequences might have been fatal. Indeed, they had almost taken fright as it was, had not Peter Mathieson,² who, in Mr. Fag's phrase, I take to be, “the discreetest of whips,”³ kept his presence of mind, when losing his equilibrium, so that he managed to keep the horses in hand until we all got out. I must say it is not the first imminent danger in which I have seen Peter (my Automedon for near twenty-five years) behave with the utmost firmness.

July 16.—Very unsatisfactory to-day. Sleepy, stupid, indolent—finishd arranging the books, and after that was totally useless—unless it can be said study that I slumbered

¹ Douglas printed “being.”

² In 1827 Scott was one day heard saying, as he saw Peter guiding the plough on the haugh:—“Egad, auld Pepe's whistling at his darg: if things get round with me, easy will be his cushion!” Old Peter, who had been for five-and-twenty years a dignified coachman, was then ploughman-in-ordinary, only putting his horses to the carriage on high and rare occasions.

³ Sheridan's *Rivals*, Act II. Sc. 1.

for three or four hours over a variorum edition of the Gill-Hill's tragedy.¹ Admirable recipe for low spirits—for, not to mention the brutality of so extraordinary a murder, it led John Bull into one of his most uncommon set of gambols, until at last he become so maudlin as to weep for the pitiless assassin, Thurtell, and treasure up the leaves and twigs of the hedge and shrubs in the fatal garden as valuable reliques—nay, thronged the minor theatres to see the very roan horse and yellow gig in which the body was transported from one [place to another]. I have not stepped over the threshold to-day, so very stupid have I been.

July 17.—Desidia longum valedixi. Our time is like our money. When we change a guinea, the shillings escape as things of small account; when we break a day by idleness in the morning, the rest of the hours lose their importance in our eye. I set stoutly to work about seven this morning to *Boney*—

And long ere dinner-time, I have
Full eight close pages wrote;
What, Duty, hast thou now to crave?
Well done, Sir Walter Scott!

July 18.—This, as yesterday, has been a day of unremitting labour, though I only got through half the quantity of manuscript, owing to drowsiness, a most disarming annoyance. I walkd a little before dinner and after tea, but was unable to go with the girls and Charles to the top of Cauldshiels Hill. I fear my walking powers are diminishing, but why not? They have been wonderfully long efficient, all things considered, only I fear I shall get fat and fall into diseases. Well, things must be as they may. Let us use the time and faculties which God has left us, and trust futurity to his guidance. Amen.

¹ The murder of Weare by Thurtell and Co., at Gill's-Hill in Hertfordshire (1824). Sir Walter collected printed trials with great assiduity, and took care always to have the contemporary ballads and prints bound up with them. He admired particularly this verse of Mr. Hook's broadside—

"They cut his throat from ear to ear,
His brains they battered in;
His name was Mr. William Weare,
He dwelt in Lyon's Inn."

Craig . . .	£00	Paid Coals	£10
Paid in 13th	48	Anne for house entered before . . .	10
	—	Travelling	2
	£108		
Deduct Coals	10		
In Bank . . .	£98		
In purse . . .	£50		
To Bank . . .	48		
	2		
Travels . . .	2		
	—		
Purse . . .	£0-0-0		<u>£22</u>

This is the day of St. Boswell's Fair. That watery saint has for once had a dry festival.

July 19.—Wrote a page this morning, but no more. Corrected proofs however, and went to Selkirk to hold Sheriff Court Maxpoppole being unwell. This consumed the forenoon. Colonel and Miss Fergusson, with Mr. and Mrs. Laidlaw, dined and occupied the evening. The rain seemed to set in this night.

July 20.—To-day rainy. A morning and forenoon of hard work. About five pages, which makes up for yesterday's lee way. I am sadly tired however. But as I go to Mertoun at four, and spend the night there, the exertion was necessary.

July 21.—To Mertoun we went accordingly. Lord and Lady Minto were there, with part of their family, David Haliburton, Muirhouselaw, etc., besides their own large family. So my lodging was a little room which I had not occupied since I was a bachelor, but often before in my frequent intercourse with this kind and hospitable family. Feeling myself returned to that celibacy, which renders many accommodations indifferent which but lately were indispensable, my imagination drew a melancholy contrast between the young man entering the world on fire for fame, and restless in imagining means of coming by it, and the deprived and aged widower, *blazé* on the point of literary reputation, deprived of the social comforts of a married state, and looking back to regret instead of looking forward to Hope. This brought bad sleep and unpleasing dreams. But if I cannot hope to be what I have been, I will not if I can help it suffer vain repining to make me worse than I may be.

We left Mertoun after breakfast, and the two Annes and

I visited Lady Raeburn at Lessudden. My Aunt is now in her ninetieth year—so clean, so nice, so well arranged in every respect, that it makes old age lovely. She talks both of late and former events with perfect possession of her faculties, and has only failed in her limbs. A great deal of kind feeling has survived, in spite of the frost of years.

Home to dinner; and worked all the afternoon among the Moniteurs for a long time to little purpose, for my principal acquisition was a headache. I wrote nothing to-day but part of a trifle for *Blackwood*.

July 22.—The same severe headache attends my poor pate. But I have worked a good deal this morning, and will do more. I wish to have half the volume sent into town on Monday if possible. It will be a royal effort, and more than make up for the blanks of this week.

July 23.—I wrote very hard this day, and attained page 40 ; 45 would be more than half the volume. •Colonel Russell came about one, and carried me out a-walking, which I was all the better of. In the evening we expected Terry and his wife, but they did not come, which makes me fear she may be unwell again.

July 24.—A great number of proof-sheets to revise and send off, and after that I took a fancy to give a more full account of the Constitution framed by Sieyès—a complicated and ingenious web it is, but far too fine and critical to be practically useful.

July 25.—Terry and wife arrived yesterday. Both very well. At dinner-time to-day came Dr. Jamieson of the Scottish Dictionary, an excellent good man, and full of auld Scottish cracks, which amuse me well enough, but are *caviare* to the young people. A little prolix and heavy is the good Doctor ; somewhat prosaic, and accustomed to much attention on the Sunday from his congregation, and I hope on the six other days from his family. So he *will* demand full attention from all and sundry before he begins a story, and once begun there is no chance of his ending.

July 26.—This day went to Selkirk, and held a Court. The Doctor and Terry chose to go with me. Captain and

Mrs. Hamilton came to dinner. Desperate warm weather ! Little done in the literary way except sending off proofs. Roup of standing corn, etc., went off very indifferently. Letter from Ballantyne wanting me to write about absentees. But I have enough to do without burning my fingers with politics. Paid Andrew Lang by cheque £21 received of County money. Got in some silver.

July 27.—Up and at it this morning, and finished four pages. An unpleasant letter from London, as if I might be troubled by some of the criers there, when going to town to get materials for *Nap*. I have no wish to go,—none at all. I would even like to put off my visit, so far as John Lockhart and my daughter are concerned, and see them when the meeting could be more pleasant. But then, having an offer to see the correspondence from St. Helena, I can make no doubt that I ought to go. However, if it is to infer any danger to my personal freedom, English wind will not blow on me. It is monstrous hard to prevent me doing what is certainly the best for all parties.

Craig	:	£83
Drat.	:	£21
		£72

July 28.—I am well-nigh choked with the sulphurous heat of the weather—or I am unwell, for I perspire as if I had been walking hard, and my hand is as nervous as a paralytic's. Read through and corrected *Saint Ronan's Well*. I am no good judge, but I think the language of this piece rather good. Then I must allow the fashionable portraits are not the true thing. I am too much out of the way to see and remark the ridiculous in society. The story is terribly contorted and unnatural, and the catastrophe is melancholy, which should always be avoided. No matter ; I have corrected it for the press.¹

The worthy Lexicographer left us to-day. Somewhat ponderous he is, poor soul ! but there are excellent things about him.

Action and Reaction—Scots proverb : “ the unrest (*i.e.* pendulum) of a clock goes aye as far the ae gait as the tither.”

¹ This novel was passing through the press in 8vo, 12mo, and 18mo, to complete collective editions in these sizes.—I. G. L.

Walter's account of his various quarters per last despatch.
Query if original :—

“ Loughrea is a blackguard place
To Gort I give my curse ;
Athlone itself is bad enough,
But Ballinrobe is worse.
I cannot tell which is the worst,
'They're all so very bad ;
But of all towns I ever saw,
Bad luck to Kinnegad.”

Old Mr. Haliburton dined with us, also Colonel Russell. What a man for fourscore or thereby is Old Haly—an Indian too. He came home in 1785.

July 29.—Yesterday I wrought little, and light work, almost stifled by the smothering heat. To-day I wrought about half task in the morning, and, as a judgment on me I think for yesterday's sloth, Mr. H. stayed unusually late in the forenoon. He is my friend, my father's friend, and an excellent, sensible man besides ; and a man of eighty and upwards may be allowed to talk long, because in the nature of things he cannot have long to talk.

		Gave Anne money for house .	£25
Mr. Craig . . .	£72	Gardener to accmpt . . .	9
Drat.	35	Closed up Edinburgh accmpts	
	37	from dra ^t	1

35 0 0

If I do a task to-day, I hope to send a good parcel on Monday and keep tryste pretty well.

July 30.—I dld better yesterday than I had hoped for—four instead of three pages, which, considering how my time was cut up by prolonged morning lounging with friend Hali, was pretty fair.

I wrote a good task before eleven o'clock, but then my good friends twaddled and dawdled for near two hours before 'they set off. The time devoted to hospitality,

especially to those whom I can reckon upon as sincere good friends, I never grudge, but I like to "wellcome the coming, speed the parting guest." By my will every guest should part at half-past ten, or arrange himself to stay for the day.

We had a long walk in a sweltering hot day. Met Mr. Blackwood coming to call, and walked him on with us, so blinked his visit—*gratias, domine*!! Asked him for breakfast to-morrow to make amends for stewing him. I rather over-walked myself—the heat considerd.

July 31st.—I corrected six sheets and sent them off, with eight leaves of copy, so I keep forward pretty well. Blackwood the bookseller came over from Chiefswood to breakfast, and this kept me idle till eleven o'clock. At twelve I went out with the girls in the sociable, and called [on] the family at Bemerside, on Dr.¹ and Mrs. Brewster, and Mr. Bainbridge at Gattonside House. It was five ere we got home, so there was a day dishd, unless the afternoon does something for us. I am keeping up pretty well, however, and, after all, visitors will come, and calls must be made. I must not let Anne forgo the custom of well-bred society.

AUGUST

August 1.—Yesterday evening did nothing for the *idlesse* of the morning. I was hungry; eat and drank and became drowsy; then I took to arranging the old plays, of which Terry had brought me about a dozen, and dipping into them scrambled through two. One, calld *Michaelmas Term*,² full of traits of manners; and another sort of bouncing tragedy, called the *Hector of Germany, or the Palsgrave*.³ The last, worthless in the extreme, is, like many of the plays

¹ Afterwards Sir David Brewster, Principal of the United Colleges at St. Andrews, and afterwards of Edinburgh University.

² By Middleton, 1697.

³ The Hector of Germanie, or the Palsgrave Prime Elector. An Honourable History by William Smith. 4to, 1615.

in the beginning of the seventeenth century, written to a good tune. The dramatic poets of that time seem to have possessed as joint-stock a highly poetical and abstract tone of language, so that the worst of them often remind you of the very best. The audience must have had a much stronger sense of poetry in those days than¹ now, since language was received and applauded at the Fortune or the Red Bull, which could not now be understood by any general audience in Great Britain. This leads far.

This morning I wrote two leaves, then out with Tom Purdie, and gave directions about thinning all the plantations above Abbotsford properly so calld. Came in at one o'clock and now set to work. *Debout, debout, Lyciscas, debout.*² Finished four leaves. Received £150 salary from Mr. Gibson.

August 2.—Well ; and to-day I finishd before dinner five leaves more, and I would crow a little about [it], but here comes Duty like an old housekeeper on an idle chamber-maid. Hear her very words :—

DUTY.—Oh ! you crow, do you ? Pray, can you deny that your sitting so quiet at work was owing to its raining heavily all the forenoon, and indeed till dinner-time, so that nothing would have stird out that could help it, save a duck or a goose ? I trow, if it had been a fine day, by noon there would have been aching of the head, throbbing, shaking, and so forth, to make an apology for going out.

EGOMET IPSE.—And whose head ever throbbd to go out when it rained, Mrs. Duty ?

DUTY.—*Answer not to me with a fool-born jest*, as your poor friend Erskine used to say to you when you escaped from his good advice under the fire of some silly pun. You smoke a segar after dinner, and I never check you—drink tea, too, which is loss of time ; and then, instead of writing one other page, or correcting those you have written out,

Cash paid into	
Bank	£150
Balance	£37
	£187

¹ The photostat has "and" for "than."

² Molière's *La Princesse d'Elide* (Prologue).

you rollick into the woods till you have not a dry thread about you ; and here you sit writing down my words in your foolish journal instead of minding my advice.

Ego.—Why, Mrs. Duty, I would as gladly be friends with [you] as Crabbe's¹ tradesman fellow with his conscience ; but you should have some consideration with human frailty.

Duty.—Reckon not on that. But, however, good-night for the present. I would only recommend to you to think no thoughts in which I am not mingled—to read no books in which I have no concern—to write three sheets of both-eration all the six days of the week *per diem*, and on the seventh to send them to the printer. Thus advising, I heartily bid you farewell.

Ego.—Farewell, madam (exit Duty) and be d—d to ye for an unreasonable bitch ! “ The devil must be in this greedy gled ! ” as the Earl of Angus said to his hawk ; “ will she never be satisfied ? ”² I believe in my soul she is the very hag who haunted the merchant Abudah.³

I'll have my great chest upstairs exorcised, but first I'll take a nap till supper, which must take place within ten minutes.

August 3.—Wrote half a task in the morning. From eleven till half-past eight in Selkirk taking precognitions about a row on Selkirk-hill-fair, and came home famished and tired. Now, Mrs. Duty, do you think there is no other Duty of the family but yourself ? Or can the Sheriff-depute neglect his Duty, that the author may mind *his* ? The thing cannot be ; the people of Selkirk must have justice as well as the people of England books. So the two Duties may go pull caps about it. My conscience is clear.

August 4.—Wrote to Miss Edgeworth on her sister's marriage, which consumed the better part of the morning. I must read for Marengo. *Item*, I must look at the pruning. *Item*, at the otter hunt ; but my hope is constant to make

¹ See Crabbe's Tale of *The Struggles of Conscience*.—J. G. L.

² *Tales of a Grandfather*, Miscell. Prose Works, vol. xxiii. p. 42.

³ See *Tales of the Genii*. *The Talisman of Oromanes*.

up a good day's task notwithstanding. Failed in finding the otter, and was tired and slept, and did but a poor day's work.

		To pay for hay purchased . . .	£41	
Drat.	£187 £72	To Anne	£10	
In Bank	£115	To Niece Anne	£20	
		Repaid to pocket	£1	
			£31	£31
				£72

August 6.—Wrote to-day a very good day's work. Walked to Chiefswood, and saw old Mrs. Tytler,¹ a friend when life was young. Her husband, Lord Woodhouselee, was a kind, amiable, and accomplished man ; and when we lived at Lasswade Cottage, soon after my marriage, we saw a great deal of the family, who were very kind to us as newly entered on the world. Walked home, and worked in the evening ; four leaves finished.

August 7.—My niece Anne leaves us this morning, summoned back from one scene of distress to another. Her uncle, David Macculloch, is extremely ill—a paralytic stroke, I fancy. She is a charming girl, lady-like in thought and action, and very pleasant in society. Gave her as above £20. We are to dine to-day with our neighbours at Gattonside. Meantime I will avail myself of my disposition to labour, and work instead of journalising.

Mr. H. Cranstoun looked in—a morning call. He is become extremely deaf. He gave me a letter from the Countess Purgstall, his sister, which I have not the heart to open. So many reproaches I have deserved for not writing. It is a sad thing, though, [to] task eyes as

¹ Scott mentions in his fragment of autobiography that he attended the lectures on History at Edinburgh University of Alexander Fraser Tytler (Lord Woodhouselee). Scott's German studies were much encouraged by the example and assisted by the advice of Lord Woodhouselee who had translated Schiller's *Robbers*. "This version," Lockhart says, "was one of the earliest from the German theatre, and no doubt stimulated his young friend to his first experiments in the same walk."

hard wrought as mine to keep up correspondence. Dined at Gattonside.¹

August 8.—Wrote my task this morning, and now for walk. Dine to-day at Chiefswood; have company to-morrow. Why, this is dissipation! But no matter, Mrs. Duty, if the task is done. "Ay, but," says she, "you ought to do something extra—provide against a rainy day." Not I, I'll make a rainy day provide against a fair one, Mrs. Duty. I write twice as much in bad weather. Seriously, I write fully as much as I ought. I do not like this dull aching in the chest and the back, and its giving way to exercise shows that it originates in remaining too long in a sitting posture. So I will take the field, while the play is good.

August 9.—I wrote only two leaves to-day, but with as many additions as might rank for three. I had a long and warm walk. Mrs. Tytler of Woodhouselee, the Hamiltons, and Colonel Fergusson dined here. How many early stories did the old lady's presence recall! She might almost be my mother, yet there we sate, like two people of another generation, talking of things and people the rest knew nothing of. When a certain period of life is survived, the difference of years between the survivors, even when considerable, becomes of much less consequence.

Besides my hot skin in the morning I drank iced porter and ginger beer and iced claret and was for my pains rewarded with a pretty little touch of Cholera Morbus in the night-time. Neve[r min]d. Such squalls cool the temperature.

August 10.—Rose early, and wrote hard so that none now remaining and worked hard till two, when I went with Anne to Minto. The place, being new to my companion, gave her much amusement. We found the Scotts of Harden at Minto, and had a very pleasant party. I like Lady M. particularly, but missed my facetious and lively friend, Lady A[nn]a M[aria]. It is the fashion for women and silly men to abuse her as a blue-stockings. If to have

¹ Lockhart mentions (ch. ix.) that Gattonside had been purchased in 1824 by George Bainbridge of Liverpool. See an earlier entry, p. 166.

wit, good sense, and good-humour, mixd with a strong power of observing, and an equally strong one of expressing the result, be *blue*, she shall be as blue as they will.¹ Such cant is the refuge of those who fear those who they [think] can turn them into ridicule ; it is a common trick to revenge supposed raillery with good substantial calumny. Slept at Minto.

August 11.—I was up as usual, and wrote about two leaves, meaning to finish my task at home ; but found Maxpapple here on my return, which took up the evening. But I shall finish the volume on Sunday ; that is less than a month after beginning it. The same exertion would bring it out at Martinmas, but December is a better time.

August 12.—Wrote a little in the morning ; then Duty and I having settled that this is to be a kind of holiday, providing the volume be finished to-morrow, I went to breakfast at Chiefswood, and after that affair was happily transacted, I wended me merrily to the Black Cock•Stripe, and there caused Tom Purdie and John Swanston cut out a quantity of firs. Got home about two o'clock, and set to correct a set of proofs. James Ballantyne presages well of this work, but is afraid of inaccuracies—so am I—but things must be as they may. There is a kind of glamour about me, which sometimes makes me read dates, etc., in the proof-sheets, not as they actually do stand, but as they ought to stand. I wonder if a pill of holy trefoil would dispell this fascination.

By the way, John Swanston measured a young shoot that was growing remarkably, and found that for three days successively it grew half an inch every day. Fine-Ear used to hear the grass grow—how far off would he have heard this extravagant rapidity of vegetation ? The tree is a silver fir or spruce in the patch at the Green-tongue park.

August 13.—Yesterday I was tired with labouring in the rough ground. Well, I must be content to feel my disabilities increase. One sure thing is, that all wise men will soon contrive to lay aside inclination when performance

¹ See *Lord Minto in India* (1880) for specimens of Lady Anna Maria Elliot's epistolary style.

grows toilsome. I have hobbled over many a rough heugh in my day—no wonder if I must sing at last—

“ Thus says the auld man to the aik tree,
Sair faild, hinny, since I kend thee.”

But here are many a mile of smooth walk, just when I grow unable to face bent and brae, and here is the garden when all fails. To a sailor the length of his quarter-deck is a good space of exercising ground.

I wrote a good task to-day, then walkd to the lake, then came back by three o'clock, hungering and thirsting to finish the volume. I have seldom such fits of voluntary industry, so Duty shall have the benefit.

Finished volume iv. this evening—*Deo Gratias*.

August 14.—This is a morning I have not seen many a day, for it appears to set in for a rainy day. It has not kept its word though. I was seized by a fit of the “clevers,” and finished my task by twelve o'clock, and hope to add something in the evening. I was guilty however of some waywardness, for I began volume v. of *Boney* instead of carrying on the *Canongate* as I proposed. The reason however was that I might not forget the information I had acquired about the Treaty of Amiens.

August 15.—The weather seems decidedly broken. Yesterday, indeed, cleared up, but this day seems to persevere in raining. *Naboclish*! It's a rarity nowadays. I write on, though a little afflicted with the oppression on my chest. Sometimes I think it is something dangerous, but as it always go[es] away on change of posture, it cannot be speedily so. I want to finish my task, and then good-night. I will never relax my labour in these affairs, either for fear of pain or love of life. I will die a free man, if hard working will do it. Accordingly, to-day I cleared the ninth leaf, which is the tenth part of a volume, in two days—four and a half leaves a day. Walter and Jane, with Mrs. Jobson, are arrived to interrupt me. Paid five pounds to Mr. Laidlaw to purchase lambs.

August 16.—God be praised for restoring to me my dear children in good health, which has made me happier than

anything which has happened these several months. Walter and Jane appear cordial and happy in each other ; the greatest blessing Heaven can bestow on them or me who witness it. If we had Lockhart and Sophia, there would be a meeting of the beings dearest to me in life.

		Expences	Mr. Laidlaw as above for	
Cash .	:	£115	Lambs .	£5
Drats .	:	£52	Anne Household expence	£36
		£63	Game certificates .	£10
				<hr/>
				£52

Walked down to Huntly Burn, where I found a certain lady on a visit—so youthy, so beautiful, so strong in voice—with sense and learning—above all, so fond of good conversation, that, in compassion to my eyes, ears, and understand^g, I bolted in [the] middle of a tremendous shower of rain, and rather chose to be wett to the skin than to be bethumpd with words at that rate. There seemed more than I of the same opinion, for Col. Fergusson chose the ducking rather than the conversation. Young Mr. Surtees came this evening.

August 17.—Wrote half a leaf short of my task, having proofs, etc., to correct, and being calld early to walk with the ladies. I have gaind three leaves on the two following days, so I cannot blame myself. *Sat cito si sat bene. Sat boni* I am sure—I may say—a truly execrable pun that ; hope no one will find it out.

In the evening we had music from the girls, and the voice of the harp and viol were heard in my halls once more, which have been so long deprived of mirth. It is with a mixd sensation I hear these sounds. I look on my children and am happy ; and yet every now and then a pang shoots across my heart. It seems so strange that my poor wife should not be there. But enough of this. Colonel Fergusson dined.

August 18.—Again I fell a half page behind, being summoned out too early for my task, but I am still two leaves before on the whole week. It is natural to see as much of these young people as I can. Walter talks of the

Ionian Islands. It is an awful distance. A long walk in very warm weather. Music in the evening.

August 19.—This morning wrote none, excepting extracts, etc., being under the necessity of reading and collating a great deal, which lasted till one o'clock or thereabouts, when Dr. and Mrs. Brewster and their young people came to spend a day of happiness at the lake. We were met there by Captain and Mrs. Hamilton and a full party. Since the days of Seged, Emperor of Ethiopia,¹ these days of appointed sport and happiness have seldom answered; but we came off indifferently well. We did not indeed catch much fish; but we lounged about in a delightful day, eat and drank—and the children, who are very fine infantry, were clamorously enjoying themselves. We sounded the loch in two or three different places—the deepest may be sixty feet. I was accustomed to think it much more, but your deepest pools, like your deepest politicians and philosophers, often turn out more shallow than expected. The whole party dine with us.

August 20.—Wrote four leaves. The day wet and rainy, though not uniformly so. No temptation, however, to play truant; so this will make some amends for a blank day yesterday. I am in far advance on the press, but it is but necessary if I go to Drumlanrig on Wednesday as I intend, and to Lochore next week, which I also meditate. This will be no great interruption, however, if I can keep the *Canongate* moving, for I shall be more than half a volume in advance with *Napoleon*.

August 21.—Wrought out my task, though much bothered with a cold in my head and face, how caught I know not.

Have sent over to Mr. Craig bill for £250 and a drat for £15 for my journey expenses.

Mrs. Crampton, wife of the Surgeon-General² in

¹ See Johnson's *Rambler*, Nos. 204 and 205. This reflexion is put in the mouth of Monkbarne in *The Antiquary*.

² Afterwards Sir Philip Crampton. "The Surgeon-General struck Sir Walter as being more like Sir Humphry Davy than any man he had met, not in person only, but in the liveliness and range of his talk."—*Life*, vol. viii. p. 23.

Ireland, sends to say she is hereabouts, so we ask her. Hospitality must not be neglected, and most hospitable are the Cramptons. All the "cailliachs"¹ from Huntly Burn are to be here, and Anne wishes we may have enough of dinner. Naboclish ! it is hoped there will be a *pièce de résistance*.

August 22.—I have a note from Craig making my credit only £159-4. By my acco^t it is £313. Some great mistake here. I think I have kept my entries regular and trust the error is on his side. Mrs. and Misses Crampton depart[ed]. I was rather sorry to give them such brief entertainment, for they were extremely kind. But going to Eildon Hall to-day, and to Drumlanrig to-morrow, there was nothing more could be done for them. It is raining now "*successfully*," as old Macfarlane of the Arroquhar used to say. What is the odds we get a soaking before we cross the Birkendailly? Wet against dry, ten to one.

August 23 [*Bittock's Bridge*].—Set off cheerily with Walter, Charles, and Surtees in the sociable, to make our trip to Drumlanrig. We breakfasted at Mr. Boyd, Broadmeadows, and were received with Yarrow hospitality. From thence climbed the Yarrow, and skirted Saint Mary's Lake, and ascended the Birkhill path, under the moist and misty influence of the *genius loci*. Never mind ; my companions were merry and I cheerful. When old people can be with the young without fatiguing them or themselves, their tempers derive the same benefits which some fantastic physicians of old supposed accrued to their constitutions from the breath of the young and healthy. You have not, cannot again have, their gaiety of pleasure in seeing sights, but still it reflects itself upon you, and you are cheered and comforted. Our luncheon eaten in the herd's cottage ; but the poor woman saddened me unawares, by asking for poor Charlotte, whom she had often seen there alongst with me. She put me in mind that I had come twice over those hills and bogs with a wheel-carriage, before the road, now an excellent [one], was made. I knew it was true ; but, on my soul, looking where we must have

¹ Gaelic for "old women."

gone, I could hardly believe I had been such a fool. For riding, pass if you will ; but to put one's neck in such a venture with a wheel-carriage was too silly. Here we are, however, at Bittock's Inn for this night.

August 24.—This morning lunchd at Parkgate under a very heavy shower, and then pushd on to Drumlanrig, where I was pleased to see the old Castle, and old servants solicitous and anxious to be civil. What visions does not this magnificent old house bring back to me ! The exterior is much improved since I first knew it. It was then in the state of dilapidation to which it had been abandond by the celebrated old Q., and was indeed scarce wind and water tight. Then the whole wood was felld, and the outraged castle stood in the midst of waste and desolation, excepting a few scatterd old stumps, not judged worth the cutting. Now, the whole has been, ten or twelve years since, completely replanted, and the scattered seniors look as graceful as fathers surrounded by their children. The face of this immense estate has been scarcely less wonderfully changed. The scrambling tenants, who held a precarious tenure of lease under the Duke of Queensberry, at the risk (as actually took place) of losing their possession at his death, have given room to skillful and laborious men, working their farms regularly, and enjoying comfortable houses and their farms at a fair rent, which is enough to forbid idleness, but not enough to overpower industry.

August 25.—Here are Lord and Lady Home,¹ Charles Douglas,² Lord and Lady Charlotte Stopford.³ I grieve to say the last, though as beautiful as ever, is extremely thin, and looks delicate. The Duke himself has grown up into a graceful and apparently strong young man, and received us most kindly. I think he will be well qualified to sustain his difficult and important task. The heart is excellent, so are the talents,—good sense and knowlege of the world, pickd up at one of the great English schools (and it is one of their

¹ Lady Home was a daughter of Henry, third Duke of Buccleuch.

² Charles, second son of Archibald Lord Douglas, was a grandson of the third Duke.

³ Lady Charlotte was a sister of Walter Francis, fifth Duke of Buccleuch, at that time still in his minority.

most important results), will prevent him from being deceived ; and with perfect good-nature, he has a natural sense of his own situation, which will keep him from associating with unworthy companions. God bless him ! His father and I loved each other well, and his beautiful mother had as much of the angel in form face and disposition as is permitted to walk this earth. I see the balcony from which they welcomed poor Charlotte and me, long ere the ascent was surmounted, streaming out their white handkerchiefs from the battlements. There were *four* merry people that day—now one sad individual is all that remains.

Singula prædantur anni. I had a long walk to-day through the new plantations, the Duchess's Walk by the Nith, etc. (formed by Prior's *Kitty young and gay*¹) ; fell in with the ladies, but their donkeys outwalked me—a flock of sheep afterwards outwalked me, and I begin to think, on my conscience, that a snail put in training might soon outwalk me. I must lay the old salve to the old sore, and be thankful to be able to walk at all.

Nothing was written to-day, my writing-desk having been forgot at Parkgate, but Tom Crichton kindly fetched it up to-day, so something more or less may be done to-morrow morning—and now to dress.

August 26.—We took our departure from the friendly halls of Drumlanrig this morning after breakfast and leave-taking. I trust this young nobleman will be

“ A hedge about his friends,
A hackle to his foes.”²

¹ Catherine, Duchess of Queensberry (*d.* 1777), was celebrated for her beauty and eccentricity. Her wit and kindness of heart made her a favourite with the leading men of letters. While John Gay lived in her house she wrote jointly with him a series of letters. The letters which the Duchess and Gay wrote to Swift and those which Swift wrote to Gay and the Duchess may be seen in *The Correspondence of Swift*, ed. F. Elrington Ball. Swift wrote of her to Pope—“ She seems a lady of excellent sense and spirit . . . nor did I envy poor Mr Gay for anything so much as being a domestic friend to such a lady.”

She was the wife of the third Duke of Queensberry, on whose death the Dukedom of Queensberry devolved on William, third Earl of March (1724-1810), latterly known as “ Old Q.”

² Balled on young Rob Roy's abduction of Jean Kev, Cromeck's *Collections*.
—J. G. L.

I would [not] have him quite so soft-natured as his grandfather, whose kindness sometimes masterd his excellent understanding. His father had a temper which better jumpd with my humour. Enough of ill-nature to keep your good-nature from being abused is no bad ingredient in their disposition who have favours to bestow.

In coming from Parkgate here (to Bitock's Bridge) I intended to accom[plish] a purpose which I have for some years entertaind, of visiting Lochwood, the ancient seat of the Johnstones, of which King James said, when he visited it, that the man who built it must have been a thief in his heart. It is near to Mr. Johnstone Hope's mansion of Raehills. It rained heavily, however, which prevented my making this excursion, and indeed I rather overwalked myself yesterday, and have occasion for rest.

“ So sit down, Robin, and rest thee.”

August 27.—To-day we journeyed through the hills and amongst the storms ; the weather rather bullying than bad. We viewd the Grey Mare's Tail, and I still felt confident in crawling along the ghastly bank by which you approach the fall. I will certainly get some road of application to Mr. Johnstone Hope, to pray him to make the place accessible. We got home to Abbotsford before half-past five, having travell'd forty miles.

Found on our return Craig's letter explaining my accompt ag^t. me alas ! of which afterwards. It makes my Ball. as on margin. Mistake was in the amount of Ball : due at Christmas—£300 and upwards instead of £150 as I opined.

£150
74
—
£85

August 28.—Drew the following

Anne	£30
Rent of Lochend to be rep ^d by	
Mr. Laidlaw	£34
Travelling Expenses	10

£74

Set off with Walter and Jane at seven o'clock, and reached Blair Adam in the midst of dinner-time. By some of my not unusual blunders we had come a day before we were expected. Luckily, in this ceremonious generation, there are still houses where such blunders only cause a little raillery, and Blair-Adam is one of them. My excellent friend is in high health and spirits, to which the presence of Sir Frederick adds not a little.¹ His lady is here—a beautiful woman, whose countenance realises all the poetic dreams of Byron. There is certainly something of full maturity of beauty which seems framed to be adoring and adored, and it is to be found in the full dark eye, luxuriant tresses, and rich complexion of Greece, and not among the pale unripened beauties of the North. What sort of a mind this exquisite casket contains is not so easily known. She is anxious to please, and willing to be pleased, and, with her striking beauty, cannot fail to succeed.

August 29.—To-day we designed to go to Lochore. But “heigho ! the wind and the rain.” Besides Mrs. and Admiral Adam, Mrs. Loch, and Miss Adam, I find here Mr. Impey, son of that Sir Elijah celebrated in Indian history. He has himself been in India, but has, with a great deal of sense and observation, much better address than always falls to the share of the Eastern adventurer. The art of quiet and entertaining conversation, which is always easy as well as entertaining, is chiefly known in England. In Scotland we are pedantic and wrangle, or we run away with the harrows on some topic we chance to be discursive upon. In Ireland they have too much vivacity, and are too desirous to make a show, to preserve the golden mean in conversing. They are the Gascons of Britain. George Ellis was the best converser I ever knew ; his patience and good breeding made me often ashamed of myself when I found myself going off at score upon some favourite topic. Richard Sharpe is so celebrated for this

¹ Sir Frederick Adam, son of the Chief Commissioner—a distinguished soldier. He was wounded at Waterloo, and was in command of the small garrison at Brussels when Scott arrived there in August 1815.

peculiar gift as to be generally call'd Conversation Sharpe.¹ The worst of this talent is that it seems to lack sincerity. At least you never know what are the real sentiments of a good converser, or at least it is very difficult to discover in [what] extent he entertains them. His politeness is inconsistent with energy. Mrs. Impey an intelligent person likes music and particularly Scotch airs which few people play better than Mrs. Loch and Miss Louisa Adam.

For forming a good converser, good taste and extensive information and accomplishment are the principal requisites, to which must be added an easy and elegant delivery and a well-toned voice. I think the higher order of genius is not favourable to this talent.

Had a letter from Mr. William Upcott, London Institution, proposing to me to edit an edition of Garrick's Correspondence, which I declined by a letter of this day.

Thorough decided downfall of rain. Nothing for it but patience and proof-sheets.

August 30.—Still at Blair Adam. The weather scarce permitted us more licence than yesterday, yet we went down to Lochore, and Walter and I perambulated the property, and discussd the necessity of a new road from the south-west, also that of planting some willows along the ditches in the low grounds. Returned to Blair-Adam to dinner.

August 31.—Left Blair at seven in the morning. Transacted business with Cadell and Ballantyne, but our plans will, I think, be stopd or impeded by the operations before the Arbiter, Mr. Irving,² who leans more to the side of the opposite [party] than I expected. I have a letter from Gibson, found on my arrival at Abbotsford, which give[s] rather a gloomy account of that matter. It seems strange that I am to be bound to write for men who have broken every bargain to me.

Arrived at Abbotsford at eight o'clock at night.

¹ Mr. Richard Sharp published in 1834 a very elegant and interesting little volume of *Letters and Essays, in Prose and Verse*.—See *Quarterly Review*, 102.
—J. G. L.

² Later a Judge of the Court of Session by the style of Lord Newton.

SEPTEMBER

September 1.—Awaked with a headache, which the reconsideration of Gibson's news did not improve. We save *Bonaparte* however, and that is a great thing. I will not be downcast about it, let the worst come that can ; but I wish I saw that worst. It is the devil to be struggling forward, like a man in the mire, and making not an inch by your exertions, and such seems to be my fate. Well ! I have much to comfort me, and I will take comfort. If there be further wrath to come, I shall be glad that I bear it alone. Poor Charlotte was too much softened by prosperity to look adverse circumstances courageously in the face. Anne is young, and has Sophia and Jane to trust to for assistance.

September 2.—Wrote this morning, but only two pages or thereabouts. At twelve o'clock set out with Anne and Walter to visit at Makerston, but the road between Makerston and Merton being very bad, we drove, I dare say, thirty miles in going and coming by a circuitous route, and only got home at $\frac{1}{2}$ past seven at night. Saw Lady Brisbane Macdougall, but not Sir Thomas. Thought of old Sir Henry and his older father Sir George. Received a box of Australian seeds, forwarded by Andrew Murray, now head-gardener to the Governor, whom I detected a clever boy, among my labourers in 1812, and did a little for him. It is pleasant to see men thrive and be grateful at the same time, so good luck to "*Andro Mora*," as we call'd him.

September 3.—Made up my missing task for yesterday and to-day also, but not more, writing very heavily. Cousin Archie Swinton came to dinner. We had a dish of *cousinred* of course—and *of auld lang syne*.

September 4.—Archie Swinton left us this morning early. I wrote from seven to half-past two ; but, partly that I had five proof-sheets to correct, partly that like old John Fraser ¹ "I was not very cleever to-day," I made out but a page and a half.

¹ One of the Abbotsford labourers.

September 5.—Wrote task and half a page more. Terry arrived and brought with him a Mr. Bruce, from Persia, with an introduction, forsooth, from Mr. Blackwood. I will move a *quo warranto* against this species of introduction ; and the good gentleman is to be here, he informs me, for two days. He is a dark, foreign-looking man, of small stature, and rather blunt manners, which may be easily accounted for by his having been in the East for thirty years. He has a considerable share of information, and made good play after dinner.

September 6.—Walter being to return to Ireland for three weeks sets off to-day, and has taken Surtees and Charles alongst with him. I fear this is but a wild plan, but the prospect seemd to make them so happy that I could not find in my heart to say “No” sufficiently peremptorily. So away they all went this morning to be as happy as they can. Youth is a fine carver and gilder. Went down to Huntly Burn, and dawdled about while waiting for the carriage to bring me back. Mr. Bruce and Colonel Fergusson potted away about Persia and India, and I fell asleep by the fire-side. Here is a fine spot of work—a day diddled away, and nothing to show for it ! I must write letters now, there is nothing else for it. But—yaw—yaw—I must take a nap first. I had a letter from Jem Ballantyne, plague on him ! full of remonstra[nc]e, deep and solemn, upon the carelessness of *Bonaparte*. The rogue is right too. But as to correcting my stile to the

“Jemmy jemmy linkum feedle”

tune of what is called fine writing, I'll be d—d if I do.

Drew £12 in favour of Charles for his Irish jaunt ; same time exhorted him to make himself as expensive to Walter, in the way of eating and drinking, as he could. Mr. and Mrs. Impey arrived to dinner.

September 7.—Mr. Bruce left us this morning. From our joint observation he must be a half-cast[e], probably half an Arab. He told us of having been taken by pirates in the Arabian Gulph, and having received two thousand bastinadoes on the soles of his feet, after which he was

buried in a heap of dung by way of cure. Though the matter was certainly serious enough to the sufferer, yet it excited our suppressd, or scarce suppressd, mirth. Alas ! let never traveller tell any distress which borders on the ludicrous if he desires to excite the sympathy of the audience.

Another thing he mentiond was the mode of seasoning timber for shipbuilding in the Arabian Gulph. They bury it in the sand within water-mark, and leave it exposed to the flux and reflux of the tide for six months at least, but often for twelve or eighteen. The tendency to vegetation which produces the dry-rot is thus prevented effectually, and the ships built of this wood¹ last for twenty years.

Mr. Bruce the bastinadocd left us this morning promising wine from Shiraz and arms from India.

We drove to Ashestiel in the morning, after I had written a good task, or nearly so (nay, I lie, it wanted half a page), and passed a pleasant day. Terry read *Bobadil* in the evening, which he has, I think, improved.

September 8.—I have rubd up, by collation with Mr. Impey, Sir Frederick Adam's idea of the Greeks. He deeply regrets the present war as premature, undertaken before knowlege and rational education had extended themselves sufficiently. The neighbourhood of the Ionian Islands was fast producing civilisation ; and as knowlege is power, it is clear that the example of Europeans, and the opportunities of education afforded by the Ionian islands must soon have given² them an immense superiority over the Turk. This premature war has thrown all back into a state of barbarism. It was precipitated by the agents of Russia. In 20 or 30 years the superiority of the Greeks in intelligence and cultivated talent must have renderd them greatly superior to the Turk and it could not have happend that they should remain long in subjection. Sir Frederick spoke most highly of Byron, the soundness of his views, the respect in which he was held—his just ideas of the Grecian

¹ "vessell" in photostat.

² The photostat has "give" for "have given."

cause and character, and the practical and rational wishes which he formed for them. Singular that a man whose conduct in his own personal affairs had been anything but practical should be thus able to stand by the helm of a sinking state ! Sir Frederick thinks he might have done much for them if he had lived. The rantipole friends of liberty, who go about freeing nations with the same success which Don Quixote had in redressing wrongs, have, of course, blundered everything which they touched. The Impeys left us to-day, and Captain Hugh Scott and his lady arrived. Task is bang-up.

September 9.—I begin to fear *Nap.* will swell to seven volumes. I have a long letter from James B. threatening me with eight ; but that is impossible. The event of his becoming Emperor is the central point of his history. Now I have just attained it, and it is the centre of the third volume. Two volumes and a half may be necessary to complete the whole.

Walkd with Hugh Scott up the Rhymer's Glen, and round by the lake. Mr. Bainbridge of Gattonside House dined, also Colonel Ferguson. Was bang up to my task again this day.

September 10.—Corrected proof-sheets in the morning, then immured myself to write, the more willingly that the day seemed showery. But I found myself obliged to read and study the map so much that I did not get over half a sheet written. Walked with Hugh Scott through Haxels Cleuch. Great pleasure to show the young wood[s] to any who understands them well.

September 11.—Jane and her mother go into town this morning, and Anne with them, to look out a lodging for us during the time we must pass in town. It seems strange to have this [to do] to-day, having had always my father's house or my own to go to. But—*Sic transit gloria mundi.*

To which rare and new adage our ancestors added by way of rhyme—

“ Cabbage-kail are unco windy.”

Drew on Craig as follows

	To Bogie for farm work garden . . .	
	&c.	£20
£63 40	To Anne travelling expence[s] . . .	10
£23	To Jane (pocket money) . . .	10
		<hr/> £40

This is going rather close—too little wind in the Bag. But the poor dears must have something in their pocket ; and Quarter-day comes in a week or ten days.

Well, it is half-past twelve o'clock, and at length having regulated all disappointments as to post-horses, [and] sent three or four servants three or four miles of errands to remedy blunders which a little forethought might have prevented, my family and guests are separated—

“ Like youthful steers let loose, east, north, and south.”

Miss Millar goes to Stirling ; the Scotts to Lessudden ; Anne and Jane to Edinburgh ; and I am left alone. I must needs go up too to see some operations about the spring which supplies us with water, though I calculate my presence is not very necessary. So now—to work—to work.

But I reckond without my host, or, I should rather say, without my *guest*. Just as I had drawn in my chair, fitted a new Bramah on the stick, and was preparing to feague it away, I had a call from the son of an old friend, Mr. Waldie of Henderland. As he left me, enter young Whitebank and Mr. Auriol Hay of the Lion Office, and we had a long armorial chat together, which lasted for some time—then the library was to be lookd at, etc. So, when they went away, I had little better to do than to walk up to the spring which they are digging, and to go to my solitary dinner on my return.

September 12.—Notwithstanding what is above said, I made out my task yesterday, or nearly so, by working after dinner. After all, these interruptions are not such bad things ; they make a man keen of the work which he is withheld from, and differ in that point much from the indulgence of an indisposition to labour in your own mind,

which increases by indulgence. *Les fâcheux* seldom interrupt your purpose absolutely and entirely—you stick to it for contradiction's sake.

Well—I visited the spring in the morning, and completed my task afterwards. As I slept for a few minutes in my chair, to which I am more addicted than I could wish, I heard as I thought my poor wife call me by the familiar name of fondness which she gave me. My recollections on waking were melancholy enough. These be

“The acry tongues that syllable men's names.”

All, I believe, have some natural desire to consider these unusual impressions as bodements of good or evil to come. But alas! this is a prejudice of our own conceit. They are the empty echoes of what is past, not the forboding voice of things to come.

I dined at the Club to-day at Selkirk, and acted as croupier. There were eighteen dined. Young men chiefly, and of course young talk. But so it has been, will be, and must be.

September 13.—Wrote my task in the morning, and thereafter had a letter from that Tupshead of a privy Councillor and booby of a baronet, Sir J. S——. This unutterable idiot proposes to me that I shall propose to the D—ss D—r of R., and offers his own Right Honourable intervention to bring so beautiful a business to bear. I am struck dumb with the assurance of his folly—absolutely mute and speechless—and how to prevent him making me farther a fool is not easy, for the wretch has left me no time to answer him of the absurdity of what he proposes—and if he should ever hint at such a piece of d—d impertinence, what must the Lady think of my conceit or of my feelings! Marry hang him, brock!! I will write to his present stye, however, that the swine may, if possible, have warning not to continue this absurdity.¹

¹ Lady Scott had not been quite four months dead, and the entry of the preceding day shows how extremely ill-timed was this communication from a gentleman with whom Sir Walter had never had any intimacy. Sir John Sinclair's letter is printed in *The Private Letter-Books of Sir Walter Scott* (ed. W. Partington, 1930).

Dined at Major Scott, my cousin's, where was old Lord Buchan. He, too, is a prince of Bores. But age has tamed him a little, and like the giant Pope in the *Pilgrim's Progress*, he can only sit and grin at pilgrims as they go past, and is not able to cast a fank¹ over them as formerly. A few quiet puns seem his most formidable infliction now-a-days.

September 14.—I should not have forgotten, among the *memorabilia* of yesterday, that Mr. Naysmith, the dentist, and his family called, and I showed them the lions, for truly he that has rid a man of the toothache is well entitled to command a part of his time. *Item*, two young Frenchmen made their way to our sublime presence in guerdon of a laudatory copy of French verses sent up the evening before, by way of Open Sesamum, I suppose. I have not read them, nor shall I. No man that ever wrote a line despised the *pap* of *praise* so heartily as I do. There is nothing I scorn more, except those who think the ordinary sort of praise or censure is matter of the least consequence. People have almost always some private view of distinguishing themselves, or of gratifying their curiosity—some point, in short, to carry, with which you have no relation—when they take the trouble to praise you. In general, it is their purpose to get the person praised to puff away in return. To me their rank praises no more make amends for their bad poetry than tainted butter would pass off stale fish.

September 15.—Many proofs to correct and dates to compare. What signify dates in a true story? I was fidgetty after breakfast, owing to perusing some advices from J. Gibson, poor fellow. I will not be discouraged, come of things what will. However, I could not write continuously, but went out by starts, and amused myself by cutting trees in the avenue. Thus I dawdled till Anne and Jane came home with merry faces and raised my spirits of course. After tea I e'en took heart of grace and finished my task as I now do this day's journal.

I had an intimation from my sister-in-law that my niece Anne is about to be married to Mr. Allardyce, Surgeon

¹ A coil of rope.

at Cheltenham. It is a second marriage on his part and he has a family which is a disadvantage. But my excellent neighbour Dr. Scott of D—— gives him from knowledge a good character, and I hope it will do well. No one can deserve domestic happiness better than Anne my niece.

September 16.—Worked hard to-day, and in morning and evening made out five pages and a half, as much perhaps as one should attempt, yet I was not overworked. On the contrary, went out with Tom about one o'clock and cut trees, etc., to clear the avenue and favour the growth of such trees as are designed for standards. I received visits too—the Laird of Bemerside,¹ who had been for nine years in Italy with his family—also the Laird of Kippiclaw. Anne and Jane drove up and called at the Haining.

I expected James Ballantyne to dinner as he proposed, but the worthy typographer appeared not. He is sometimes inaccurate in keeping such appointments, which is not according to the "Academy of compliments." But in the letter which announced his intended visit, he talked of having received himself a visit from the Cholera Morbus. I shall be very sorry if so unwellcome a guest be the cause of the breach of his appointment.

September 17.—Rather surprized with a letter from Lord Melville, informing me that he and Mr. Peele had put me into the Commission for inquiring into the condition of the Colleges in Scotland. I know little on the subject, but I dare say as much as some of the official persons who are inserted of course. The want of efficient men is the reason alleged. I must of course do my best, though I have little hope of being useful, and the time it will occupy is half ruinous to me, to whom time is everything. Besides, I suppose the honour is partly meant as an act of grace for *Malachi*. I shall never repent of that escapade, although it offended persons for the time whose good opinion I value. J. B. continues ill at Teviot Grove, as they call it. I am a little anxious about him.

I finishd my task and an extra page—hope to do another before supper. Accomplishd the said diligent purpose.

¹ See *Life*, vol. x. p. 95.

September 18.—Rainy and gloomy—that small sifting rain driving on an eastern gale which intermits not. Wrote letters to Lord Melville, etc., and agreed to act under the Commission. Settled to be at M[elville] Castle, Saturday 24th. I fear this will interfere consumedly with business. I corrected proof-sheets and wrote a good deal but intend to spend the rest of the day in reading and making notes. No bricks to be made without straw.

September 19.—Circuit. Went to poor Mr. Shortreed's, and regretted bitterly the distress of the family, though they endeavoured to bear it bravely, and to make my reception as comfortable and even cheerful as possible. My old friend R. S. gave me a ring found in a grave at the Abbey, to be kept in memory of his son. I will certainly preserve it with especial care.¹

Many trifles at circuit, chiefly owing to the cheap whiskey, as they were almost all riots. One case of an assault on a deaf and dumb woman. She was herself the chief evidence ; but being totally without education, and having, from her situation, very imperfect notions of a Deity, and a future state, no oath could be administered. Mr. Kinniburgh, teacher of the deaf and dumb, was sworn interpreter, together with another person, a neighbour, who knew the accidental or conventional signs which the poor thing had invented for herself, as Mr. K. was supposed to understand the more general or natural signs common to people in such a situation. He went through the task with much address, and it was wonderful to see them make themselves intelligible by mere pantomime to each other. Still I did [not] consider such evidence as much to be trusted to in a criminal case. Several previous interviews had been necessary between the interpreter and the witness, and this is very much like getting up a story. Some of the signs, brief in themselves, of which Mr. K. gave long interpretations, put me in mind of Lord Burleigh in the *Critic* : “ Did he

¹ Mr. Thomas Shortreed, a young gentleman of elegant taste and attainments, devotedly attached to Sir Walter, and much beloved in return, had recently died.—J. G. L.

mean all this by the shake of the head?" "Yes, if he shook his head as I taught him."¹ The man was found not guilty. Mr. K. told us of a pupil of his whom he restored, as it may be said, to humanity, and who told him that his ideas of another world were that some great person in the skies lighted up the sun in the morning as he saw his mother light her fire, and the stars in the evening as she kindled a lamp. He said the witness had ideas of truth and falsehood, which was, I believe, true; and that she had an idea of punishment in a future state, which I doubt. He confessed she could [not] give any guess at its duration, whether temporary or eternal. I should like to know if Mr. K. is [in] that respect much wiser than his pupils. Dined, of course, with Lord Mackenzie, the Judge.

September 20.—Waked after a restless night, in which I dreamd of poor Tom Shortreed. Breakfasted with the Rev. Dr. Somerville.² This venerable gentleman is one of the oldest of the literary brotherhood—I suppose about eighty-seven, and except a little deafness quite entire. Living all his life in good society as a gentleman born—and having, besides, professional calls to make among the poor—he must know, of course, much that is curious concerning the momentous changes which have passd under his eyes. He talks of them accordingly, and has written something on the subject, but has scarce the force necessary to seize on the most striking points, "*palabras*, neighbour Verges,"—gifts which God gives. The bowl that rolls easiest along the green goes furthest, and has least clay sticking to it. I have often noticed that a kindly, placid good-humour is the companion of longevity, and, I suspect, frequently the leading cause of it. Quick keen sharp observation with the power of contrast and illustration disturbs this easy current of thought. My good friend, the venerable Doctor, will not, I think, die of that disease.

Called at Nesbit Mill on my cousin Charles. His wife

¹ See Act iii. Sc. 1.

² The Rev. Dr. Thomas Somerville, minister of Jedburgh, author of the *History of Great Britain during the reign of Queen Anne*, and other works, died 14th May 1830 in the ninetieth year of his age, and sixty-fourth of his ministry.
—J. G. L.

received me better than I deserved, for I have been a sad neglectful visit[or]. She has a very pleasant countenance.

Some of the Circuit lawyers dined here, namely R. Dundas, Borthwick, the facetious Peter Robertson, Mr. R. Adam Dundas, and with them Henry Scott of Harden.

September 21.—Our party breakfasted late, and I was heavy-headed, and did not rise till eight. Had drank a little more wine than usual, but as our friend Othello says, "that's not much." However, we dawdled about till near noon ere all my guests left me. Then I walked a little and cut some wood. Read afterwards. I can't get on without it. How did I get on before?—that's a secret. Mr. Thomas Tod and his wife came to dine. We talked of old stories and got over a pleasant evening.

September 22.—Still no writing. We have materials to collect. D—n you, Mother Duty, hold your tongue! I tell you, you know nothing of the matter. Besides, I corrected five sheets. I wish to God you had to do with some other people, just to teach you the difference. I grant that the day being exquisite I went and thind out the wood from the north front of the house. Read and noted a great deal.

£23	Drew for £10 for expences of travelling
10	etc.
—	
£13	

September 23.—Wrought in the morning, but [only] at reading and proofs. That cursed battle of Jena is like to cost me more time than it did Bonaparte to gain it. At breakfast we had the Todds from Gala House bound on a fishing party to the Loch. I met Colonel Ferguson about one, to see his dogs run. It is a sport I have loved well, but now, I know not why, I find it little interesting. To be sure I used to gallop, and that I cannot now do. We had good sport, however, and killed four hares. I felt excited during the chace, but the feeling was but momentary. My mind was immediately turnd to other remembrances, and to pondering upon the change which had taken place in my own feelings. The day was positively heavenly, and the wild hillside, with our little coursing

party, was beautiful to look at. Yet I felt like a man come from the dead, looking with indifference on that which interested him while living. So it must be

“ When once life's day is near the gloaming.”

We dined at Huntly Burn. Kind and comfortable as usual.

September 24.—I made a rally to-day and wrote four pages, or nearby. Never stird abroad the whole day, but was made happy after dinner by the return of Charles and Surtees full of their Irish jaunt, and happy as young men are with the change of scene. To-morrow I must go to Melville Castle. I wonder what I can do or say about these Universities. One thing occurs—the distribution of bursaries only *ex meritis*. That is, I would have the presentations continue in the present patrons, but exact that those presented should be qualified by success in their literary attainments and distinction acquired at school to hold these scholarships. This seems to be following out the idea of the founders, who, doubtless, intended the furthering of good literature. To give education to dull mediocrity is a flinging of the children's bread to dogs—it is sharpening a hatchet on a razor-strop, which renders the strop useless, and does no good to the hatchet. Well, something we will do.

September 25.—Morning spent in making up proofs and copy. Set out for Melville Castle with Jane, who goes on to her mother at Edinburgh.

Found Lord and Lady M. in great distress. Their son Robert is taken ill at a Russian town about 350 miles before Moscow—dangerously ill too, and of a dysentery. The distance increases the extreme distress of the parents, who, however, bore it like themselves. I was glad to spend a day upon the old terms with such old friends, and believe my being with them, even in this moment of painful suspense, as it did not diminish the kindness of my reception, certainly rather seemd to divert them from the cruel subject.

Dr. Nicoll, Principal of St. Andrews, dined at M. Castle : a very gentlemanlike sensible man. We spoke of the

visitation, of granting degrees, of publick examinations, of abolishing the election of professors by the Senatus Academicus (a most pregnant source of jobs), and much beside—but all desultory—and Lord M. either had nothing particular to say to me, or was too much engrossed with his family distress to enter upon it. He proposes to be here in the end of October.

September 26.—Returned to Abbotsford after breakfast. Here is a cool thing of my friend J. W. C[roker]. The Duke of Clarence, dining at the Pavilion with the King, happend by choice or circumstance to sit lower than usual at the table, and being at that time on bad terms with the Board of Admiralty, took an opportunity to say, that were he king he would do all that away, and assume the office of Lord High Admiral. “Your R.H. may act with great prudence,” said C[roker]. “The last monarch who did so was James II.” Presently after H.M.^y asked what they were talking of, “It’s only his R.H. of C.,” answered C[roker], “who is [so] condescending as to tell us what he will do when he is king.”

A long letter from P. P. Gillies. I wonder how even he could ask me to announce myself as the author of *Annotations on German Novels* which he is to write.

September 27.—A day of honest labour—but having much to read, proofs to send off, etc., I was only able to execute my task by three o’clock P.M. Then I went to direct the cutting of wood along the road in front of the house. Dined at Chiefswood with Captain and Mrs. Hamilton, Lady Lucy Whitmore, their guest, and neighbours from Gattonside and Huntly Burn.

September 28.—Another hard brush, and finishd four pages by twelve o’clock, then drove out to Cowdenknowes, for a morning visit. The house is ancient and curious, though modernized by vile improvements of a modern roof and windows. The inhabited part has over the principal door the letters S. I. H. V. I. H. The first three indicate probably Sir John Hume, but what are we to make of the rest? I will look at them more heedfully one day. There is a large room said to have been built for the reception of

Queen Mary ; if so, it has been much modernized. The date on the door is 1576, which would [not] bear out the tradition. The last two letters probably signify Lady Hume's name, but what are we to make of the *V*? Dr. Hume thinks it means *Uxor*, but why should that word be in Latin and the rest in Scotch?

Returnd to dinner, corrected proofs, and hope still to finish another leaf, being in tight working humour. Finishd the same accordingly.

September 29.—A sort of zeal of working has seized me, which I must avail myself of. No dejection of mind, and no tremor of nerves, for which God be humbly thankd. My spirits are neither low nor high—grave, I think, and quiet—a compleat twilight of the mind.

Good news of Johnnie Lockhart from Lady Montagu, who most kindly wrote on that interesting topic.

I wrote five pages, nearly a double task, yet wandered for three hours, axe in hand, superintending the thinning of the home planting. That does good too. I feel it give steadiness to my mind which when abandond to thought without any personal and manual application [is apt to¹ . . .]. Women, it is said, go mad much seldomer than men. I fancy, if this be true, it is in some degree owing to the little manual works in which they are constantly employd, which regulate in some degree the current of ideas, as the pendulum regulates the motion of the time-piece. I do not know if this is sense or nonsense, but I am sensible that if I were in solitary confinement, without either the power of taking exercise or employing myself in study, six months would make me a madman or an idiot.

September 30.—Wrote four pages. Honest James Ballantyne came about four. I had been cutting wood for two hours. He brought his child, a remarkably fine boy, well-bred, quiet, and amiable. James and I had a good comfortable chat, the boys being at Gattonside House. I am glad to see him bear up against misfortune like a man.

¹ The sentence is unfinished in the photostat. The omitted words may be supplied from the entry of 11 April.

"Bread we shall eat, or white or brown," that's the moral of it, Master Muggins.

Quarter's salary £250

Deduce

Coachmaker to accompt £50

Anne to household expence[s] . . . 25

£180¹

OCTOBER

October 1.—Wrote my task, then walkd from one till half-past four. Dogs took a hare. They always catch one on Sunday—a Puritan would say the Devil was in them. I think I shall get more done this evening. I would fain conclude the volume at the Treaty of Tilsit, which will make it a pretty long one, by the bye. J. B. expressd himself much pleased with *Nap.*, which gives me much courage. He is gloomy enough when things are not well. And then I will try something at my *Canongate*. They talk about the pitcher going to the well; but if it goes not to the well, how shall we get water? It will bring home none when it stands on the shelf, I trow. In literature, as in love, courage is half the battle.

"The public born to be controld
Stoops to the forward and the bold."

October 2.—Wrote my task. Went out at one and wrought in the wood till four. I was made happy by a letter from my nephew, little Walter, as we used to call him from his age and size compared to those of his cousin. He has been kindly received at Bombay by the Governour Mountstuart Elphinstone, and by Sir Thomas Bradford. He is taking his ground, I think, prudently, and is like to get on. Already first Lieutenant of Engineers—that is well to begin with.

In Bank . . . £180
Anne . . . £15
£160²

¹ *Sic* in photostat.

² *Sic* in photostat.

Colonel Ferguson, Miss Margaret, and some ladies, friends of theirs, dine, also Mr. and Mrs. Laidlaw, and James Laidlaw, and young Mr. N. Milne.

October 3.—I wrote my task as usual, but, strange to tell, there is a want of paper. I expect some to-day. In the meantime, to avoid all quarrel with Dame Duty, I cut up some other leaves into the usual statutory size. They say of a fowl that if you draw a chalk line on a table, and lay chick-a-diddle down with his bill laid upon it, the poor Tony will imagine himself opposed by an insurmountable barrier, which he will not attempt to cross. Suchlike are one-half of the obstacles which seem to interrupt our best resolves, and such is my pretended want of paper. It is like Sterne's want of *sous* when he went to relieve the *Pauvre Honteux*.

October 4.—I ought to record with gratitude to God Almighty the continued health of body and mind, which He hath vouchsafed to grant me. I have had of late no accesses either of bile or of nervous affection, and by mixing exercise with literary labour, I have escaped the *tremor cordis* which on other occasions has annoyd me cruelly. I went to the inspection of the Selkirkshire Yeomanry, by Colonel Thornhill, 7th Hussars. The Colonel is a remarkably fine-looking man, and has a good address. His brow bears token of the fatigues of war. He is a great falconer, and has promised to fly his hawks on Friday for my amusement, and to spend the day at Abbotsford. The young Duke of B. was on the field looking at the corps, most of whom are his tenants. They did very well, and are fine, smart young men, and well mounted. Too few of them though, which is pity. The exercise is a work which in my time [I] have loved well.

Finishd my task at night.

October 5.—I was thinking this morning that my time glided away in a singularly monotonous manner, like one of those dark gray days which neither promises sunshine nor threatens rain; too melancholy for enjoyment, too tranquil for repining. But this day has brought a change which somewhat shakes my philosophy. I find by a letter from

J. Gibson that I *may* go to London without danger, and if I may, I in a manner *must*, to examine the papers in the Secretary of State's office about Bon. when at Saint Helena. The opportunity having been offerd must be accepted, and yet I had much rather stay at home. Even the prospect of seeing Sophia and Lockhart must be mingled with pain, yet this is foolish too. Lady Hamilton¹ writes me that Pozzo di Borgo, the Russian Minister at Paris, is willing to communicate to me some particulars of Bonaparte's early life. Quaere—might I not go on there? In for a penny, in for a pound. I intend to take Anne with me, and the pleasure will be great to her, who deserves much at my hand.

Bank . . .	£160	October 6.—Charles and his friend Surtees left us this morning. To his quarter £75.
	75	
Ball. . . .	£85	

Went to see Colonel Thornhill's hawks fly. Some part of the amusement is very beautiful, particularly the first flight of the hawks, when they sweep so beautifully round the company, jangling their bells from time to time, and throwing themselves into the most elegant positions as they gaze about for their prey. But I do not wonder that the impatience of modern times has renounced this expensive and precarious mode of sporting. The hawks are liable to various misfortunes, and are besides addicted to fly away; one of ours was fairly lost for the day, and one or two went off without permission, but returnd. We killd a crow and frightend a snipe. There were,² however, ladies and gentlemen enough to make a gallant show on the top of Whitlaw Kipps. The falconer made a fine figure—a handsome and active young fellow with the falcon on his wrist. The Colonel was most courteous, and christend³ a hawk after me, which was a compliment. The hawks are not christend³ till they have merited that distinction. I walked about six miles and was not fatigued.

There dined with us Colonel Thornhill, Clifton, young

¹ Eldest daughter of the illustrious Admiral Lord Duncan, wife of Sir Hew Hamilton Dalrymple. She died in 1852.

² Douglas printed "are."

³ He twice printed "named" for "christend."

Whitebank, Spencer Stanhope, and his brother, with Miss Tod and my old friend Lockyer,¹ Secretary to Greenwich Hospital. We did not break up the party till one in the morning, and were very well amused.

October 7.—A weary day of rain. Lockyer and I chatted from time to time, and I wrought not at *Boney*, but upon the prose works, of which I will have a volume ready to send in on Monday. I got a letter from John Gibson, with an offer by Longman for *Napoleon* of ten thousand five hundred guineas, which I have advised them to accept. Also I hear there is some doubt of my getting to London, from the indecision of these foolish Londoners.²

I don't care whether I go or no! And yet it is unpleasant to see how one's motions depend on scoundrels like these. Besides, I would like to be there, were it but to see how the cat jumps. One knows nothing of the world, if you are absent from it so long as I have been.

October 8.—Lockyer left me this morning. He is of opinion the ministry must soon assume another form, but that the Whigs will not come in. Lord Liverpool holds much by Lord Melville—well in point of judgment—and by the Duke of Wellington—still better, but then the Duke is a soldier—a bad education for a statesman in a free country. The Chancellor is also consulted by the Premier on all law affairs. Canning and Huskisson are at the head of the other party, who may be said to have taken the Cabinet by storm, through sheer dint of talent. I should like to see how these ingredients are working; but by the grace of God, I will take care of putting my finger into the cleft stick.

¹ E. H. Locker, Esq., then Secretary, afterwards one of the Commissioners of Greenwich Hospital—an old and dear friend of Scott's.—See Oct. 25.

² Constable had suggested from the first that Scott might make a trip to Paris to collect information for the *Life of Napoleon*—"I have been thinking of Nap. and I know you will not be offended at any suggestion I may venture respecting it. Nothing, as I have formerly ventured to say, has ever appeared in the literary world to excite half the interest of this work, and I am tempted to suggest your taking a quiet trip to Paris to refresh your recollections. You could move over after your visit to Ireland without much waste of time. Mr Lockhart could I have no doubt collect many useful materials etc." (*Archibald Constable and his Literary Correspondents*, vol. iii. p. 317).

Lockyer has promised to get my young cousin Walter Scott on some quarter-deck or other.

Received from Mr. Cadell the second instalment advance of cash on *Canongate*. It is in English bills and money, in case of my going to town—£250.

In my desk
English notes £50
Bill . . . 200
£250

Mr. Laidlaw and George Skene dined.

October 9.—A gracious letter from Messrs. Abud and Son, bill-brokers, etc. assures Mr. Gibson that they will institute no legal proceedings against me for four or five weeks. And so I am permitted to spend my money and my leisure to improve the means of paying them their debts, for that is the only use of my present journey. They are Jews, I suppose; the devil baste [them] for fools with a pork griskin! Were I not to exert myself, I wonder where their money is to come from.

A letter from Gillies menacing the world with a foreign miscellany. The plan is a good one, but—"he canna haud it," as John Moodie¹ says. He will think all is done when he has got a set of names, and he will find the difficulty consists not in that, but in getting articles. I wrote on the prose works.

Lord and Lady Minto dined and spent the night at Abbotsford.

October 10.—Well, I must prepare for going to London, and perhaps to Paris.

Bank . . .	£95	Paid Tom to accompt . . .	£10
Drat. . .	45	William Bogie Dt. . .	20
In Bank . . .	40	Anne to house . . .	15
In purse . . .	250		
	£290		

£45

The morning frittered away. I slept till eight o'clock, then our guests till twelve; then walkd out to direct some alterations on the quarry, which I think may at little expense be renderd a pretty recess. Wordsworth swears by an old quarry, and is in some degree a supreme authority on such

¹ Another of the Abbotsford labourers.

points. Rain came on ; returnd completely wet. I had next the displeasure to find that I had lost the conclusion of vol. v. of Napoleon, seven or eight pages at least, which I shall have to write over again, unless I can find it. Well—as Othello says, “that’s not much.” My cousin James Scott came to dinner.

I have great unwillingness to set out on this journey—I almost think it ominous. But

“They that look to freits, my master dear,
Then freits will follow them.”¹

I will stick to my purpose. Answerd a letter from Gillies about establishing a foreign journal—a good plan—but I fear in sorry hands. Of those he names as his assistants those who can be useful will do little, and the labours of those who are willing to work will rather hold the publication down. Your dainty literature is². I fear it will not do.

I am downhearted about leaving all my things, after I was quietly settled ; it is a kind of disrooting that recalls a thousand painful ideas of former happier journies. And to be at the mercy of these fellows ! God help—but rather God bless—man must help himself.

October 11.—We are ingenious self-tormentors. This journey annoys me more than anything of the kind in my life. My wife’s figure seems to stand before me, and her voice is in my ears—“S——, do not go.” It half frightens me. Strong throbbing at my heart, and a disposition to be very sick. It is just the awakening of so many feelings which had been lulld asleep by the uniformity of my life, but which awaken on any new subject of agitation. Poor, poor Charlotte !! I cannot daub it further. I get incapable of arranging my papers too. I will go out for half-an-hour. God relieve me !

I quelled this *hysterica passio* by pushing a walk towards Kaeside and back again, but when I returnd I still felt uncomfortable, and all the papers I wanted were out of the

¹ See Ballad of *Edom of Gordon*.

² Sentence unfinished in photostat.

way, and all those I did not want seemd to place themselves under my fingers—my cash, according to the nature of riches in general, made to itself wings and fled, I verily believe from one hiding-place to another. To appease this insurrection of the papers, I gave up putting my things in order till to-morrow morning.

Dined at Kippilaw with a party of neighbours. They had segars for me, very politely. But I must break folks of this. I would [not] willingly be like old Dr. Parr, or any such quiz, who has his tastes and whims, forsooth, that must be gratified. So no segars on the journey.

October 12.¹—Reduced my rebellious papers to order. Remitted Andrew Lang £30 odd by cheque on Craig being County money received by me. Set out after breakfast, and reachd Carlisle at eight o'clock at night.

October 13.—We were off before seven, and visiting Appleby Castle by the way (a most interesting and curious place by the way), we got to Morritt's ² about half-past four, where we had as warm a wellcome as one of the

¹ "On the 12th of October, Sir Walter left Abbotsford for London, where he had been promised access to the papers in the Government offices; and thence he proceeded to Paris, in the hope of gathering from various eminent persons authentic anecdotes concerning Napoleon. His Diary shows that he was successful in obtaining many valuable materials for the completion of his historical work; and reflects, with sufficient distinctness, the very brilliant reception he on this occasion experienced both in London and Paris. The range of his society is strikingly (and unconsciously) exemplified in the record of one day, when we find him breakfasting at the Royal Lodge in Windsor Park, and supping on oysters and porter in "honest Dan Terry's house, like a squirrel's cage," above the Adelphi Theatre in the Strand. There can be no doubt that this expedition was in many ways serviceable in his *Life of Napoleon*; and I think as little that it was chiefly so by reviving his spirits. The deep and respectful sympathy with which his misfortunes, and gallant behaviour under them, had been regarded by all classes of men at home and abroad, was brought home to his perception in a way not to be mistaken. He was cheered and gratified, and returned to Scotland with renewed hope and courage for the prosecution of his marvellous course of industry."—*Life*, ch. lxxii.

² John B. Saurey Morritt of Rokeby, a friend of twenty years' standing, and "one of the most accomplished men that ever shared Scott's confidence."

Morritt and Mrs Morritt made Scott's acquaintance in Edinburgh in the summer of 1808, and stayed with him at Ashiestiel some weeks later. Lockhart printed in ch. xvii of the *Life*, Morritt's memories of Scott as he was at the age of 37.

In the same chapter Lockhart records that several friends (Lady Louisa Stuart among them) had written to recommend Morritt to Scott's acquaintance.

warmest hearts in the world could give an old friend. I saw his nephew's wife for the first time, a very pleasing young person. It was great pleasure to me to see Morritt happy in the midst of his family circle, undisturbed as heretofore by the sickness of any that is dear to him.

On recalling my own recollections during my journey I may note that I found great pleasure in my companion's conversation, as well as in her mode of managing all her little concerns on the road. I am apt to judge of character by good-humour and alacrity in these petty concerns.

Quoad [me] I think the inconveniences of a journey seem greater to me than formerly; while, on the other hand, the pleasures it affords are rather less. The ascent of Stanemore seemed duller and longer than usual, and on the other hand Bowes, which used to strike me as a distinguished feature in the [landscape], seemed an ill-favored mass of rubbish, a great deal lower in height than I had supposed; yet I have seen [it] twenty times at least. On the other hand, what I lose in my own personal feelings I gain in those of my companion, who shows an intelligent curiosity and interest in what she sees. I enjoy therefore, reflectively, *veluti in speculo*, the sort of pleasure to which I am now less accessible.

October 14.—Strolled about in the morning with Morritt, and saw his new walk up the Tees, which he is just concocting. Got a pamphlet he has written on the Catholic Question. In 1806 he had other views on that subject, but "live and learn" as they say. One of his squibs against the Fox and Grenville Administration concludes—

"Though they sleep with the Devil, yet theirs is the hope,
On the ruin of England, to rise with the Pope."

Set off at two, and reached Weatherby to supper and bed.

It was the Corporation of Leeds [that] by a subscription of £80,000 brought in the anti-Catholic candidate. I remember their subscribing a similar sum to bring in Morritt if he would have stood.

Saw in Morritt's possession an original miniature of Milton by Cooper—a valuable thing indeed. The pedigree

seemed authentic. It was painted for his favourite daughter—had come into possession of some of the Davenants—was then in the Devonshire collection from which it was stolen. Afterwards purchased by Sir Joshua Reynolds, and at his sale by Morritt or his father.¹ The countenance handsome and dignified, with a strong expression of genius, probably the only portrait of Milton taken from the life excepting the drawing from which Faithorne's head is done.

October 15.—Old England is no changeling. It is long since I travelled this road, having come up to town chiefly by sea of late years, but things seem much the same. One race of red-nosed innkeepers are gone, and their widows, eldest sons, or head-waiters exercise hospitality in their room with the same bustle and importance. Other things seem, externally at least, much the same. The land, however, is much better ploughed; straight ridges everywhere adopted in place of the old circumflex of twenty years ago. Three horses, however, or even four, are often seen in a plough yoked one before the other. Ill habits do not go out at once. We slept at Grantham, where we met with Captain William Lockhart and his lady, bound for London like ourselves.

October 16.—Visited Burleigh this morning; the first [time] I ever saw this magnificent place, where there are so many objects of interest and curiosity. The house is magnificent, in the style of James I.'s reign, and consequently in mixed Gothick. Of paintings I know nothing; so shall attempt to say nothing. But whether to connoisseurs, or to an ignorant admirer like myself, the *Salvator Mundi*, by Carlo Dolci, must seem worth a King's ransom. Lady Exeter, who was [at] home, had the goodness or curiosity to wish to see us. She is a beauty after my own heart; a great deal of liveliness in the face; an absence alike of form and of affected ease, and really courteous after a genuine and ladylike fashion.

¹ *MS. note on margin of Journal* by Mr. Morritt: "No—it was left by Reynolds to Mason, by Mason to Burgh, and given to me by Mr. Burgh's widow."

We reached Biggleswade to-night at six, and paused here to wait for the Lockharts. Spent the evening together.

October 17, London.—Here am I in this capital once more, after an April weather meeting with my daughter and Lockhart. Too much grief in our first meeting to be joyful—too much pleasure to be distressing—a giddy sensation between the painful and the pleasurable. I will call another subject.

Read over *Sir John Chiverton*¹ and *Brambletye House*—novels in what I may surely claim as the stile

“ Which I was born to introduce—
Refined it first, and showd its use.”

They are both clever books ; one in imitation of the days of chivalry ; the other (by Horace² Smith, one of the authors of the *Rejected Addresses*) dated in the time of the Civil Wars, and introducing historical characters. I read both with great interest during the journey.

I am something like Captain Bobadil who trained up a hundred gentlemen to fight very nearly, if not altogether, as well as myself. And so far I am convinced of this, that I believe were I to publish *Canongate Chronicles* without my name (*nomme de guerre*, I mean) the event would be a corollary to the fable of the peasant who made the real pig squeak against the imitator, while the sapient audience hissed the poor grunter as if inferior to the biped in his own language. The peasant could, indeed, confute the long-eared multitude by showing piggy ; but were I to fail as a knight with a white and maiden shield, and then vindicate my claim to attention by putting “ By the Author of *Waverley* ” in the title, my good friend *Publicum* would defend itself by stating I had tilted so ill, that my course had not the least resemblance to my former doings, when indisputably I bore away the gariand. Therefore I am as firmly and resolutely determined that I will tilt under my own cognizance. The hazard, indeed, remains of being beaten. But there is a prejudice (not an undue one neither) in favour of the original patentee ; and Joe Manton's name

¹ *Chiverton* was the first publication (anonymous) of W. Harrison Ainsworth.

² The photostat has “ John ” for “ Horace.”

has borne out many a sorry gun-barrell. More of this to-morrow.

Expence of journey,	£41	0	0
Anne, pocket-money,	5	0	0
Servants on journey,	2	0	0
Cash in purse (silver not reckoned),	2	0	0
	<hr/>		
	£50	0	0

This is like to be an expensive journey ; but if I can sell an early copy of the work to a French translator, it should bring me home.

Thank God, little Johnnie Hoo, as he calls himself, is looking well, though the poor dear child is kept always in a prostrate posture.

October 18.—I take up again my remarks on imitations. I am sure I mean the gentlemen no wrong by calling them so, and heartily wish they had followd a better model ; but it serves to show me *veluti in speculo* my own errors, or, if you will, those of the *stile*. One advantage, I think, I still have over all of them. They may do their fooling with better grace ; but I, like Sir Andrew Aguecheek, do it more natural. They have to read old books and consult antiquarian collections to get their information ; I write because I have long since read such works, and possess, thanks to a strong memory, the information which they have to seek for. This leads to a dragging-in historical details by head and shoulders, so that the interest of the main piece is lost in minute descriptions of events which do not affect its progress. Perhaps I have sind in this way myself—indeed, I am but too conscious of having considered the plot only as what Bayes calls the means of bringing in fine things ; so that in respect to the descriptions, it resembled the string of the showman's box, which he pulls to show in succession Kings, Queens, the Battle of Waterloo, Bonaparte at Saint Helena, Newmarket Races, and White-headed Bob floored by Jemmy from town. All this I may have done, but I have repented of it ; and in my better efforts, while I conducted my story through the agency of historical

personages and by connecting it with historical incidents, I have endeavoured to weave them pretty closely together, and in future I will study this more. Must not let the background eclipse the principal figures—the frame overpower the picture.

Another thing in my favour is, that my contemporaries steal too openly. Mr. Smith has inserted in *Brambletye House* whole pages from Defoe's *Fire and Plague of London*.

“Steal ! foh ! a fico for the phrase—
Convey, the wise it call !”

When I *convey* an incident or so, I am [at] as much pains to avoid detection as if the offence could be indicted in literal fact at the Old Bailey.

But leaving this, hard pressd as I am by these imitators, who must put the thing out of fashion at last, I consider, like a fox at his last shifts, whether there be a way to dodge them, some new device to throw them off, and have a mile or two of free ground, while I have legs and wind left to use it. There is one way to give novelty : to depend for success on the interest of a well-contrived story. But woe's me ! that requires thought, consideration—the writing out a regular plan or plot—above all the adhering to [one]—which I never can do, for the ideas rise as I write, and bear such a disproportioned extent to that which each occupied at the first concoction, that (cocksnowns !) I shall never be able to take the trouble ; and yet to make the world stare, and gain a new march ahead of them all !!! Well, something we still will do.

“Liberty's in every blow ;
Let us do or die !”

Poor Rob Burns ! to tack the fine strains of sublime patriotism ! Better take Tristram Shandy's vein. Hand me my cap and bells there. So now, I am equipd. I open my raree-show with

Ma'am, will you walk in, and fal de ral diddle ?
And, sir, will you stalk in, and fal de ral diddle ?
And, miss, will you pop in, and fal de ral diddle ? ●
And, master, pray hop in, and fal de ral diddle ?

Quaere—How long is it since I heard that strain of dulcet mood, and where or how came I to pick it up? It is not mine, “though by your smile you seem to say so.” Here is a proper morning’s work! But I am childish with seeing them all well and happy here; and as I can neither whistle nor sing, I must let the giddy humour run to waste on paper.

Sallied forth in the morning; bought a hat. Met S[ir] W[illiam] K[nighton],¹ from whose discourse I guess that *Malachi* has done me no prejudice in a certain quarter; with more indications of the times, which I need not set down.

Sallied again after breakfast, and visited the Piccadilly ladies. Saw Rogers and Richard Sharpe, also good Dr. and Mrs. Hughes. Saw also the Duchess of Buckingham, and Lady Charlotte Bury, with a most beautiful little girl. [Owen] Rees breakfasted, and agreed I should have what the Frenchman has offerd for the advantage of translating *Napoleon*, which, being a hundred guineas, will help my expenses to town and down again. •

October 19.—I rose at my usual time, but could not write; so read Southey’s *History of the Peninsular War*. It is very good indeed,—honest English good principle in every line; but there are many prejudices, and there is a tendency to augment a work already too long by saying all that can be said of the history of ancient times appertaining to every place mentioned. What care we whether Iacn be the Aurigi Pringi or Onorigis of the ancient Spaniards or no—whether Saragossa be derived from Caesarea Augusta? Could he have proved it to be Numantium, there would have been a concatenation accordingly.

Breakfasted at Rogers’ with Sir Thomas Lawrence; Luttrell, the great London wit; Richard Sharpe, etc. Sam made us merry with an account of some part of Rose’s *Ariosto*; proposed that the Italian should be printed on the other side for the sake of assisting the indolent reader to understand the English;² and complained of his using more

¹ Sir Walter had made his acquaintance in August 1822, and ever afterwards they corresponded with each other—sometimes very confidentially.—

J. G. L. 6

² The photostat has “Italian.”

than once the phrase of a lady having "voided her saddle," which would certainly sound extraordinary at Apothecaries' Hall. Well, well, Rose carries a dirk too. The morning was too dark for Westminster Abbey, which we had projected.

I went to the Foreign Office, and am put by Mr. Horton Wilmot into the hands of a confidential clerk, Mr. Smith, who promises access to everything. Then saw Croker, who gave me a bundle of documents. Sir George Cockburn promises his despatches a[nd] journal. In short, I have ample prospect of materials.

Dined with Mrs. Coutts. Tragi-comic distress of my good friend on the marriage of her presumptive heir with a daughter of Lucien Bonaparte.

October 20.—Commanded down to pass a day at Windsor. This is very kind of His Majesty.

At breakfast, Crofton Croker, author of the *Irish Fairy Tales*—little as a dwarf, keen-eyed as a hawk, and of very prepossessing manners. Something like Tom Moore. There were also Terry, Allan Cunningham, Newton, and others. Now I must go to work.

Went down to Windsor, or rather to the Royal Lodge in the Forest, which, though ridiculed by connoisseurs, seems to be no bad specimen of a royal retirement, and is delightfully situated. A kind of cottage orné—too large perhaps for the stile—but yet so managed that in the walks you only see parts of it at once, and these well composed and grouping with the immense trees. His Majesty received me with the same mixture of kindness and courtesy which has always distinguishd his conduct towards me. There were no company besides the royal retinue, Lady C[onyngham], her daughter, and two or three ladies. After we left table, there was excellent music by the Royal Band, who lay ambushd in the green-house adjoining to the apartment. The King made me sit beside him and talk a great deal—*too much*, perhaps—for he has the art of raising one's spirits, and making you forget the *retenue* which is prudent everywhere, especially at court. But he converses himself with so much ease and elegance, that you lose thoughts of the

prince in admiring the well-bred and accomplishd gentleman. He is, in many respects, the model of a British monarch—has little inclination to try experiments on government otherwise than through his ministers—sincerely, I believe, desires the good of his subjects, is kind toward the distressd, and moves and speaks “every inch a king.” I am sure such a character is fitter for us than a man who would long to head armies, or be perpetually intermeddling with *la grande politique*. A sort of reserve, which creeps on him daily, and prevents his going to places of public resort, is a disadvantage, and prevents his being so generally popular [as] is earnestly to be desired. This, I think, was much increased by the behaviour of the rabble in the brutal insanity of the Queen’s trial, when John Bull, meaning the best in the world, made such a beastly figure.

October 21.—Walked in the morning with Sir William Knighton, and received strong encouragement to hope H.M. would interest himself in Charles’s being initiated in the diplomatic line when he shall have taken a degree at Oxford.

After breakfast went to Windsor Castle, met by appointment with my daughters and Lockhart, and examined the improvements going on there under Mr. Wyattville, who appears to possess a great deal of taste and feeling for the Gothick architecture. The old apartments, splendid enough in extent and proportion, are paltry in finishing. Instead of being lined with heart of oak, the palace of the British Kings is hung with paper, painted wainscoat colour. There are some fine paintings and some droll ones ; among the last are those of divers princes of the House of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, of which Queen Charlotte was descended. They are ill-colourd, ouran-outang-looking figures, with black eyes and hook-noses, in old-fashiond uniforms.

We returnd to a hasty dinner, and then hurried away to see honest Dan Terry’s house, calld the Adelphi Theatre, where we saw the *Pilot*, from the American novel of that name. It is extremely popular, the dramatist having seized on the whole story, and turned the odious and

ridiculous parts, assigned by the original author to the British, against the Yankees themselves. There is a quiet effrontery in this that is of a rare and peculiar character. The Americans were so much displeased, that they attempted a [row]—which rendered the piece doubly attractive to the seamen at Wapping, who came up and crowded the house night after night for support of the honour of the British flag. After all, one must deprecate whatever keeps up ill-will betwixt America and the mother country ; and we in particular should avoid awakening painful recollections. Our high situation enables [us] to condemn petty insults and to make advances towards cordiality.

I was, however, glad to see honest Dan's house as full seemingly as it could hold. The heat was dreadful, and Anne was so very unwell that she was obliged to be carried into Terry's house,—a curious dwelling, no larger than a squirrel's cage, which he has contrived to squeeze out of the vacant spaces of the theatre, and which is accessible by a most complicated combination of staircases and small passages. Here we had rare good porter and oysters after the theatre, and found Anne much better. She had attempted too much. Indeed I myself was much fatigued.

I had much confidential chat with Sir W. Knighton not fit to be here set down in case of accidents. He undertook most kindly to recommend Charles when he has taken his degree to be attached to some of the Diplomatic missions which I think is best for the lad after all.

October 22.—This morning Drs. Gooch, Shaw, and Yates breakfasted, and had a consultation about wee Johnnie. They give us great hopes that his health will be established, but the seaside or the country seem indispensable. Mr. Wilmot Horton,¹ Under Secretary of State,* also breakfasted. He is entêté of some new plan of relieving the poor's-rates by encouraging emigration. But John Bull will think this savours of Botany Bay. The attempt to look the poor-rates in the face is certainly meritorious.

¹ Afterwards the Right Hon. Sir Robert Wilmot Horton, Governor of Ceylon.

Labourd in writing and marking extracts to be copied from breakfast to dinner, with the exception of an hour spent in telling Johnnie the history of his namesake, Gilpin.

Mr. William and Mrs. Lockhart dined with us. Tom Moore and Sir Thomas Lawrence came in the evening, which was a pleasant *soirée*. Smoke my French—Egad, it is time to air some of my vocabulary. It is, I find, cursedly musty.

October 23.—Sam Rogers and Moore breakfasted here, and we were very merry fellows. Moore seemd disposed to go to France with us. I visited the Admiralty, and got Sir George Cockburn's journal, which is valuable. Also visited Lady Elizabeth and Sir Charles Stewart. My heart warmd to the former, on account of the old Balcarras connection. Sir Charles and she were very kind and communicative. I foresee I will be embarrassed with more communications than I will use or trust to, coloured as they must be by the passions of those who make them. Thus I have a statement from the Duchess d'Escars, to which the Bonapartists would, I dare say, give no credit. If Talleyrand, for example, could be communicative, he must have ten thousand reasons for perverting the truth, and yet a person receiving a direct communication from him would be almost barrd from disputing it.

“ Sing tantararara, rogues all.”

We dined at the Residentiary-house with good Dr. Hughes, Allan Cunningham, Sir Thomas Lawrence, and young Mr. Hughes. Thomas Pringle is returnd from the Cape, and calld in my absence. He might have done well there, could he have scourd his brains of politics, but he must needs publish a 'Whig journal at the Cape of Good Hope ! He is a worthy creature, but conceited withal and *hinc illæ lachrymæ*. He brought me some antlers and a skin, in addition to others he had sent to Abbotsford four years since. Crofton Croker made me a present of a small box of curious Irish antiquities containing a gold fibula, etc. etc.

October 24.—Labourd in the morning. At breakfast

Dr. Holland ¹ and Cohen, whom they now call Palsgrave,² a mutation of names which confused my recollections. Item, Moore. I workd at the Colonial Office pretty hard. Dined with Mr. Wilmot Horton and his beautiful wife, the original [of] "*She walks in Beauty*," etc., of poor Byron.

The conversation is seldom excellent among official people. So many topics are what Otaheiteans call *taboo*. We hunted down a pun or two, which were turned out, like the stag at the Epping Hunt,³ for the pursuit of all and sundry. Came home early, and was in bed by eleven.

October 25.—As we move tomorrow for Paris I have my cash thus

Cash in purse See Memorand ^m of 17 curt.	£2
Letter of Credit on Paris . . .	£100
	<hr/>
	£102

Cash from Mr. Barber making up	
Ball. of Bill on London . . .	£100
But deduce Barber's account .	£18
Also Acheson's wages paid to	
Anne	£10
Post-horses while in London .	£10
Percy's Reliques for Johnnie .	£2
	<hr/>
	£40

In purse £100

60

£160

Good Mr. Wilson and his wife at breakfast; also Sir Thomas Laurence. Locker⁴ came in afterwards, and made a proposal to me to give [up] his intended Life of George III. in my favour on cause shown. I declined the proposal, not being of opinion that my genius lies that way, and not relishing hunting in couples. Afterwards

¹ See *Life*, ch. lxxxi., for the consultation of doctors in London on Sir Walter's case in October 1831.

² Afterwards Sir Francis Palsgrave, Deputy-Keeper of the public records.

³ The photostat has "Empson Races."

⁴ E. H. Locker, then Secretary of Greenwich Hospital.—See *ante*, Oct. 7.

went to the Colonial Office, and had Robert Hay's assistance in my inquiries ; then to the French Ambassador for my passports. Picked up Sotheby, who endeavoured to saddle me for a review of his polyglot Virgil. I fear I shall scarce convince him that I know nothing of the Latin Lingo. Sir R. H. Inglis, Richard Sharpe, and other friends call'd. We dine at Miss Dumergue's, and spend a part of our soirée àt Lydia White's. To-morrow,

" For France, for France, for it is more than need." ¹

October 26.—Up at five, and in the packet by six. A fine passage—save at the conclusion, while we lay on and off the harbour of Calais. But the tossing made no impression on my companion or me ; we eat and drank like dragons the whole way, and were able to manage a good supper and best part of a bottle of Chablis, at the classic Dessein's, who received us with much courtesy.

October 27.—Custom House, etc., detain'd us till near ten o'clock, so we had time to walk on the Boulevards, and to see the fortifications, which must be very strong, all the country round being flat and marshy. Lost, as all know, by the bloody papist bitch (one must be vernacular when on French ground) Queen Mary, of red-hot memory. I would rather she had burn'd a score more of bishops. If she had kept it, her sister Bess would sooner have parted with her virginity. Charles I. had no temptation to part with it—it might, indeed, have been shuffled out of our hands during the Civil wars, but Noll would have as soon let Mons^r draw one of his grinders ; then Charles II. would hardly have dared to sell such an old possession, as he did Dunkirk ; and after that the French had little chance till the Revolution. Even then, I think, we could have held a place that could be supplied from our own element, the sea. *Cui bono?* None, I think, but to plague the rogues.

We dined at Cormont, and being stop'd by Mr. Canning having taken up all the post-horses, could only reach Montreuil that night. I should have liked to have seen

¹ *King John*, Act 1. Sc. 1.

more of this place, which is fortified ; and as it stands on an elevated and rocky site must present some fine points. But as we came in late and left early, I can only bear witness to good treatment, good supper, good *vin de Barsac*, and excellent beds.

October 28.—Breakfasted at Abbeville, and saw a very handsome Gothic church, and reached Grandvilliers at night. The house is but second-rate, though lauded by various English travellers for the moderation of its charges, as was recorded in a book presented to us by the landlady. There is no great patriotism in publishing that a traveller thinks the bills moderate—it serves usually as an intimation to mine host or hostess that John Bull will bear a little more squeezing. I gave my attestation too, however, for the charges of the good lady resembled those elsewhere ; and her anxiety to please was extreme. They must be harder-hearted than I am to resist the *empressement*, which may, indeed, be venal, yet has in its expression a touch of cordiality.

October 29.—Breakfasted at Beauvais, and saw its magnificent cathedral—unfinishd it has been left, and unfinishd [it] will remain, of course,—the fashion of cathedrals being passd away. But even what exists is inimitable, the choir particularly, and the grand front. Beauvais is called the *Pucelle*, yet, so far as I can see, she wears no stays—I mean, has no fortification. On we run, however. *Vogue la galère ; et voilà nous à Paris*, Hotel de Winsor, where we are well lodged. France, so far as I can see, which is very little, has not undergone many changes. The sight of war has, indeed, passd away, and we no longer see troops crossing the country in every direction ; villages either ruind or hastily fortified ; inhabitants shelterd in the woods and caves to escape the rapacity of the soldiers—all this has passed away. The inns are much amended. There is no occasion for that rascally practice of making a bargain—or *combien*-ing your landlady, before you unharness your horses, which formerly was matter of necessity. The general taste of the English seems to regulate the travelling—naturally enough, as the hotels, of which there

are two or three in each town, chiefly subsist by them. We did not see one French equipage on the road ; the natives seem to travel entirely in the diligence, and doubtless *à bon marché*. But the road was thronged with English.

But in her great features France is the same as ever. An oppressive air of solitude seems to hover over these rich and extended plains, while we are sensible that, whatever is the motive of the desolation, it cannot be sterility. The towns are small, and have a poor appearance, and more frequently exhibit signs of decayd splendour than of thriving and increasing prosperity. The château, the abode of the gentleman, and the villa, the retreat of the thriving *négociant*, are rarely seen till you come to Beaumont. At this place, which well deserves its name of the fair mount, the prospect improves greatly, and country-seats are seen in abundance ; also woods, sometimes deep and extensive, at other times scattered in groves and single trees. Amidst these the oak seldom or never is found. England, lady of the ocean, seems to claim it exclusively as her own. Neither are there any quantity of firs. Poplars in abundance give a formal air to the landscape. The forests chiefly consist of beeches with some birches, and the roads are bordered by elms cruelly cropd, pollarded, and switchd. The demand for firewood occasions these mutilations. If I could waft by a wish the thinnings of Abbotsford here, it would make a little fortune of itself. But then to switch and mutilate my trees !—not for a thousand francs. Ay, but sour grapes, quoth the fox.

October 30.—Finding ourselves snugly settled in Hotel de Windsor, Rue Rivoli, we determined to remain here at fifteen francs per day. We are in the midst of what can be seen, and we are very comfortably fed and lodged.

This morning wet and surly. Sallied however by the assistance of a hired coach, and left cards for Count Pozzo di Borgo, Lord Granville, our ambassador, and M. Gallois, author of the *History of Venice*. Found no one at home, not even the old pirate Galignani, at whose den I ventured to call. Showd my companion the Louvre (which was

closed, unluckily), the front of the palace with its courts, and all that splendid quarter which the fame of Paris rests upon in security. We can never do the like in Britain. Royal magnificence can be only displayed by despotic power. In England, were the most splendid street or public building to be erected, the matter must be discussed in Parliament, or perhaps some sturdy cobbler holds out, and refuses to part with his stall, and the whole plan is disconcerted. Long may such impediments exist! But then we should conform to circumstances, and assume in our public works a certain sober simplicity of character, which should point out that they were dictated by utility rather than show. The affectation of an expensive stile only places us at a disadvantageous contrast with other nations, and our substitutes of brick and plaster for free-stone resembles the mean ambition which displays Bristol stones in default of diamonds.

We went to theatre in the evening—Comédie Française the place, *Rosemunde* the piece. It is the composition of a young man with a promising name—Émile de Bonnechose; the story that of Fair Rosamond. There were some good situations, and the actors in the French taste seemed to me admirable, particularly Mademoiselle Bourgoïn. It would be absurd to attempt to criticize what I only half understood; but the piece was well received, and produced a very strong effect. Two or three ladies were carried out in hystericks; one next to our box was frightfully ill. A Monsieur à *belles moustaches*—the husband, I trust, though it is likely they were *en partie fine*—was extremely and affectionately assiduous. She was well worthy of the trouble, being very pretty indeed; the face beautiful, even amidst the involuntary convulsions. The afterpiece was *Femme Juge et Partie*, with which I was less amused than I had expected, because I found I understood the language less than I did ten or eleven years since. Well, well, I am past the age of mending.

Some of our friends in London had pretended that at Paris I might stand some chance of being encountered by the same sort of tumultuary reception which I met in

Ireland ; but for this I see no ground. It is a point on which I am totally indifferent. As a literary man I cannot affect to despise public applause—as a private gentleman I have always been embarrassed and displeased with popular clamours, even when in my favour. I know very well the breath of which such shouts are composed, and am sensible those who applaud me to-day would be as ready to toss me to-morrow ; and I would [not] have [them] think that I put such a value on their favour as would make me for an instant fear their¹ displeasure. Now all this disclamation is sincere, and yet it sounds affected. It puts me in mind of an old woman who, when Carlisle was taken by the Highlanders in 1745, chose to be particularly apprehensive of personal violence, and shut herself up in the closet, in order that she might escape ravishment. But no one came to disturb her solitude, and she began to be sensible that poor Donald was looking out for victuals, or seeking for some small plunder, with[out] bestowing a thought on the fair sex ; she popped her head out of her place of refuge with the petty question, “ Good folks, can you tell when the ravishing is going to begin ? ”

I am sure I will neither hide myself to avoid applause, which probably no one will think of conferring, nor have the meanness to do anything which can indicate I had any desire of ravishment. I have seen, when the late Lord Erskine entered the Edinburgh [theatre], papers distributed in the boxes to mendicate a round of applause—the natural reward of a poor player.

October 31.—At breakfast visited by M. Gallois, an elderly Frenchman (always the most agreeable class), full of information, courteous and communicative. He had seen nearly, and remarked deeply, and spoke frankly, though with due caution. He went with us to the Museum, where I think the Hall of Sculpture continues to be a fine thing ; that of Pictures but very tolerable, when we reflect upon 1815. A number of great French daubs (comparatively), by David and Gerard, cover the walls once occupied by the Italian *Chef-œuvres*. *Fiat justitia, ruat cælum.*

¹ The photostat has “ my.”

We then visited Notre Dame and the Palace of Justice. The latter is accounted the oldest building in Paris, being the work of St. Louis. It is however in the interior adapted to the taste of Louis XIV. We drove over the Pont Neuf, and visited the fine quais, which was all we could make out to-day, as I was afraid to fatigue Anne.

When we returned home I found Count Pozzo di Borgo waiting for me, a personable man, inclined to be rather corpulent—handsome features, with all the Corsican fire in his eye. He was quite kind and communicative. Lord Granville had also called, and sent Mr. Jones to invite us to dinner to-morrow.

In the evening at the Odéon, where we saw *Ivanhoe*. It was superbly got up, the Norman soldiers wearing pointed helmets and what resembled much hauberks of mail, which looked very well. The number of the attendants, and the skill with which they are moved and grouped on the stage, is well worthy of notice. It was an opera, and of course the story greatly mangled, and the dialogue in a great part nonsense. Yet it was strange to hear anything like the words which I (then in an agony of pain with spasms in my stomach) dictated to William Laidlaw at Abbotsford, now recited in a foreign tongue, and for the amusement of a strange people. I little thought to have survived the completing of this novel.

NOVEMBER

November 1.—I suppose the Ravishing is going to begin, for we have had the Dames des Halles, with a bouquet like a Maypole, and a speech full of honey and oil, which cost me ten francs; also a small worshipper, who would not leave his name, but came *seulement pour avoir le plaisir, la félicité* etc. etc. All this jargon I answer with corresponding *blarney* of my own, for “have I not licked the black stone of that ancient castle?” As to French,

I speak it as it comes, and [like] Doeg in *Absalom and Achitophel*—

“ — dash on through thick and thin,
Through sense and nonsense, never out nor in.”

We went with Mons^r Gallois to the Church of St^e. Genevieve, and thence to the College Henri IV., where I saw once more my old friend Chevalier. He was unwell, swathed in a turban of nightcaps and a multiplicity of *robes de chambre*; but he had all the heart and all the vivacity of former times. I was truly glad to see the kind old man. We were unlucky in our day for sights, this being a high festival call'd All Souls' Day. We were not allowed to scale the steeple of St^e. Genevieve, neither could we see the animals at the Jardin des Plantes, who, though they have no souls, it is supposed, and no interest of course in the devotions of the day, observe it in strict retreat, like the nuns of Kilkenny. I met, however, one lioness walking at large in the Jardin, and was introduced. This was Mad^e. de Souza, the authoress of some well-known French romances of a very classical character, I am told, for I have never read them. She must have been beautiful, and is still well-lookd. She is the mother of the handsome Count de Flahault, and had a very well-looking daughter with her, besides a son or two. She was very agreable. We are to meet again. The day becoming decidedly rainy, we returnd along the Boulevards by the Bridge of Austerlitz, but the weather was so indifferent as to spoil the fine show.

We dined at the Ambassador's—Lord Granville, formerly Lord Leveson Gower. He inhabits the same splendid [mansion] which Lord Castlereagh had in 1815, namely, Numero 30, Rue de fauxbourg St. Honoré. It once belongd to Pauline Borghese, and if its walls could speak, they might tell^{us} mighty curious stories. Without their having any tongue, they spoke to my feelings “with most miraculous organ.” In these halls I had often seen and conversed familiarly with many of the great and powerful, who won the world by [their] swords,¹ and divided it by their counsel.

¹ “its sword” in photostat.

Here I saw very much of poor Lord Castlereagh—a man of sense, presence of mind, courage, and fortitude, which carried him through many an affair of critical moment, where finer talents might have stuck in the mire. He had been, I think, indifferently educated, and his mode of speaking being far from *precisely* logical or correct, he was sometimes in danger of becoming almost ridiculous, in spite of his lofty presence, which had all the grace of the Scymours, and his determined courage. But then he was always up to the occasion, and upon important matters was an orator to convince, if not to delight, his hearers. He is gone, and my friend Stanhope also, whose kindness this town so strongly recalls. It is remarkable they were the only persons of sense and credibility who both attested on supernatural appearances in their own evidence, and both died in the same melancholy manner. I shall always tremble when any friend of mine becomes visionary.

I have seen in these rooms the Emperor Alex^r., Platoff, Schwarzenberg, old Blucher, Fouché, and many a *maréchal* whose truncheon had guided armies—all now at peace, without subjects, without dominion, and where their past life, perhaps, seems but the recollection of a feverish dream. What a group would this band have made in the gloomy regions described in the *Odessey*! ¹ But to lesser things.

We were most kindly received by Lord and Lady Granville, and met many friends, some of them having been guests at Abbotsford. Among these were Lords Ashley and Morpeth—there were also Charles Ellis (Lord Seaford now), his son *cum plurimis aliis*. Anne saw for the first time an entertainment *à la mode de France*, where the gentlemen left the parlour with the ladies. In diplomatic houses it is a good way of preventing political discussion, which John Bull is always apt to introduce with the second bottle. We left early, and came home at ten, much pleased at Lord and Lady Granville's kindness, though it was to be expected, as our recommendations came from Windsor.

November 2.—Another gloomy day—a pize upon it!—and we have settled to go to Saint Cloud, and dine, if

¹ See the *Odysey*, Book xi.

possible, at the Drummonds at D'Auteuil. Besides, I expect poor W. R. S[pencer] to breakfast. There is another thought which depresses me.

Well—but let us jot down a little politics, as my book has a pretty firm lock.

The Whigs may say what they please, but I think the Bourbons will stand. Gallois, no great Royalist, says that the Duke of Orleans lives on the best terms with the reigning family, which is wise on his part, for the golden fruit may ripen and fall of itself, but it would be dangerous to

“Lend the crowd his arm to shake the tree.”

The army, which was Bonaparte's strength, is now very much changed by the gradual influence of time, which has removed many, and made invalids of many more. The citizens are neutral, and if the King will govern according to the Charte, and, what is still more, according to the habits of the people, he will sit firm enough, and the constitution will gradually attain more and more reverence as age gives it authority, and distinguishes it from those temporary and ephemeral governments, which seemd only set up to be pulld down. The most dangerous point in the present state of France is that of religion. It is, no doubt, excellent in the Bourbons to desire to make France a religious country, but they begin, I think, at the wrong end. To press the observances and ritual of religion on those who are not influenced by its doctrines is planting the young tree with its head downwards. Rites are sanctified by belief; but belief can never arise out of an enforced observance of ceremonies; it only makes men detest what is imposed on them by compulsion. Then these Jesuits, who constitute emphatically an *imperium in imperio*, labouring first for the benefit [of] their own order, and next for that of the Roman See—what is it but the introduction into France of a foreign influence, whose interest may often run counter to the general welfare of the kingdom?

We have enough of ravishment. M. Meurice writes me that he is ready to hang himself that we did not find accomodation at his hotel; and Madame Mirbel came

almost on her knees to have permission to take my portrait. I was cruel ; but, seeing her weeping-ripe, consented she should come to-morrow and work while I wrote. A Russian Princess Galitzin, too, demands to see me in the heroic vein ; "*Elle vouloit traverser les mers pour aller voir S. W. S.*," and offers me a rendezvous at my hotel. This is precious tomfoolery—however, it is better than being neglected like a fallen sky-rocket, which seemed like to be my fate last year.

We went to Saint Cloud with my old friend Mr. Drummond, now at a pretty *maison de campagne* at Auteuil. Saint Cloud, besides its unequalled views, is rich in remembrances. I did not fail to revisit the *Orangerie*, out of which Bon. expelled the Council of [the] younger. I thought I saw the scoundrels jumping [from] the windows, with the bayonets at their backsides. What a pity the house was not two stories high ! I asked the Swiss some questions on the *locale*, which he answered with becoming caution, saying, however, that "he was not present at the time." There are also new remembrances. A separate garden, laid out as a playground for the royal children, is called *Il Trocadero*, from the siege of Cadiz.¹ But the Bourbons should not take military ground—it is firing a pop-gun in answer to a battery of cannon.

All within the house is changed. Every trace of Nap. or his reign totally done away, as if traced in sand over which the tide has passed. Moreau and Pichegru's portraits hang in the royal ante-chamber. The former has a mean look ; the latter has been a strong and stern-looking man. I looked at him, and thought of his death-struggles. In the guard-room were the heroes of La Vendée—Charette with his white bonnet, the two La Rochejacqueleins, Lescure, in an attitude of prayer, Stoflet, the gamekeeper, with others.

We dined at Auteuil. Mrs. Drummond, formerly the beautiful Cecilia Telfer, has lost her looks, but kept her kind heart. On our return, went to the Italian opera, and saw *Figaro*. Anne liked the music ; to me it was all caviare. A Mr. Creed dined with us ; sensible, liberal

¹ "Calais" in photostat.

in his politics, but well informed and candid. He owes me—what?—a drive from Auteuil to Paris.

Saasse whom I knew in Brussels called upon slight right I think—but let it pass.

November 3.—Sate to Mad^e. Mirbel—Spencer at breakfast. Went out and had a long interview with the Maréchal Macdonald, the purport of which I have put down elsewhere. Visited Princess Galitzin, and also Cowper, the American novelist. This man, who has shown so much genius, has a good deal of the manner, or want of manner, peculiar to his countrymen. He proposed to me a mode of publishing in America by entering the book as [the] property of a citizen. I will think of this. Every little helps, as the tod says, when, etc. At night at the Theatre de Madame, where we saw two *petites pieces*, *Le Mariage de Raison*, and *Le plus [beau] jour de ma vie*—both excellently playd. Afterwards at Lady Granville's route, which was as splendid as any I ever saw—and I have seen *beaucoup dans cet genre*. A great number of the ladies of the first rank were there, and if honeyed words from pretty lips could surfeit, I had enough of them. One can swallow a great deal of whipd cream, to be sure, and it does not hurt an old stomach.

November 4.—Anne goes to sit to Mad. Mirbel. I calld after ten, Mr. Cowper and Gallois having breakfasted with me. The former seems quite serious in desiring the American attempt. I must, however, take care not to give such a monopoly as to prevent the American public from receiving the works at the prices they are accustomed to. I think I may as well try if the thing can be done.

After ten I went with Anne to the Thuilleries, where we saw the royal family pass through the Glass Gallery as they went to Chapel. We were very much lookd at in our turn, and the King, en passant, did me the honour to say a few civil words, which produced a great sensation. Mad^e. la Dauphine and Mad^e. de Berri curtesied, smiled, and look[ed] extremely gracious; and smiles, bows, and curtesies rained on us like odours, from all the courtiers and court ladies of the train. We were conducted by an

officer of the Royal Gardes du Corps to a convenient place in chapel, where we had the pleasure of hearing the Grand Mass performed with excellent music.

I had a perfect view of the King and royal family. The King is the same in age as I knew him in youth at Holyrood House—debonair and courteous in the highest degree. Mad^e. Dauphine resembles very much the prints of Marie Antoinette, in the profile especially. She is not, however, beautiful, her features being too strong, but they announce a great deal of character, and the princess whom Bonaparte used to call the *Man* of the family. She seemed very attentive to her devotions. The Duchess of Berri seemed less immersed in the ceremony, and yawned once or twice. She is a lively-looking blonde—looks as if she were good-humoured and happy, by no means pretty, and has a cast with her eyes; splendidly adorned with diamonds, however. After this gave Mad^e. Mirbel a sitting, where I encountered *le général*, her uncle,¹ who was *chef de l'état major* to Bonaparte. He was very communicative, and seemed an interesting person, by no means over much prepossessed in favour of his late Master, whom he judged impartially, though with affection.

We came home and dined in quiet, having refused all temptations to go out in the evening; this on Anne's account as well as my own. It is not quite gospel, though Solomon says it—the eye *can* be tired with seeing, whatever he may alledge in the contrary. And then there are so many ² compliments. I wish for a little of the old Scotch causticity. I am something like the bee that sips treacle.

November 5.—I believe I must give up my Journal till I leave Paris. The French are literally outrageous in their civilities—bounce in at all hours, and drive one half mad with compliments. I am ungracious not to be so entirely thankful as I ought to this kind and merry people. We breakfasted *chez* Mad^e. Mirbel, where were the Dukes of Fitz-James, Cressieux. I think, and Duras, goodly company—but all's one for that. I made rather an impatient sitter, wishing much more to talk than was agreeable to

¹ General Monthion.

² "manner" in photostat.

Madame. Afterwards we went to the Champs Elysées, where a balloon was let off, and all sorts of fooleries performed for the benefit of the *bons gens de Paris*—besides stuffing them with victuals. I wonder how such a civic festival would go off in London or Edinburgh, or especially in Dublin. To be sure, they would not introduce their shilelahs! But in the classic taste of the French, there were no such gladiatorial doings. To be sure, they have a natural good-humour and gaiety which incl[in]es them to be pleased with themselves, and everything about them.

We dined at the Ambassador's, where was a large party, Lord Morpeth, the Duke of Devonshire, and others—all were very kind. Pozzo di Borgo there, and disposed to be communicative. A large soirée in the evening where we had some music from Miss Wilkinson a relation of Mrs. Siddons' friend and companion by mortal[s] hight Pat Wilkinson. Home at eleven. These hours are early, however.

November 6.—Cowper came to breakfast, but we were *obsédés partout*. A number of Frenchmen bounced in successively, and exploded, I mean discharged their compliments, that I could hardly find an opportunity to speak a word, or entertain Cowper at all. After we sate again for our portraits. Mad. Mirbel took care not to have any one to divert my attention, but I contrived to amuse myself with some masons finishing a façade opposite to me, who placed their stones, not like Inigo Jones, but in the most lubberly way in the world, with the help of a large wheel, and the application of strength of hand. John Smith of Darnick, and two of his men, would have done more with a block and pulley than the whole score of them. The French seem far behind in machinery.—We are almost eaten up with kindness, but that will have its end. I have had to parry several presents of busts, and so forth. The funny thing was the airs of my little friend. We had a most affectionate parting—wet, wet cheeks on the lady's side.¹

¹ Madame de Mirbel exhibited in 1819 a portrait of Louis XVIII which attracted much attention. She married in 1823 Charles-François Brisseau de Mirbel, an eminent botanist. Among her most successful portraits were Charles X (1827) and Emile de Girardin (1848). See P. Larousse, *Grand Dictionnaire Universel*.

The pebble-hearted cur shed as few tears as Crabbe of dogged memory.¹

Went to Galignani's, where the brothers, after some palaver, offered me £105 for the transmission of Napoleon, to be reprinted at Paris in English. I told them I would think of it. I suppose Treuttel and Wurtz had apprehended something of this kind, for they write me that they had made a bargain with my publishers (Cadell, I suppose) for the publishing my book in all sorts of ways. I must look into this.

Dined with Marischal Macdonald and a splendid party ;² amongst others, Marischal Marmont—middle size, stout-made, dark complexion, and looks sensible. The French hate him much for his conduct in 1814, but it is only making him the scape-goat. Also, I saw Mons. Du Moller,³ but especially the Marquis de Lauriston, who received me most kindly. He is personally like my cousin Colonel Russell. I learned his brother, Louis Law, my old friend, was alive, and the father of a large family. I was most kindly treated, and had my vanity much flattered by the men who had acted such important parts talking to me in the most frank manner.

In the evening to Princess Galitzin, where were a whole covey of Princesses of Russia arrayed in tartan ! with music and singing to boot. The person in whom I was most interested was Mad^e. de Boufflers upwards of eighty, very polite, very pleasant, and with all the *agréments* of a French Court lady of the time of Mad^e. Sévigné, or of the correspondent rather of Horace Walpole. Cowper was there, so the Scotch and American lion[s] took the field together.—Home, and settled our affairs to depart.

November 7.—Off at seven ; breakfasted at Beaumain, and pushed on to Airennés. This being a forced march,

¹ "*Launce*. I think Crab my dog be the sourest-natured dog that lives ; my mother weeping, my father wailing . . . all our house in a great perplexity, yet did not this cruel-hearted cur shed one tear" (*Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act II. Sc. 3).

² The Marshal had visited Scotland in 1825—and Scott saw a good deal of him under the roof of his kinsman, Mr. Macdonald Buchanan.—J.G.L.

³ A slip for Mons. de Molé.

we had bad lodgings, wet wood, uncomfortable supper, damp beds, and an extravagant charge. I was never colder in my life than when I waked with the sheets clinging round me like a shroud.

November 8.—We started at six in the morning, having no need to be calld twice, so heartily was I weary of my comfortless couch. Breakfasted at Abbeville ; then pushed on to Boulogne, expecting to find the packet ready to start next morning, and so to have had the advantage of the easterly tide. But, lo ye ! the packet was not to sail till ¹ next day. So after shrugging our shoulders—being the solace *à la mode de France*—and [having] recruited ourselves with a pullet and a bottle of Chablis *à la mode d'Angleterre*, we set off for Calais after supper, and it was betwixt three and four in the morning before we got to Dessein's, where the house was full, or reported to be so. We could only get two wretched brick-paved garrets, as cold and moist as those of Airennés, instead of the comforts which we were received with at our arrival. But I was better prepared. Striped off the sheets, and lay down in my dressing-gown, and so roughed it out—*tant bien tant mal*.

November 9.—At four in the morning we were called ; at six we got on board of the *pacquet*, where I found a sensible and conversible man—a very pleasant circumstance. The day was raw and cold, the wind and tide surly and contrary, the passage slow, and Anne, contrary to her wont, excessively sick. We had little trouble at the Custom House, thanks to the secretary of the Embassy, Mr. Jones, who gave me a letter to Mr. Ward. Mr. Ward came with the Lieutenant-Governor of the castle,² and wished us to visit that ancient fortress. I regretted much that our time was short, and the weather did not admit of our seeing views, so we could only thank the gentlemen in declining their civility.

The castle, partly ruinous, seems to have been very fine. The Cliff, to which Shakespeare gave his immortal name, is, as all the world knows, a great deal lower than his description implies. Our Dover friends, justly jealous of the reputation of their cliff, impute this diminution of its

¹ "to" in photostat.

² Dover Castle.

consequence to its having fallen in repeatedly since the poet's time. I confess I think it fully more likely that the imagination of Shakespeare, writing perhaps at a period long after he may have seen the rock, had described it such as he conceived it to have been. Besides, Shakespeare was born in a flat country, and Dover Cliff is at least lofty enough to have suggested the exaggerated features to his fancy. At all events, it has maintained its reputation better than the Tarpeian Rock;—no man could leap from it and live.

Left Dover after a hot luncheon about four o'clock, and reached London at half-past three in the morning. So adieu to *la belle France*, and wellcome merry England.

November 10.—Ere I leave *la belle France*, however, it is fit I should express my gratitude for the unwontedly kind reception which I met with at all hands. It would be an unworthy piece of affectation did I not allow that I have been pleased—highly pleased—to find a species of literature intended only for my own country has met such an extensive and favourable reception in a foreign land where there was so much *a priori* to oppose its progress.

For my work I think I have done a good deal; but, above all, I have been confirmed strongly in the impressions I had previously formed of the character of Nap., and may attempt to draw him with a firmer hand.

The effect of a succession of new people and unusual incidents has had a favourable effect [on my mind], which was becoming rutted like an ill-kept highway. My thoughts have for some time flowed in another and pleasanter channel than the melancholy course into which my solitary and deprived state had long driven them, and which gave often pain to be endured without complaint, and without sympathy. "For this relief," as Francisco says in *Hamlet*, "much thanks."

To-day I visited the public offices, and prosecuted my enquiries. Left enquiries for the Duke of York, who has recovered from a most desperate state. His legs had been threatend with mortification; but he was saved by a critical discharge—also visited the Duke of Wellington, Lord

Melville, and others, besides the ladies in Piccadilly.¹ Dined and spent the evening quietly in Pall Mall.

November 11.—Croker came to breakfast, and we were soon after joined by Theodore Hook, *alias* "John Bull,"²; he has got as fat as the actual monarch of the herd. Lockhart sate still with us, and we had, as Gil Blas [says], a delicious morning, spent in abusing our neighbours, at which my three neighbours are no novices any more than I am myself, though (like Puss in Boots, who only caught mice for his amusement) I only am a chamber counsel in matters of scandal. The fact is, I have refrained, as much as humane frailty will permit, from all satirical composition.³ There is an ample subject for a little black-balling in the case of Joseph Hume, the great Oeconomist, who has cheated the Greek loan so egregiously.⁴ I do not lack personal provocation (see 13th March last), yet I won't attack him—at present at least—but *qu'il se garde de moi* :

"I'm not a king, nor nae sic thing,
My word it may not stand ;
And Joseph may a buffet bide,
Come he beneath my brand."

¹ The Piccadilly ladies were Sarah Nicolson, Jane Nicolson and Antoinette Adelaide Dumergue. See Sir Herbert Grierson's *Life of Scott*, pp. 46-53.

² A year before the date of this entry Scott wrote to Lockhart, who was then about to assume the editorship of the *Quarterly*, as follows—"I have some reason to conjecture that it is not altogether Blackwood's concern but some idea of your having *liaisons* with *John Bull* or Theodore Hook which are working against you. You must take devilish good care of your start in society in London. I do not look on Theodorus as fit company for ladies, and if you even haunt him much yourself you will find it tell against you especially when the paper comes to be read. He is *raffish* entre nous (*Letters*, vol. ix. p. 295).

³ Cockburn having read Lockhart's last volume of the *Life of Scott* in May 1838, wrote in his *Journal* (vol. i. p. 176)—"With a strong worldly head, great power of ridicule . . . no man was so uniformly gentle." Scott disliked personal satire, and in a letter to Morritt of July 1820 he writes of Lockhart as follows—"His powers of personal satire are what I most dread on his own account—it is an odious accomplishment and most dangerous and I trust I have prevaild on him to turn his mind to something better."

⁴ Joseph Hume (1777-1855) became a Trustee of the loan raised in 1824 for the assistance of the Greek insurgents, and was subsequently charged with jobbery in connection with it. According to the *D.N.B.*—"All that he appears to have done was to press for and obtain from the Greek deputies terms on which by the loan going to a discount, he was relieved of his holding advantageously to himself." See also p. 140.

At dinner we had a little blow-out on Sophia's part : Lord Dudley, Mr. Hay, Under Secretary of State. *Mistress* (as she calls herself) Joanna Baillie, and her sister, came in the evening. The whole went off pleasantly.

November 12.—Breakfasted. Went to sit to Sir T. L. to finish the picture for his Majesty, which every one says is a very fine one. I think so myself and wonder how Sir Thomas [has] made so much out of an old weather-beaten block. But I believe the hard features of old Dons like myself are more within the compass of the artist's skill than the lovely face and delicate complexion of females. Came home after a heavy shower. I had a long conversation about D—— with Lockhart. All that was whispered is true—a sign how much better our domestics are acquainted with the private affairs of our neighbours than we are. A dreadful tale of incest and seduction, and nearly of blood also—horrible beyond expression in its complications and events—“And yet the end is not ;” —and this man was amiable, and seemed the soul of honour—laughed, too, and was the soul of society. It is a mercy our thoughts are concealed from each other. Oh ! if, at our social table, we could see what passes in each bosom around, we would seek dens and caverns to shun humane society ! To see the projector trembling for his falling speculations ; the voluptuary ruining the event of his debauchery ; the miser wearing out his soul for the loss of a guinea—all—all bent upon vain hopes and vainer regrets—we should not need to go to the hall of the Caliph Vathek to see men's hearts broiling under their black veils. Lord keep us from all temptation, for we cannot be our own shepherd !

We dined to-day at Lady Stafford's.¹ Lord S. looks very poorly, but better than I expected. No company, excepting Sam Rogers and Mr. Grenville,²—the latter is

¹ Lady Stafford says : “ We were so lucky as to have Sir W. Scott here for a day, and were glad to see him look well, and though perfectly unaltered by his successes, yet enjoying the satisfaction they must have given him.”—*Sharpe's Letters*, vol. ii. p. 379

² The Right Hon. Thomas Grenville (1755-1846), statesman and book-collector. He left his collection to the British Museum.

better known by the name of Tom Grenville—a very amiable and accomplished man, whom I knew better about twenty years since. Age has touchd him, as it has doubtless affected me. The great lady received us with the most cordial kindness, and expressd herself I am sure sincerely desirous to be of service to [the] Lockharts.

November 13.—I consider Charles's business as settled by a private intimation which I had to that effect from S. W. K. So I need negotiate no further, but wait the event. Breakfasted at home, and somebody with us, but the whirl of visits so great that I have already forgot the party. Lockhart and I dined at an official person's, where there was a little too much of that sort of flippant wit, or rather smartness, which becomes the parochial Joe Miller of boards and offices. You must not be grave, because it might lead to improper discussions; and to laugh without a joke is a hard task. Your professd wags are treasures to this species of company. Gil Blas was right in censuring the literary society of his friend Fabricio; but nevertheless one or two of the mess would greatly have improved the conversation of his *Commis*.

Went to poor Lydia White's, and found her extended on a couch, frightfully swtld, unable to stir, rouged, jesting, and dying. She has a good heart, and is really a clever creature, but unhappily, or rather happily, she has set up the whole staff of her rest in keeping literary society about her. The world has not neglected her. It is not always so bad as it is calld. She can always make up her soirée, and generally has some people of real talent and distinction. She is wealthy, to be sure, and gives *petit diners*, but not in a style to carry the point [*d*] *force d'argent*. In her case the world is good-natured, and perhaps it is more frequently so than is generally supposed.

November 14.—We breakfast at honest Allan Cunningham—honest Allan—a leal true Scotsman of the old cast. A man of genius, besides, who only requires the tact of knowing when and where to stop, to attain the universal praise which ought to follow it. I look upon the alteration of “It's hame and it's hame,” and “A wet sheet and a

flowing sea," as among the best songs going. His prose has often admirable passages ; but he is obscure, and overlays his meaning, which will not do now-a-days, when he who runs must read.

Dined at Croker's, at Kensington, with his family, the Speaker,¹ and the facetious Theodore Hook.

We came away rather early, that Anne and I might visit Mrs. Arbuthnot to meet the Duke of Wellington. In all my life I never saw him better. He has a dozen of campaigns in his body—and tough ones. Anne was delighted with the frank manners of this unequalled pride of British war, and me he received with all his usual kindness. He talkd away about Bonaparte, Russia, and France.

November 15.—At breakfast a conclave of mèdical men about poor little Johnnie Lockhart. They give good words, but I cannot help fearing the thing is very precarious, and I feel a miserable anticipation of what the parents are to undergo. It is wrong, however, to despair. I was myself a very weak child, and certainly am one of the strongest men of my age in point of constitution. Sophia and Anne went to the Tower, I to the Colonial Office, where I laboured hard.

Dined with the Duke of Wellington. Anne with me, who could not look enough at the *vainqueur du vainqueur de [la] terre*. The party were Mr. and Mrs. Peele, and Mr. and Mrs. Arbuthnot,² Vesey Fitzgerald, Bankes, and Croker, with Lady Bathurst and Lady Georgina. One gentleman took much of the conversation, and gave us, with unnecessary emphasis, and at superfluous length, his opinion of a late gambling transaction. This spoild the evening. I am sorry for the occurrence though, for Lord Clanrickard is fetlock deep in it, and it looks like a vile bog. This misfortune, with the foolish incident at Dover, will not be sufferd to fall to the ground, but will be used as a counterpoise to the Greek loan. Peele asked me, in

¹ The Right Hon. Charles Manners Sutton, afterwards Viscount Canterbury. He died in 1845.

² Mrs. Arbuthnot was Harriet, third daughter of the Hon. H. Fane, and wife of Charles Arbuthnot, a great friend of the Duke of Wellington. She died in 1838, Mr. Arbuthnot in 1850.

private, my opinion of three candidates for the Scotch gown, and I gave it him candidly. We will see if it has weight.¹

I begin to tire of my gaieties ; and the late hours and constant feasting disagree with me. I wish for a sheep's head and whisky toddy against all the French cookery and champagne in the world.

Well—I suppose I might have been a Judge of Session this term—attaind, in short, the grand goal proposed to the ambition of a Scottish lawyer. It is better, however, as it is, while at least I can maintain my literary reputation.

I had some conversation to-day with Messrs. Longman and Co. They agreed to my deriving what advantage I could in America, and that very willingly. Also they cashed me a bill on Mr. Gibson to part payment of my Exchequer receipts for £50 sterling.

November 16.—Breakfasted with Rogers, with my daughters and Lockhart. R. was exceedingly entertaining, in his dry, quiet, sarcastic manner. At eleven to the Duke of Wellington's, who gave me a bundle of remarks on B.'s Russian campaign, written in his carriage during his late mission to St. Petersburg. It is furiously scrawld, and the Russian names hard to distinguish, but it *shall* do me yeoman's service. Then went to Pentonville, to old Mr. Handley, a solicitor of the old school, and manager of the Downshire property. Had an account of the claim arising on the estate of one Mrs. Owen,² due to the representatives of my poor wife's mother. He was desperately excursive, and spoke almost for an hour, but the prospect of £4000 to my children made me a patient auditor. Thence I passed to the Colonial Office, where I concluded my ³ extracts. Dined with Croker at the Admiralty *au grand couvert*. No

¹ The vacancy on the Bench caused by the retirement of Lord Hermand was filled by the appointment of George Cranstoun (Lord Corehouse). Cockburn says of him that he was firm in principle, only too fastidious for practical work—which presumably means that he held the Whig faith, but did not write for the *Edinburgh Review*.

² See the recent *Life* of Scott by Sir Herbert Grierson, pp. 49-50, for the origin of the fund which had been accumulating in Chancery for some forty years.

³ The photostat has "by."

less than five Cabinet Ministers were present—Canning, Huskisson, Melville, Duke Wellington, with sub-secretaries by the bushell. The cheer was excellent, but the presence of too many men of distinguishd rank and power always freezes the conversation. Each lamp shews brightest when placed by itself; when too close, they neutralize each other.

November 17.—My morning levee began with the arrival of Bahauder Jah; soon after Mr. Wright; then I was called out to James Scott the young painter. I greatly fear this modest and amiable creature is throwing away his time. Next came the Lithgow animal who is hunting out a fortune in Chancery, which has lain *perdu* for thirty years. The fellow, who is [in] figure and manner the very essence of the creature called a sloth, has attachèd himself to this pursuit with the steadiness of a well-scented beagle. I believe he will actually get the prize. Eckford is his name.

Sir John Malcolm acknowledges and recommends my Persian visitor Bruce.

Saw the Duke of York. The change on H.R.H. is most wonderful. From a big, burly, stout man, with a thick and sometimes an inarticulate mode of speaking, he has sunk into a thin-faced, slender-looking old man, who seems diminishd in his very size. I could hardly believe I saw the same person, though I was received with his usual kindness. He speaks much more distinctly than formerly; his complexion is clearer; in short, H.R.H. seems, on the whole, more healthy after this crisis than when in the stalled state, for such it seemed to be, in which I remember [him]. God grant it! his life is of infinite value to the King and country—it is a breakwater behind the throne.

November 18.—Was introduced by Rogers to Mad^e. D'Arblay, the celebrated authoress of *Evelina* and *Cecilia*,—an elderly lady, with no remains of personal beauty, but with a gentle manner and a pleasing expression of countenance. She told me she had wishd to see two persons—myself of course being one—the other George Canning. This was really a compliment to be pleased with—a nice

little handsome [pat] of butter made up by a neat-handed Phillis of a dairymaid, instead of the grease, fit only for cart-wheels, which one is dozed with by the pound.

Mad^e. D'Arblay told us the common story of Dr. Burney, her father, having brought home her own first work, and recommended it to her perusal, was erroneous—her father was in the secret of *Evelina* being printed. But the following circumstances¹ may have given rise to the story—Dr. Burney was at Streatham soon after the publication, where he found Mrs. Thrale recovering from her confinement, low at the moment, and out of spirits. While they were talking together, Johnson, who sate beside in a kind of reverie, suddenly broke out, "You should read this new work, madam—you should read *Evelina*; every one says it is excellent, and they are right." The delighted father obtained a commission from Mrs. Thrale to purchase his daughter's work, and retired the happiest of men. Mad^e. D'Arblay said she was wild with joy at this decisive evidence of her literary success, and that she could only give vent to her rapture by dancing and skipping round a mulberry-tree in the garden. She was very young at this time. I trust I shall see this lady again. She has simple and apparently amiable manners, with quick feelings.

Dined at Mr. Peele's with Lord Liverpool, Duke of Wellington, Croker, Bank[e]s, etc. The conversation very good—Peele taking the lead in his own house, which he will not do elsewhere. We canvassed the memorable criminal case of *Ashford*,¹ Peele almost convinced me² of the man's innocence. Should have been at the play, but sate too late at Mr. Peele's.

So ends my campaign amongst these magnificoes and potent seigniors, with whom I have found, as usual, the warmest acceptation. I wish I could turn a little of my popularity amongst them to Lockhart's advantage, who cannot bustle for himself. He is out of spirits just now,

¹ A murder committed in 1817. The accused claimed the privilege of *Wager of Battle*, which was allowed by the Court for the last time, as the law was abolished in 1819. See *Ashford v. Thornton* in Barnewall and Alderson, p. 457. ⁴

² Douglas omitted the word "me."

and sees things *au noir*. I fear Johnnie's precarious state is the cause.

I finished my sitting[s] to Laurence, and am heartily sorry there should be another picture of me except that which he has finished. The person is remarkably like, and conveys the idea of the stout blunt carle that cares for few things, and fears nothing. He has represented the author as in the act of composition, yet has effectually discharged all affectation from the manner and attitude. He seems pleased with it himself. He dined with us at Peele[s] yesterday, where, by the way, we saw the celebrated Chapeau de paille, which is not a chapeau de paille at all.

November 19.—Saw in the morning Duke of Wellington and Duke of York; the former so communicative that I regretted extremely the length of time,¹ but have agreed on a correspondence with him. *Trop d'honneur pour moi*. The Duke of York saw me by appointment. He seems still mending, and spoke of state affairs as a high Tory. Were his health good, his spirit is as strong as ever. H.R.H. has a devout horror of the liberals. Having the Duke of Wellington, the Chancellor, and (perhaps) a still greater person on his side, he might make a great fight when they split, as split they will. But Canning, Huskisson, and a mitigated party of Liberaux will probably beat them. Canning's witt² and eloquence are almost irresistible. But then the Church, justly alarmed for their property, which is plainly struck at, and the bulk of the landed interest, will scarce brook a mild infusion of Whiggery into the Administration. Well, time will show.

We visited our friends Peele, Lord Gwydyr, Arbuthnot, etc., and left our tickets of adieu. In no instance, during my former visits to London, did I ever meet³ with such general attention and respect on all sides.

Lady Louisa Stuart dined—with Wright and Mr. and Mrs. Christie. Dr. and Mrs. Hughes came in the evening; so ended pleasantly our last night in London.

¹ Sir Walter no doubt means that he regretted not having seen the Duke at an earlier period of his historical labours.—J. G. L.

² Douglas printed "will."

³ "I never met" in the photostat.

November 20.—Left London after a comfortable breakfast, and an adieu to the Lockhart family. If I had had but comfortable hopes of that poor, pale, prostrate child, so clever and so interesting, I should have parted easily on this occasion, but these misgivings overcloud the prospect. We reachd Oxford by six o'clock, and found Charles and his friend young Surtees waiting for us, with a good fire in the chimney, and a good dinner ready to be placed on the table. We had struggled through a cold, sulky, drizzly day, which had deprived of all charms even the beautiful country near Henley. So we came from cold and darkness into light and warmth and society. *N.B.*—We had neither daylight nor moonlight to see the view of Oxford from the Maudlin Bridge, which I used to think one of the most beautiful in the world.

Upon finance I must note that after all et cacteras were paid I started from Pall Mall with something like £60 and upward, the principal part of which was £50 remitted by Gibson. The rest has been swallowd up in expence of travelling which has mounted high. I am too old to rough it, and scrub it, nor could I have saved fifty pounds by doing so. I have gained, however, in health, in spirits, in a new stock of ideas, new combinations, and new views. My self-consequence is raised, I hope not unduly, by the many flattering circumstances attending my reception in the two capitals, and I feel confident in proportion. In Scotland I shall find time for labour and for oeconomy.

November 21.—Breakfasted with Charles in his chambers [at Brasenose], where he had everything very neat. How pleasant it is for a father to sit at his child's board! It is like the aged man reclining under the shadow of the oak which he has planted. My poor plant has some storms to undergo, but were this expedition conducive to no more than his entrance into life under suitable auspices, I should [consider] the toil and the expense well bestowd. We then sallied out to see the lions—guides being Charles, our friend Surtees, Mr. John Hughes, young Mackenzie (Fitz-Colin), and a young companion or two of Charles's, also Mr. Harrison of Maudlin College.

Remembering the extatic feelings with which I visited Oxford more than twenty-five years since, I was surprised at the comparative indifference with which I revisited the same scenes. My patron and conductor—the subject is too painful¹—His brother then composing his prize poem, and imping his wings for a long flight of honourable distinction, is now dead in a foreign land—Hodson and other able men all entombed. The towers and halls remains, but the voices which fill them are of modern days. Besides, the eye becomes satiated with sights, as the full soul loathes the honeycomb. I admired indeed, but my admiration was void of the enthusiasm which I formerly felt. I remember particularly having felt, while in the Bodleian, like the Persian magician who visited the enchanted library in the bowels of the mountain, and willingly suffered himself to be enclosed in its recesses, while less eager sages retired in alarm. Now I had some base thoughts concerning luncheon, which was most munificently supplied by Surtcees, with the aid of the best ale I ever drank in my life, the real wine of Ceres, and worth that of Bacchus. Dr. Jenkins, the vice-chancellor, did me the honour to call, but I saw him not. I called on Charles Douglas at All-Souls, and had a chat of an hour with him.

Before three set out for Cheltenham, a long and uninteresting drive, which we achieved by nine o'clock. My sister-in-law [Mrs. Thomas Scott] and her daughter instantly came to the hotel, and seem in excellent health and spirits.

November 22.—Breakfasted with Mrs. Scott and my nieces one of whom Mrs. Huxley I had not seen since a child. They were all well and happy. The death of Mrs. Scott's brother Mr. David Maculloch has put them in possession of about £10,000 their mother enjoying the interest which renders them very independent from having been very much otherwise. I saw Anne's Intended Dr. Allardyce. He is middle-aged, rather handsome than plain, professional in his manners but a man of business and of honour. He proposes to settle her own fortune with £5000 more, on his

¹ See p. 190 and p. 199.

and her children and as he has increasing practice no doubt they will be very well off. Dined with Mrs Scott at four and leaving Cheltenham at six or seven pushed on to Worcester to sleep.

November 23.—Breakfasted at Birmingham, and slept at Macclesfield. As we came in between ten and eleven, the people of the inn expressed surprize at our travelling so late, as the general distress of the manufacturers has renderd many of the lower class desperately outrageous. The inn was guarded by a special watchman, who alarmd us by giving his signal of turn out, but it proved to be a poor deserter who had taken refuge among the carriages, and who was reclaimd by his sergeant. The people talk gloomily of winter, when the distresses of the poor will be increased.

November 24.—Breakfasted at Manchester. Ere we left, the senior churchwarden Mr. Clegg came to offer us his services, to show us the town, principal manufactures, etc. We declined his polite offer, pleading haste. I found his opinion about the state of trade more agreeable than I had ventured to expect. He said times were mending gradually but steadily, and that the poors-rates were decreasing, of which none can be so good a judge as the churchwarden. Some months back the people had been in great discontent on account of the power engines, which they conceived diminishd the demand for operative labour. There was no politics in their discontent, however, and at present it was diminishing. We again pressed on—and by dint of exertion reachd Kendal to sleep ; thus getting out of the region of the stern, sullen, unwashd artificers, whom you see lounging sulkily along the streets of the towns in Lancashire, cursing, it would seem by their looks, the stop of trade which gives them leisure, and the laws which prevent their employing their spare time. God's justice is requiting, and will yet further requite those who have blown up the country into a state of unsubstantial opulence, at the expense of the health and morals of the lower classes.

November 25.—Took two pair of horses over the Shap Fells, which are coverd with snow, and by dint of exertion reached Penrith to breakfast. Then rolld on till we found

our own horses at Hawick, and returned to our own home at Abbotsford about three in the morning. It is well we made a forced march of about one hundred miles, for I think the snow would have stopp'd us had we linger'd.

November 26.—Consulting my purse, found my good
 In purse . . . £8 £60 diminished to Quarter less Ten.
 Naturally reflected how much expense has increased since I first travel'd. My uncle's servant, during the jaunts we made together while I was a boy, used to have his option of a shilling per diem for board wages, and usually prefer'd it to having his charges borne. A servant nowadays, to be comfortable on the road, should have 4s. or 4s. 6d. board wages, which before 1790 would have maintain'd his master. But if this be pitiful, it is still more so to find the alteration in my own temper. When young, and returning from such a trip as I have just had, my mind would have loved to dwell on all I had seen that was rich and rare, or have been placing perhaps in order the various additions with which I had supplied my stock of information—and now, like a stupid boy blundering over an arithmetical question which is half obliterated on his slate, I go stunbling on upon the audit of pounds, shillings, and pence.* Why, the increase of charge I complain of must continue so long as the value of the thing represented by cash continues to rise, or as the value of the thing representing [cash] continues to decrease—let the oeconomists settle which is the right way of expressing the process when groats turn plenty and eggs grow dear—

“ And so 'twill be when I am gone,
 The increasing charge will still go on,
 And other bards shall climb these hills,
 And curse your charge, *dear* evening bills.”

Well, the skirmish has cost me £200 and upwards. I wish'd to get information—and have had to pay for it. The information is got, the money is spent, and so this is the only mode of accompting amongst friends.

I have pack'd my books, etc., to go by cart tomorrow to Edinburgh. I idled away the rest of the day, happy to find myself at home, which is home, though never so homely.

And mine is not so homely neither ; on the contrary, I have seen in my travels none I liked so well—fantastic in architecture and decoration if you please—but no real comfort sacrificed to fantasy. “ Ever gramercy my own purse,” saith the song ;¹ “ Ever gramercy my own *house*,” quoth I.

November 27.—Settled Bogie's accounts £50. But this corresponds with about £49, 12s. lodged in the Galashiels Bank proceeds of the farm so that I am little richer or poorer.

Cash in Bank	
price of wheat	
about	£50
Drat to Bogie	£50

£0 0 0

We set off after breakfast, but on reaching Fushie Bridge at three, found ourselves obliged to wait for horses, all being gone to the smithy to be roughshod in this snowy weather. So we stayd dinner, and Peter, coming up with his horses, bowled us into town about eight. Walter came and supd with us, which diverted some heavy thoughts. It is impossible not to compare this return to Edinburgh with others in more happy times. But we should rather recollect under what distress of mind I took up my lodgings in Mrs. Brown's last summer, and then the balance weighs deeply on the favourable side. This house is comfortable and convenient.²

November 28.—Went to Court and resumed old habits. Dined with Walter and Jane at Mrs. Jobson's. When we returnd home were astounded with the news of Colonel Huxley's death, and the manner of it ; a quieter, more inoffensive, mild, and staid mind I never knew. He was free from all those sinkings of the imagination which render those who are liable to them the victims of occasional low spirits. All belonging to this gifted, as it is called, but often unhappy, class, must have felt at times that, but for the dictates of religion, or the natural recoil of the mind from the idea of dissolution, there have been times when they would have been willing to throw away life as a

¹ “ But of all friends in field or town,
Ever gramercy,” etc.

Dame Juliana Berners.

² Scott's letters during the winter of 1826-7 are dated from “ 3 Walker Street.”

child does a broken toy. I am sure I know one who has often felt so. But poor Huxley was none of these: he was happy in his domestic relations; and on the very day on which the rash deed was committed was to have embarkd for rejoining his wife and child, whom I so lately saw anxious to impart to him their improved prospects.

O Lord, what are we—lords of nature? Why, a tile drops from a housetop, which an elephant would not feel more than the fall of a sheet of pasteboard, and there lies his lordship. Or something of inconceivably minute origin, the pressure of a bone, or the inflammation of a particle of the brain takes place, and the emblem of the Deity destroys himself or some one else. We hold our health and our reason on terms slighter than one would desire were it in their choice to hold an Irish cabbín.

November 29.—Awaked from horrid dreams to reconsideration of the sad reality; he was such a kind, obliging, assiduous creature. I thought he came to my bedside to expostulate with me how I could believe such a scandal, and I thought I detected that it was but a spirit who spoke, by the paleness of his look and the blood flowing from his cravat. I had the nightmare in short, and no wonder.

I felt stupefied all this day, but wrote the necessary letters notwithstanding. Walter, Jane, and Mrs. Jobson dined with us—but I could not gather my spirits. But it is nonsense, and contrary to my system, which is of the stoic school, and I think pretty well maintaind. It is the only philosophy I know or can practise, but it cannot always keep the helm.

November 30.—I went to the Court, and on my return set in order a sheet or two [of] copy. We came back about two—the new form of hearing counsel makes our sederunt a long one. Dined alone, and worked in the evening.

DECEMBER

December 1.—The Court again very long in its sitting and I obliged to remain till the last. This is the more troublesome, as in winter, with my worn-out eyes, I cannot write so well by candle-light. Naboclish ! when I am quite blind, *good-night to you*, as the one-eyed fellow said when a tennis ball knocked out his remaining luminary. My short residue of time before dinner was much cut up by calls—all old friends, too, and men whom I love ; but this makes the loss of time more galling, that one cannot and dare not growl at those on whom it has been bestowd. However, I made out two hours better than I expected. I am now once more at my oar, and I will row hard.

December 2.—Returned early from Court, but made some calls by the way. Dined alone with Anne, and meant to have worked, but—I don't know how—this horrid story stuck by me, so I e'en read Boutourlin's account of the Moscow campaign to eschew the foul fiend.

December 3.—Wrote five pages before dinner. Walter ill with a neglected cold. Sir Thomas Brisbane and Sir William Arbuthnot calld, also John A. Murray. William dined with us, all vivid with his Italian ideas, only Jane besides. Made out five pages, I think, or near by.

December 4.—Much colded, which is no usual complaint of mine, snivelling and sneezing in a most pitiful manner, but worked about four leaves, so I am quite up with my task-work and better. But my books from Abbotsford have not arrived. Dined with the Royal Society Club—about thirty members present—too many for company—after coffee, the Society ; where like Mungo in *The Padlock*¹ I listend, without understanding a single word, to two scientific papers ; one about the tail of a comet, and the other about a chucky-stone ; besides hearing Basil Hall describe, and seeing him exhibit, a new azimuth. I have half a mind to cut the whole concern ; and yet the

¹ See Bickerstaff's Comic Opera, *The Padlock*.

situation is honourable, and, as Bob Acres says, one should think of their honour. We took possession of our new rooms on the Mound, which are very handsome and gentlemanlike.

December 5.—Annoy'd with the cold and its consequences all night, and wish I could shirk the Court this morning. But it must not be. Was kept late, and my cold increased. I have had a regular attack of this for many years past whenever I return to the sedentary life and heated rooms of Edinburgh, which are so different from the open air and constant exercise of the country. Odd enough that during cold weather and cold nocturnal journeys the cold never touch'd me, yet I am no sooner settled in comfortable quarters and warm well-air'd couches but *la voilà*. I made a shift to finish my task, however, and even a leaf more, so we are Bang up. We dined and sup'd alone, and I went to bed early.

December 6.—A bad and disturb'd night with fever, headache, and some touch of cholera morbus, which greatly disturb'd my slumbers. But I fancy Nature was scouring the gun after her own fashion. I slept little till morning, and then lay abed, contrary to my wont, until half-past nine o'clock, when I came down to breakfast. Went to Court, and return'd time enough to write about five leaves. Dined at Skene's, where we met Lord Elgin and Mr. Stewart, a son of Sir M. Shaw Stewart, whom I knew and liked, poor man. Among other things and persons we talk'd of Sir John Campbell of Ardkin[g]las, who is now here. He is happy in escaping from his notorious title of Callander of Craigforth. In my youth he was a black-leg and swindler of the first water, and like Pistol did

“Somewhat lean to pick-purse quick of hand.”¹

He was obliged to give up his estate to his son Colonel Callander, a gentleman of honour, and as Dad went to the Continent in the midst of the French Revolution, he is

¹ *Henry V*, Act v. Sc. 1 (altered)—

“And something lean to cutpurse of quick hand.”

understood to have gone through many scenes. At one time, Lord Elgin assured us, he seized upon the island of Zante, as he pretended, by direct authority from the English Government, and reigned there very quietly for some months, until, to appease the jealousy of the Turks, Lord Elgin despatchd a frigate to dethrone the new sovereign. Afterwards he traversed India in [the] dress of a faquir. He is now eighty and upwards. I should like to see what age and adventures have done upon him. I recollect him a very handsome, plausible man. Of all good breeding, that of a swindler (of good education, be it understood) is the most perfect.

December 7.—Again a very disturbd night, scarce sleeping an hour, yet well when I rose in the morning. I did not do above a leaf to-day, because I had much to read. But I am up to one-fourth of the vol. of 400 pages which I began on the first December current; the 31st must and shall see the end of vol. vi. We dined alone. I had a book sent me by a very clever woman, in defence of what she calls the rights of her sex among which she seems to claim the privilege of getting her husband with child. Clever, though. I hope she will publish it. We dined alone.

December 8.—Another restless and deplorable knight—night I should say—faith, either spelling will suit. I can tell my bowels that if they do not conduct themselves as bowels of compassion I will put the Doctor on them right or wrong.

Returned early, but much done up with my complaint and want of sleep last night. I wrought however, but with two or three long intermissions, my drowsiness being irresistible. Went to dine with John Murray, where met his brother Henderland, Jefferey, Harry Cockburn, Rutherford, and others of that file. Very pleasant—capital good cheer and excellent wine—much laugh and fun.

December 9.—In gratitude I suppose for the good Burgundy and Champagne w^t. which I treated them yesterday my bowels allowed me a good night's rest but began their old trade about seven in the morning so that to keep promise with them I staid at home and

sent for Dr. Ross who is to send some Doctor's stuff I suppose.

I do not know why it is that when I am with a party of my Opposition friends, the day is often merrier than when with our own set. Is it because they are cleverer? Jeffrey and Harry Cockburn are, to be sure, very extraordinary men, yet it is not owing to that entirely. I believe both parties meet with the feeling of something like novelty. We have not worn out our jests in daily contact. There is also a disposition on such occasions to be courteous, and of course to be pleased.

Wrought all day, but rather dawdled, being abominably drowsy. I fancy it is bile, a visitor I have not felt this long time. Maxpopple's self-conceited folly has given me the task of making up a foolish bevue about his son.¹ I had got with great difficulty an appointment for the lad to be midshipman on board the "Acorn" and his father by way of returning thanks and show[ing] his own consequence writes to Croker and Sir George Cockburn saying that he wishes the lad to go on board a Capt. Bathurst's ship etc. etc. They are indignant with him naturally enough, for if he had interest to get his cub on board this same Capt. Bathurst, why did he trouble my friends or me? This it is to serve fools.

December 10.—An uncomfortable and sleepless night; and the lime water assignd to cure me seems far less pleasant, and about as inefficacious as lime punch would be in the circumstances. I felt main stupid the whole forenoon, and though I wrote my task, yet it was with great intervals of drowsiness and fatigue which made me, as we Scots say, dover away in my arm-chair. Walter and Jane came to dinner, also my Coz Colonel Russell, and above and attower James Ballantyne, poor fellow. We had a quiet and social evening, I acting on prescription. Well, I have seen the day—but no matter.

December 11.—Slept indifferent well with a feverish halo about me, but no great return of my complaint. It

¹ See *Letters*, vol. x. p. 138, where Scott describes Maxpopple as "a sort of original which exists here and there in Scotland."

paid it off this morning, however, but the difference was of such consequence that I made an ample day's work, getting over six pages, besides what I may do. On this, the 11th December, I shall have more than one-third of vol. vi. finishd, which was begun on the first of this current month. Dined quiet and at home. I must take no more frisks till this fit is over.

“ When once life's day draws near the gloaming,
Then farewell careless social roaming ;
And farewell jolly tankards foaming,
And frolic noise ;
And farewell dear deluding woman,
The joy of joys ! ”

Long life to thy fame and peace to thy soul, Rob Burns ! When I want to express a sentiment which I feel strongly, I find the phrase in Shakespeare—or thee. The blockheads talk of my being like Shakespeare—not fit to tie his brogues.

December 12.—Did not go to the P. House, but drove with Walter to Dalkeith, where we missed the Duke, and found Mr. Blakeney. One thing I saw there which pleased me much, and that was [my] own picture, painted twenty years ago by Raeburn for Constable, and which was to have been brought to sale among the rest of the wreck, hanging quietly up in the dining-room at Dalkeith. I do not care much about these things, yet it would have been annoying to have been knockd down to the best bidder even in effigy ; and I am obliged to the friendship and delicacy which placed the portrait where it now is. Dined at Archie Swinton's, with all the cousins of that honest clan, and met Lord Cringletie, his wife, and others. Finishd my task this day.

December 13.—Went to the Court this morning early, and remaind till past three. Then attended a meeting of the Edinburgh Academy Directors on account of some discussion about flogging. I am an enemy to corporal punishment, but there are many boys who will not attend without it. It is an instant and irresistible motive, and I love boys' heads too much to spoil them at the expense of their opposite extremity. Then, when children feel an

emancipation on this point, we may justly fear they will loosen the bonds of discipline altogether. The master, I fear, must be something of a despot at the risque of his becoming something of a tyrant. He governs subjects whose keen sense of the present is not easily ruled by any considerations that are not pressing and immediate. I was indifferently well beaten at school ; but I am now quite certain that twice as much discipline would have been well bestowd.

Dined at home with Walter and Jane ; they with Anne went out in the evening, I remaind, but not I fear to work much. I feel sorely fagged. I am sadly fagged. My *bottom's* Lord (pardon, gentle Romeo) does not sit lightly on his throne¹ :—then I can not get [Huxley]'s fate out of my head. I see that kind social benignant face never turned to me without respect and complacence, and—I see it in the agonies of death. This is childish ; I tell myself so, and I hint the feeling to no one else. But here it goes down like the murderer who could not [help] painting the ideal vision of the man he had murderd, and who he supposed haunted him. A thousand fearful images and dire suggestions glance along the mind when it is moody and discontented with itself. Command them to stand and show themselves, and you presently assert the power of reason over imagination. But if by any strange alterations in one's nervous system you lost for a moment the talisman which controuls these fiends ? Would they not terrify [us] into obedience with their mandates, rather [than] we would dare longer to endure their presence ?

December 14.—Annoyd with this cursed complaint, though I live like a hermit on pulse and water. Botherd, too, with the Court, which leaves me little room for proof-sheets and none for copy. They sate to-day till past two, so before I had walkd home and calld for half an hour on the Chief Commissioner, the work-part of the day was gone ; and then my lassitude—I say lassitude—not indolence—is so great that it costs me an hour's nap after I come home. We dined to-day with R. Dundas, Arniston—Anne and I. There was a small cabal about Cheape's

¹ " My bosom's lord sits lightly in his throne," *Romeo and Juliet* (v, 1, 3).

election for Professor of Civil Law, which it is thought we can carry for him. He deserves support, having been very indifferently used in the affair of the *Beacon*,¹ where certain high Tories shewed a great desire to leave him to the mercy of the enemy ; as Feeble says, " I will never bear a base mind." We drank some " victorious Burgundy," contrary to all prescription.

December 15.—Egad ! I think I am rather better for my good cheer ! I have passed one quiet night at least, and that is something gained. A glass of good wine is a gracious creature, and reconciles poor mortality to itself, and that is what few things can do.

Our election went off very decently ; no discussions or aggravating speeches. Sir John Jackass seconded the Whigs' nominee. So much they will submit to to get a vote. The numbers stood—Cheape, 138 ; Bell, 132. Majority, 6—mighty hard run. The Tory interest was weak among the old stage[r]s, where I remember it so strong. But preferment, country residence, etc., has thinned them. Then it was strong in the younger classes. The new Dean, James² Moncreiff, presided with strict propriety and impartiality. Walter and Janet dined with us.

December 16.—Another bad night. I remember I used to think a slight illness was a luxurious thing. My pillow was then softened by the hand of affection, and all the little cares which were put in exercise to soothe the languor or pain were more flattering and pleasing than the consequences of the illness were disagreeable. It was a new sense to be watched and attended, and I used to think that the *Malade imaginaire* gained something by his humour. It is different in the latter stages. The old post-chaise gets

¹ The *Beacon*, which was started in January 1821 by Sir William Rae and other leading Tories, came to an end in September 1821, when the subscribers to a bond of credit resolved to withdraw their names and intimated their withdrawal to the Bank.

Cockburn has given in his *Memorials* an account of the *Beacon* and of a later paper the *Sentinel*, but it requires to be corrected by comparison with a letter from Scott to J. B. S. Morritt (*Letters*, vol. vii. pp. 194-5), written in June 1822. See also a letter to Richard Heber in the same volume, pp. 114-5, and to Colin Mackenzie, pp. 18-21.

² " Henry " in photostat.

more shattered and out of order at every turn ; windows will not be pulld up ; doors refuse to open, or being open will not shut again—which last is rather my case. There is some new subject of complaint every moment ; your sicknesses come thicker and thicker ; your comforting or sympathising friends fewer and fewer ; for why should they sorrow for the course of nature ? The recollection of youth health and uninterrupted powers of activity neither improved nor enjoyed is a poor strain of comfort. The best is, the long halt will arrive at last, and cure all.

We had a long [sitting]¹ in the Court. Came home through a cold easterly rain without a greatcoat, and was well wet.

“ A goodly medicine for mine aching bones.”

Dined at Mr. Adam Wilson's, and had some good singing in the evening. Saw Dr. Stokoe, who attended Boney in Saint Helena, a plain, sensible sort of man.

December 17.—This was a day of labour, agreeably varied by a pain which rendered it scarce possible to sit upright. My Journal is getting a vile chirurgical aspect.

I begin to be afraid of the odd consequences complaints in the *Porte Esquiline*² are said to produce. Walter and Jane dined. Mrs. Skene came in in the evening.

December 18.—Almost sick with pain, and it stops everything. I shall tire of my Journal if it is to contain nothing but biles and piles and plaisters and unguents. In my better days I had stories to tell ; but death has closed the long dark avenue upon loves and friendships ; and I can only look at them as through the grated door of a long burial-place filled with monuments of those who were once dear to me, with no insincere wish that it may open for me at no distant period, providing such be the will of God. My pains were then of the heart, and had something flattering in their character ; if in the head, it was from the blow of a bludgeon gallantly received and well paid

back. Still Colon has his rights as Jeffrey said in a clever parody—

“Whether we board a Berwick smack
Or take the mail or mount a hack
None leaves his a—e behind.”¹

The least honoured the most indispensable part of our body corporate is sure to keep its place. I am always horrified to think of how the reverend Lord of the trouser may be treated by and by if this goes on

Ah ! dextrous Chirurgeons mitigate your plan
Slice bullock's rumps, but spare the rump of man.

I went to the meeting of the Commissioners ;² there was none to-day. The carriage had set me down ; so I walked from the college [in] one of the sourest and most unsocial days which I ever felt. Why should I have liked this ? I do not know ; it is my dogged humour to yield little to external circumstances. Sent an excuse to the Royal Society, however.

December 19.—Went to Court. No, I lie ; I had business there. Wrote a task ; no more ; could not. Went out to Dalkeith, and dined with the Duke. It delights me to hear this hopeful young nobleman talk with sense and firmness about his plans for improving his estate, and employing the poor. If God and the world spare him, he will be far known as a true Scots lord.³

December 20.—This complaint still troublesome, but being a Teind day, I had a little repose. We dined at Hector Macdonald's with William Clerk and some youngsters. Highland hospitality as usual. I got some work done to-day.

December 21.—In the Parliament house till two o'clock nearly. Came home, corrected proof-sheets, etc., mechanically. All well, would the machine but keep in order, but “The spinning wheel is auld and stiff.”

¹ Jeffrey parodies in these lines the passage in Horace which ends with—*post equitem sedet atra cura.*

² The University Commission.—See *ante*, Sept. 17 and 25.

³ The long life of Walter, fifth Duke of Buccleuch, more than fulfilled the hopes of his friend.

I think I shall not live to the usual verge of human existence. I shall never see the threescore and ten, and shall be sum'd up at a discount. No help for it, and no matter either.

December 22.—Poor old Honour and Glory dead—once Lord Moira, more lately Lord Hastings. He was a man of very considerable talents, but had an overmastering degree of vanity of the grossest kind. It follow'd of course that he was gulleable. In fact the propensity was like a ring in his nose into which any rogue might put a string. He had a high reputation for war, but it was after the pettifogging hostilities in America where he had done some clever things. He died, having the credit, or rather having had the credit, to leave more debt than any man since Caesar's time. £1,200,000 is said to be the least. There was a time that I knew him well, and regretted the foibles which mingled with his character, so as to make his noble qualities sometimes questionable, sometimes ridiculous. He was always kind to me. Poor Plantagenet! Young Perceval went out to dine at Dalkeith with me.

December 24.—To add to my other grievances I have this day a proper fit of rheumatism in my best knee. I pushed to Abbotsford, however, after the Court rose, though compelled to howl for pain as they helped me out of the carriage where my (*illegible*) I was a fixture. I suppose this is one consequence of my nocturnal disturbances.

[*Abbotsford,*] *December 25.*—By dint of abstinence and opodeldoc I passed a better night than I could have hoped for; but took up my lodging in the chapel room, as it is call'd, for going upstairs was impossible.

To-day I have been a mere wretch. I lay in bed till past eleven, thinking to get rid of the rheumatism; then I walked as far as Turnagain with much pain, and since that time I have just roasted myself like a potato by the fireside in my study, slumbering away my precious time, and unable to keep my eyes open or my mind intent on anything, if I would have given my life for it. I seemed to sleep tolerably, too, last night, but I suppose Nature had not her dues properly paid; neither has she for some time.

I saw the filling up of the quarry on the terrace walk, and was pleased. Anne and I dined at Mertoun, as has been my old wont and use as Christmas day comes about. We were late in setting out, and I have rarely seen so dark a night. The mist rolled like volumes of smoke on the road before us.

December 26.—Returnd to Abbotsford this morning. I hear it reported that Lord Buchan is very ill. If that be true it affords ground for hope that Sir John Sinclair is not immortal. Both great bores. But the Earl has something of wild cleverness, far exceeding the ponderous stupidity of the Cavaliero Jackasso.

December 27.—Still weak with this wasting illness, but it is clearly going off. Time it should, quoth Sancho. I began my work again, which had slumberd betwixt pain and weakness. In fact I could not write or compose at all.

December 28.—Stuck to my work. Mr Scrope came to dinner, and remained next day. We were expecting young Perceval and his wife, once my favourite and beautiful Nancy MacLeod, and still a very fine woman ; but they came not.

In bounced G. T[homsøn], alarmd by an anonymous letter, which acquainted him that thirty tents full of Catholics were coming to celebrate high mass in the Abbey church ; and to consult me on such a precious document he came prancing about seven at night. I hope to get him a kirk before he makes any extraordinary explosion of simplicity.

December 29.—Mr. and Mrs. Perceval came to-day. He is son of the late lamented statesman, equally distinguishd by talents and integrity. The son is a clever young man, and has read a good deal ; pleasant, too, in society ; but tampers with phrenology, which is unworthy of his father's son. There is a certain kind of cleverish men, either half educated or cock-brained by nature, who are attached to that same turnipology. I am sorry this gentleman should take such whims—sorry even for his name's sake. Walter and Jane arrived ; so our Christmas party thickens. Sir Adam and Colonel Fergusson dined.

December 30.—Wrote and wrought hard, then went out a drive with Mr. and Mrs. Perceval ; and went round by the lake. If my days of good fortune should ever return I will lay out some pretty rides at Abbotsford.

Caution by a volunteer officer to his company—Gentlemen, when I says “as you were,” I means “as you was.” My cousins Mary and James Scott arrived—the former with his pipes which helped the night away.

Last day of an eventful year ; much evil and some good ; but especially the courage to endure what Fortune sends without becoming a pipe for her fingers.¹

It is *not* the last day of the year, but to-morrow being Sunday we hold our festival of neighbours to-day instead. The Fergusons came *en masse*, and we had all the usual appliances of mirth and good cheer. Yet our party, like the chariot-wheels of Pharaoh when involved in the Red Sea, draggd heavily.

Some of the party grow old and infirm ; others thought of the absence of the hostess, [whose] reception of her guests was always kind. We did as well as we could, however.

“ It’s useless to murmur and pout—
There’s no good in making ado ;
’Tis well the old year is out,
And time to begin a new.”

December 31.—It must be allowed that the regular recurrence of annual festivals among the same individuals has, as life advances, something in [it] that is melancholy. We meet on such occasions like the survivors of some perilous expedition, wounded and weakend ourselves, and looking through the diminishd ranks of those who remain, while we think of those who are no more. Or they are like the feasts of the Caribbs, in which they held that the pale and speechless phantoms of the deceased appeared and mingled with the living. Yet where shall we fly from vain repining ? Or why should we give up the comfort of seeing our friends, because they can no longer be to us, or we to them, what we once were to each other ?

¹ *Hamlet*, Act III. Sc. 2.—J. G. L.

JANUARY

January 1.—God make this a happy year to the King and country, and to all honest men !

I went with all our family to-day to dine as usual at the kind House of Huntly Burn ; but the same cloud which hung over us on Saturday still had its influence. The effect of grief upon [those] who, like myself and Sir A. F., are highly susceptible of humour, has, I think, been finely touched by Wordsworth in the character of the merry village teacher Matthew—whom Jeffery profanely calls the hysterical schoolmaster. But, with my friend Jeffery's pardon, I think he loves to see Imagination best when it is bitted and managed and ridden upon the *grand pas*. He does not make allowance for starts and sallies and bounds when Pegasus is beautiful to behold though sometimes perilous to his rider. Not that I think the amiable Bard of Rydal shows judgment in chusing such subjects as the popular mind cannot sympathise in. It is unwise and unjust to himself. I do not compare myself, in point of imagination, with Wordsworth—far from it ; for [his] is naturally exquisite, and highly cultivated by constant exercise. But I can see as many castles in the clouds as any man, as many genii in the curling smoke of a steam engine, as perfect a Persepolis in the embers of a sea-coal fire. My life has been spent in such day-dreams. But I cry no roast-meat. There are times a man should remember what Rousseau used to say : *Tais-toi, Jean-Jacques. On ne t'entend*¹ *pas*.

January 2.—I had resolved to mark down no more

¹ The photostat has "*t'entend*."

"griefs and groans," but I must needs briefly state that I am naild to my chair like the unhappy Theseus. The rheumatism, exasperated by my sortie of yesterday, has seized on my only serviceable knee—and I am, by Proserpine, motionless as an anvill. Leeches and embrocations are all I have for it. *Diable !* there was a twinge. The Russells and Fergussons here ; but I was fairly driven off the pitt after dinner, and compelld to retreat to my own bed, there to howl till morning like a dog in his solitary cabbin.

January 3.—Mending slowly. Two things are comfortable—1st, I lose no good weather out of doors, for the ground is coverd with snow ; 2d, that, by exerting a little stoicism, I can make my illness promote the advance of *Nap.* As I can scarce stand, however, I am terribly awkward at consulting books, maps, &c. The work grows under my hand, however. Vol. vi. will be finishd this week, I believe. Russells being still with us, I was able by dint of handing and chairing to get to the dining-room and the drawing-room in the evening.

Talking of Wordsworth, he told Anne and I a story, the object of which was to show that Crabbe had not imagination. He Sir George^d Beaumont and Wordsworth were sitting together in Murray the bookseller's back-room. Sir George after sealing a letter blew out the candle which had enabled him to do so, and exchanging a look with Wordsworth began to admire in silence the undulating thread of smoke which slowly arose from the expiring wick, when Crabbe put on the extinguisher. Anne laughd at the instance, and enquired if the taper was wax, and being answerd in the negative, seemd to think that there was no call on Mr. Crabbe to sacrifice his sense of smell to their admiration of beautiful and evanescent forms. In two other men I should have said "this is affectations," with Sir Hugh Evans. But Sir George is the man in the world most void of affectation ; and then he is an exquisite painter, and no doubt saw where the *incident* would have succeeded in painting. The error is not in you yourself receiving deep impressions from slight hints, but in supposing

that precisely the same sort of impression must arise in the mind of men otherwise of kindred feeling, or that the commonplace folks of the world can derive such inductions at any time or under any circumstances.

January 4.—My enemy gaind some strength during the watches of the night but has again succumbd under scalding fomentations of Camomile flowers. I still keep my state, for my knee, though it has ceased to pain me, is very feeble. We began to fill the Ice House to-day. Dine alone—*en famille*, that is—Jane & Anne, Walter & I. Why, this makes up for *aiches*, as poor John Kemble used to call them. After tea I broke off work, and read my young folks the farce of the *Critic*, and “merry folks were we.”

January 5.—I waked, or *aked* if you please, for five or six hours I think, then fevered a little. I am better though, God be thanked, and can now shuffle about and help myself to what I want without ringing every quarter of an hour. It is a fine clear sunny day. I should like to go out,*but flannel and poultices cry Nay ! So I drudge away with the assisting of Pellet,¹ who has a real French head, believing all he desires should be true, and affirming all which he wishes should be believed. Skenes (Mr. and Mrs., with Miss Jardine) arrived about six o'clock. Skene very rheumatic, as well as I am.

January 6.—Workd till dusk, but not with much effect ; my head seemd² not clear somehow. W. Laidlaw at dinner. In the evening read Foote's farce of the *Commissary*, said to have been levelld at Sir Laurence Dundas. But Sir Laurence was a man of family. Walter and Jane dined at Mertoun.

January 7.—Wrought till twelve, then sallied and walkd with Skene for two miles ; home and corrected proofs, and to a large amount. Mr. Scrope and George Thompson dined.

January 8.—Slept well last night in consequence I think of my walk, which I will, God willing, repeat to-day. I wrote some letters too long delayd, and sent off my packets

¹ Pelet, *Mémoires sur la guerre de 1809* (1824).

² Douglas printed “and mind” for “seemd.”

to J. B. Letter from C. Sharpe—very pressing [that] I should employ my ¹ interest at Windsor to oppose the alterations on the town of Edinburgh. “One word from you, and all that.” I don’t think I shall speak that word though. I hate the alterations, that is certain. But then *ne accesseris in consilium nisi vocatus*,—what is the use of my volunteering an opinion? Again, the value of many people’s property may depend on this plan going forwards. Have I a right from mere views of amenity to interfere with their serious interest? I something doubt it. Then I have always said that I never meddle in such work, and ought I *sotto voce* now to begin it? By my faith I won’t; there are enough to state the case besides me.

The young Duke of B. came in to bid us Go[o]d bye, as he is going off to England. God bless him! He is a hawk of a good nest. Afterwards I walkd to the Welsh pool, Skene declining to go, for I

“ — not over stout of limb,
Seem stronger of the two.”

Dined in family.

January 9.—This morning received the long-expected news of the Duke of York’s death. I am sorry both on public and private accounts. His R.H. was, while he occupied the situation of next in the royal succession, a *Breakwater* behind the throne. I fear his brother of Clarence’s opinions may be different, and that he will hoist a standard under which will rendezvous men of desperate hopes and evil designs. I am sorry, too, on my own account. The Duke of York was uniformly kind to me, and though I never taskd his friendship deeply, yet I find a powerful friend is gone. His virtues were Honour, Good-sense, Integrity; and by exertion of these qualities he raised the discipline of the British army from a very low ebb to be the pride and dread of Europe. His errors were those of a sanguine and social temper; he could not resist the temptation of deep play, which was fatally allied with a disposition to the bottle. This last is incident to his

¹ “by” in phptostat.

complaint, which vinous influence soothes for the time, while it insidiously increases it in the end.

Here blows a gale of wind. I was to go to Galashiels to settle some foolish lawsuit, and afterwards to have been with Mr. Karr of Kippilaw to treat about a march-dike. I shall content myself with the first duty, for this day does not suit Bowden Moor.

Went over to Galashiels like the devil in a gale of wind, and found a writer¹ contesting with half-a-dozen unwashed artificers the possession of a piece of ground the size and shape of a three-cornerd pocket-handkerchief. Tried to "gar them gree,"² and if I succeed, I shall think I deserve something better than the touch of rheumatism, which is like to be my only reward.

Scotts of Harden and John Pringle of Clifton dined, and we got on very well.

January 10.—Enter Rheumatism, and takes me by the knee. So much for playing the peacemaker in a shower of rain. Nothing for it but patience, cataplasm of camomile, and labour in my own room³ the whole day till dinner-time—then company and reading in the evening.

January 11.—Ditto repeated. I should have thought I would have made more of these solitary days than I find I can do. A morning, or two or three hours before dinner, have often done more efficient work than six or seven hours of these hours of languor, I cannot say of illness, can produce. A bow that is slackly strung will never send an arrow very far. Heavy snow. We are engaged to Mr. Scrope's, but I think I shall not be able to go. I remaind at home accordingly, and, having nothing else to do, workd hard and effectively. I believe my sluggish[ness] was partly owing to the gnawing rheumatic pain in my knee, for after all I am of opinion pain is an

¹ "writing" in photostat.

² Scott wrote to J. W. Croker—"An old Scotch Judge called Lord Elchies when he heard a case keenly debated and foresaw it was to give him some trouble in deciding it used to exclaim to the lawyers on each side most piteously, 'Oh, sirs, gar them gree—canna ye for God's sake gar them gree?'" (*Letters*, vol. x. p. 195).

³ "Rome" in photostat.

evil, let Stoics say what they will. Thank God, it is an evil which is mending with me.

January 12.—All this day occupied with cammomile poultices and pen and ink. It is now four o'clock, and I have written yesterday and to-day ten of my pages—that is, one-tenth of one of these large volumes—moreover, I have corrected three proof-sheets. I wish it [may] not prove fool's haste, yet I take as much pains to [avoid error] as is in my nature.

January 13.—The Fergussons, with my neighbours Mr. Scrope and Mr. Bainbridge and young Hume, eat a haunch of venison from Drummond Castle, and seemd happy. We had music and a little dancing, and enjoyd in others the buoyancy of spirit that we no longer possess ourselves. Yet I do not think the young people of this age so gay as we were. There is [a] turn for persiflage, a fear of ridicule among them, which stifles the honest emotions of gaiety and lightness of spirit; and people, when they give [way] in the least to the expansion of their natural feel[ing]s, are always kept [in] order by the fear of becoming ludicrous. To restrain your feelings and check your enthusiasm in the cause even of pleasure is now a rule among people of fashion, as much as it used to be among philosophers.

January 14.—Well—my holidays are out—and I may count my gains and losses as honest Robinson Crusoe used to balance his accounts of good and evil.

I have not been able, during three weeks, to stir above once or twice from the house. But then I have executed a great deal of work, which would be otherwise unfinished.

Again I have sustained long and sleepless nights and much pain. True—but no one is the worse of the thoughts which arise in the watches of the night; and for pain, the complaint which brought on this rheumatism was not so painful perhaps, but was infinitely more disagreeable and depressing.

Something there has been of dullness in our little reunions of society which did not use to cloud them. But I have seen all my own old and kind friends, with my dear children (Charles alone excepted); and if we did not rejoice with

perfect joy, it was overshadowed from the same sense of regret.

Again, this new disorder seems a presage of the advance of age with its infirmities. But age is but the cypress avenue which terminates in the tomb where the weary are at rest. The distant sight of that haven ought to regulate our walk towards it, and on crutches or in a quadrille sinkpace there we must arrive.¹

I have been putting my things to rights to go off to-morrow. Though I always wonder why it should be so, I feel a dislike to order and to task-work of all kinds a predominating foible in my disposition. I do not mean that it influences me in morals ; for even in youth I had a disgust at gross irregularities of every kind, and such as I ran into were more from compliance with others and a sort of false shame than [from] any pleasure I sought or found in dissipation. An intrigue of the heart carried me far, those of the senses had less effect on me.² But what I mean is a detestation of precise order in petty matters—in reading or answering letters, in keeping my papers arranged and in order, and so on. Weber, and then Gordon, used to keep my things in some order—now they are verging to utter confusion. And then I have let my cash run ahead since I came from the Continent—I must slump the matter as I can.

January 15.—Off we came, and despite of rheumatism I got through the journey comfortably. Greeted on arrival by a number of small accompts whistling like grape-shot ; they are of no great avail, and incurred, I see, chiefly during the time of illness. But I believe it will take me some hard work till I pay them, and how to get the time to work ? It will be hard purchased if, as I think not unlikely, this bitch of a rheumatism should once more pin me to my chair. Coming through Galashiels, we met the Laird of Torwoodlee, who, on hearing how long I had been confined, asked how I bore it, observing that he had once in [his] life (Torwoodlee must be between sixty and seventy)

¹ A reminiscence of *Much Ado About Nothing*, Act II. Sc. 1, 57-67. Douglas omitted the sentence.

² Douglas omitted the sentence.

[been] confined for five days to the house, and was like to hang himself. I regret God's free air as much as any one, but I could amuse myself were it in the Bastille.

January 16.—Went to Court, and returned through a curious atmosphere, half mist, half rain, famous for rheumatic joints. Yet I felt no increase of my plaguy malady, but, on the contrary, am rather better. I had need, otherwise a pair of crutches for life were my prettiest help.

Walter dined with us to-day, Jane remaining with her mother. The good affectionate creatures leave us to-morrow. God send them a quiet¹ passage through the Irish Channel! They go to Gort, where Walter's troop is lying—a long journey for winter days.

January 17.—Another proper day of mist, sleet, and rain, through which I navigated homeward. I imagine the distance to be a mile and a half. It is a good thing to secure as much exercise.

I observed in the papers my old friend Gifford's funeral. He was a man of rare attainments and many excellent qualities. The translation of Juvenal is one of the best versions ever made of a classical author, and his satire of the Baviad and Maeviad squabashed at one blow a set of coxcombs who might have humbugged the world long enough. As a commentator he was capital, could he but have suppressed his rancour against those who had preceded him in the task, but a misconstruction or misinterpretation, nay, the misplacing of a comma, was in Gifford's eyes a crime worthy of the most severe animadversion. The same fault of extreme severity went through his critical labours, and in general he flagellated with so little pity, that people lost their sense for the criminal's guilt in dislike of the savage pleasure which the executioner seemed to take in inflicting the punishment.

This lack of temper probably arose from indifferent health, for he was very valetudinary, and realized two verses, wherein he says Fortune assigned him—

“ — One eye not over good,
Two sides that to their cost have stood

¹ Douglas printed “quick.”

A ten years' hectic cough,
Aches, stitches, all the various ills
That swell the Devilish doctor's bills,
And sweep poor mortals off."

But he might also justly claim, as her ¹ gift, the moral qualities expressed in the next fine stanza—

" — A soul
That spurns the crowd's malign controul,
A firm contempt of wrong :
Spirits above afflictions' power,
And skill to soothe the lingering hour
With no inglorious song."

January 18.—To go on with my subject—Gifford was a little man, dumpled up together, and so ill-made as to seem almost deformed, but with a singular expression of talent in his countenance. Though so little of an athlete, he nevertheless beat off the celebrated Dr. Woolcott, when that celebrated person, the most unsparing calumniator of his time, chose to be offended with Gifford for satirizing him in his turn. Peter Pindar made a most vehement attack, but Gifford had the best of the affray, and remained, I think, triumphant [in] possession of the field of action and of the assailant's cane. G[ifford] had one singular custom. He used always to have a duenna of a house-keeper to sit in his study with him while he wrote. This female companion died when I was in London, and his distress was extreme. I afterwards heard he got her place supplied. I believe there was no scandal in all this.

Here is another vile day of darkness and rain, with a heavy yellow mist that might become Charing Cross—one of the benefits of our extended city ; for that in our atmosphere [was] unknown till the extent of the buildings below Queen Street. Macculloch of Ardwall called.

Wrought chiefly on a critique of Mrs. Charlotte Smith's novels, and proofs.

January 19.—Uncle Adam, *vide Inheritance*, who retired last year from an official situation at the age of eighty-four, although subject to fits of giddiness, and although

¹ Douglas, following Lockhart, printed "his" for "her" (*i.e.* Fortune's).

carefully watched by his accomplished daughter,¹ is still in the habit of walking by himself if he can by possibility make an escape. The other day, in one of these excursions, he fell against a lamp-post, cut himself much, bled a good deal, and was carried home by two gentlemen. What said old Rugged-and-Tough? Why, that his fall against the post was the luckiest thing could have befallen him, for that the bleeding was exactly the remedy for his disorder.

“Lo! stout hearts of men!”

Called on said “uncle,” also on David Hume, Lord Chief-Commissioner, Will Clerk, Mrs. Jobson, and others. My knee made no allowance for my politeness, but has begun to swell again, and to burn like a scorpion’s bite.

January 20.—Scarce slept all night; scarce able to stand or move this morning—almost an absolute fixture.

“A sleepless knight,
A weary knight,
God be the guide.”²

This is at the Court a blank day, being that of the poor Duke of York’s funeral. I can sit at home, luckily, and fagg hard.

And so I have, pretty well; six leaves written, and four or five proof-sheets corrected. Caddell came to breakfast, and proposes an eighth volume for *Napoleon*. I told him he might write to Longman for their opinion. Seven is an awkward number, and will extremely cramp the work. Eight, too, would go into six octavos, should it ever be called for in that shape. But it shall be as they list to serve³ it.

January 21.—A long day of some pain relieved by labour. Dr. Ross came in and recommended some stuff, which did little good. I would like ill to lose the use of my precious limbs. Meanwhile, Patience, cousin, and shuffle the cards.

Missie dined with us to-day—an honest Scotch lass,

¹ For James Ferrier and his daughter see entry of February 3, 1826.

² “O weary night
O long and tedious night.”

Midsummer Night’s Dream, Act III. Sc. 2.

³ Douglas printed “have.”

ladylike and frank. I finishd about six leaves, doing indeed little else.

January 22.—Work, varied with camomile poultices—we get on, though. A visit from Basil Hall, with Mr. Audubon the ornithologist, who has followed that pursuit by many a long wandering in the American forests. He is an American by naturalization, a Frenchman by birth ; but less of a Frenchman than I have ever seen—no dash, or glimmer, or shine about him, but great simplicity of manners and behaviour ; slight in person, and plainly dressed ; wears long hair, which time has not yet tinged ; his countenance acute, handsome, and interesting, but still simplicity is the predominant character[istic]. I wish I had gone to see his drawings ; but I had heard so much about [them] that I resolved not to see them—“ a crazy way of mine, your honour.”—Five more leaves finishd.

January 23.—I have got a piece of armour, a knee-cape of Shamoy leather, which I think does my unlucky rheumatism some good. I begin, too, to sleep a-nights, which is a great comfort. Spent this day completely in labour ; only betwixt dinner and tea, while husbanding a tumbler of whisky and water, I read the new novel, *Elizabeth de Bruce*—part of it, that is.

January 24.—Visit from Mr. Audubon, who brings some of his birds. The drawings are of the first order—the attitudes of the birds of the most animated character, and the situations appropriate—one of a snake attacking a bird's nest, while the birds (the parents) peck at the reptile's eyes—they usually, in the long-run, destroy him, says the naturalist. The feathers of these gay little sylphs, most of them from the Southern States, are most brilliant, and are represented with what, were it [not] connected with so much spirit in the attitude, I would call a laborious degree of execution. This extreme correctness is of the utmost consequence to the naturalist, [but] as I think (having no knowledge of *virtu*), rather gives a stiffness to the drawings. This sojourner in the desert had been in the woods for months together. He preferd associating with the Indians to the company of the Back Settlers ; very justly, I daresay,

for a civilized¹ man of the lower order—that is, the dregs of civilization—when thrust back on the savage state becomes worse than a savage.¹ They are Wordsworth's adventurer,

“Deliberate and undeceived
The wild men's vices who received,
And gave them back his own.”

The Indians, he says, are dying fast ; •they seem to pine and die whenever the white population approaches them. The Shawanese, who amounted, Mr. Audubon says, to some thousands within his memory, are almost extinct, and so are various other tribes. Mr. Audubon could never here (*sic*) any tradition about the mammoth, though he made anxious inquiries. He gives no countenance to the idea that the red Indians were ever a more civilised people than at this day, or that a more civilised people had preceded them in North America. He looks on the bricks, etc., occasionally found, and appealed to in support of this opinion, [as due] to the earlier settlers,—or, where kettles and other utensils may have been found, to the early trade between the Indians and the Spaniards.

John Russell and Leonard Horner came to consult me about the propriety and possibility of retaining the northern pronunciation of the Latin in the new Edinburgh Academy. I will think of it untill to-morrow, being no great judge. We had our solitary dinner ; indeed, it is only remarkable nowadays when we have a guest.

January 25.—Thought during the watches of the night and a part of the morning about the question of Latin pronunciation, and came to the following conclusions—That the mode of pronunciation approved by Buchanan and by Milton, and practised by all nations excepting the English, assimilated in sound, too, to the Spanish, Italian, and other languages derived from the Latin, is certainly the best, and is likewise useful as facilitating the acquisition of sounds which the Englishman attempts in vain. Accordingly I wish the cocknified pedant who first disturbed it by reading *Emo* for *Amo*, and *quy* for *qui*, had choked in the attempt.

¹ The photostat has “civilerized” and “saffage.”

But the question is, whether youths who have been [taught] in a manner different from that used all over England will be heard, if he presumes to use his Latin¹ at the bar or the senate ; and if he is to be unintelligible or ludicrous, the question [arises] whether his education is not imperfect under one important view. I am very unwilling to sacrifice our *sumpsimus* to their old *mumpsimus*—still more to humble ourselves before the Saxons while we can keep an inch of the Scottish flag flying. But this is a question which must be decided not on partialities or prejudices, and as Mother Creswell said to her customer “Nay, then ——”

I got early from the Court to-day, and settled myself to work hard.

January 26.—My rheumatism is almost gone. I can walk without Major Weir, which is the name Anne gives my cane, because it is so often out of the way that it is suspected, like the staff of that famous wizard, to be capable of locomotion. Went to Court, and tarried till three o'clock, after which transacted business with Mr. Gibson and Dr. Inglis as one of Miss Hume's trustees. Then was introduced to young Mr. Rennie, or he to me, by James Hall, a genteel-looking young man, and speaks well. He was called into public notice by having, many years before, made a draught of a plan of his father['s] for London Bridge. It was sought for when the building was really about to take place, and the assistance which young Mr. Rennie gave to render it useful raised his character so high, that his brother and he are now in first-rate practice as civil engineers.

January 27.—Read *Elizth de Bruce* ; it is very clever, but does not show much originality. The characters, though very entertaining, are in the manner of other authors and the finishd and filld-up portraits of which the sketches are to be found elsewhere. One is too apt to feel on such occasions the pettish resentment that you might entertain against one who had poachd on your manor. But the case is quite different, and a claim set up on having been the first who betook himself to the illustration of some particular

¹ A slip for “if they presume to use their Latin.”

class of characters, or department of life, is no more a right of monopoly than that asserted by the old buccaneers by setting up a wooden cross and killing an Indian or two on some new discovered island. If they can make anything of their first discovery, the better luck theirs ; if not, let others come, penetrate further into the country, write descriptions, make drawings or settlements at their pleasure.

We were kept in Parl^t House till thrée. Calld to return thanks to Mr. Menzies of Pitfoddels, who lent some pamphlets about the unhappy Duke d'Enghien. Read in the evening *Boutourlin* and *Ségur*, to prepare for my Russian campaign.

January 28.—Continued my reading with the commentary of D. of W. If his broad shoulders cannot carry me through,¹ the devil must be in the dice. Longman and Company agree to the VIIIth vol. It will make the value of the book more than £12,000. Wrought indifferent hard.

January 29.—Mr. Gibson breakfasted with Dr. Marshman² the head of the missionaries at Serampore, a great Oriental scholar. He is a thin, dark-featured, middle-sized man, about fifty or upwards, his eye acute, his hair just beginning to have a touch of the grey. He spoke well and sensibly, and seemed liberal in his ideas. He was clearly of opinion that general information must go hand in hand, or even ought to precede religious instruction. Thinks the influence of European manners is gradually making changes in India. The natives, so far as their religion will allow, are become fond of Europeans, and invite them to their great festivals. He has a conceit that the Afghans are the remains of the Ten Tribes. I cannot find he has a better reason than their own tradition, which calls them Ben-Israel, and says they are not Ben-Judah. They have Jewish rites and ceremonies, but so have all Mahomedans ; neither could I understand that their language has anything peculiar. The worship of Bhoodah he conceives to have [been] an original, or rather the original, of Hindhu religion, untill the Brahmins introduced the doctrines

¹ "threw" in photostat.

² "Marsham" in photostat.

respecting caste and other peculiarities. But it would require strong proof to show that the superstition of caste could be introduced into a country which had been long peopled, and where society had long existed without such restriction. It is more liker to be adopted in the early history of a tribe, when there are but few individuals, the descent of whom is accurately preserved. How could the castes be distinguishd or *told off* in a populous nation? Dr. Marshman was an old friend of poor John Leyden.

January 30.—Blank day in Court, being the Martyrdom. Wrought hard at *Bon.* all day, though I had settled otherwise. I ought to have been at an article for John Lockhart, and one for poor Gillies; but there is something irresistible in contradiction, even when it consists in doing a thing equally labourious, but not the thing you are especially called upon to do. It is a kind of cheating the devil, which a self-willd monster like me is particularly addicted to. Not to make myself worse than I am though, I was full of information about the Russian campaign, which might evaporate unless used, like lime, as soon after it was wrought up as was possible. About three, Pitfoddels called. A bauld crack that auld papist body, and well informed. We got on religion. He is very angry with the Irish demagogues, and a sound well-thinking man. (I have made an ugly blot on the page somehow.¹) Heard of Walter and Jane; all well, God be praised!

By a letter from Gibson I see the gross proceeds of *Bonaparte*, at eight volumes, are . . . £12,600 0 0
Discount, five months 210 0 0

£12,390 0 0

I question if more was ever made by a single work, or by a single author's labours, in the same time. But whether it is deserved or not is the question.

January 31.—Young Murray, son of Mr. M., in Albemarle Street, breakfast[ed] with me. English boys have this advantage, that they are well-bred, and can

¹ Douglas omitted this sentence.

converse when ours are regular-built cubs.¹ I am not sure if it is an advantage in the long run. It is a temptation to premature display.

Wet to the skin coming from the Court. Called on Skene to give him for the Antiquarian Society a heart, human apparently, stuck full of pins. It was found lying opposite to the threshold of an old tenement, in [Dalkeith], a little below the surface ; it is in perfect preservation.

Dined at the Bannatyne Club, where I am chairman. We admitted a batch of new members, chiefly noblemen and men connected with the public offices and records in London, such as Palgrave, Petrie, etc. We drank to our old Scottish heroes, poets, historians, and printers, and were funny enough, though, like Shylock, I had no will to go abroad. I was supported by Lord Minto and Lord Eldin.

FEBRUARY

February 1.—I feel a return of the cursed rheumatism. How could it miss, with my wetting? Also feverish, and a slight headache. So much for claret and champagne. I begin to be quite unfit for a good fellow. Like Mother Cole in the *Minor*, a thimblefull upsets me,—I mean, annoys my stomach, for my brains do not suffer. Well, I have had my time of these merry doings.

“ The haunch of the deer, and the wine’s red dye,
Never bard loved them better than I.”

But it was for the sake of sociality, never either for the flask or the venison. That must end—is ended—the evening sky of life does not reflect those brilliant flashes of light that shot across its morning and noon, yet I thank God it is neither gloomy nor disconsolately lowering—a sober twilight—that is all.

I am in great hopes that the Bannatyne Club by the

¹ The pithy maxim that children should be seen and not heard seems to have been more rigorously enforced in the North.

assistance of Thomson's wisdom industry and accuracy will be something far superior to the Dilletante model on which it started. The *Historie of K. James VI.*, *Melville's Memoirs*, and other works, executed or in hand, are decided boons to Scottish history and literature.

February 2.—In confirmation of that which is above stated, I see in Thorpe's sale-catalogue a set of the Bannatyne books, lacking five, priced at £25. Had a dry walk from the Court by way of dainty, and made it a long one. Anne went at night to Lady Minto's.

Hear of Miss White's death—poor Lydia ! she had a party at dinner on the Friday before, and had written with her own hand invitations for¹ another party. Twenty years ago she used to teaze me with her youthful affectations—her dressing like the Queen of Chimney-sweeps on May-day morning, and sometimes with rather a free turn in conversation, when she let her wit run wild. But she was a woman of much wit, and had a feeling and kind heart. She made her point good, a *Bas-bleu* in London to a point not easily attained, and contrived to have every evening a very good literary medlie,² and little dinners which were very entertaining. She had also the newest lions upon town. In a word, she was not and would not be forgotten, even when the disease obliged [her], as it did for years, to confine herself to her couch ; and the world, much abused for hard-heartedness, was kind in her case—so she lived in the society she liked. No great expenditure was necessary for this. She had an easy fortune, but not more. Poor Lydia ! I saw the Duke of York and her in London, when Death, it seems, was brandishing his dart over them.

“ The view o't gave them little fright.”

Did not get quite a day's work finishd to-day, thanks to my walk.

February 3.—There is nought but care on every hand. James Hogg writes that he is to lose³ his farm, on which he

¹ “ of ” in photostat.

² “ Medley ” is used by Pepys and other writers of a mixed gathering. See *O.E.D.*

³ “ loss ” in photostat.

laid out, or ra[ther] threw away, the profit of all his publications.

Then Terry has been pressed by Gibson for my debt ¹ to him. That I may get managed.

I sometimes doubt if I am in what the good people call the right way. Not to sing my own praises, I have been willing always to do my friends what good, was in my power, and have not shund personal responsibility. But then that was in money matters, to which I am naturally indifferent, unless when the consequences press on me. But then I am a bad comforter in case of inevitable calamity ; and feeling proudly able to endure in my own case, I cannot sympathise with those whose nerves are of a feebler texture.

Dined at Jeffrey's, with Lord and Lady Minto, Jo : Murray ² and his lady, a Mr. Featherstone, an Americo-Yorkshire[man], and some others. Mrs. Murray is a very amiable person, and seems highly accomplished ; plays most brilliantly.

February 4.—R.R. These two letters, you must understand, do not signify, as in Bibliomantic phrase, a double degree of rarity, but, chirurgically, a double degree of rheumatism. The wine gets to weak places, Ross says. I have a letter from no less a person than that pink of book-sellers, Sir Richard Phillips, who, it seems, has been ruin[ed], and as he sees me floating down the same dark tide, sings out his *nos poma natamus*. “He be d——d,” as old Wortley said to the Dancing Master.³

February 5.—R. One R. will do to-day. If this cursed rheumatism gives way to February weather, I will allow she has some right to be called a spring month, to which otherwise her pretensions are slender. I worked this morning till two o'clock, and visited Mr. Grant's ⁴ pictures, who has them upon sale. They seem, to my inexperienced eye,

¹ A slip for “my loan.”

² John Archibald Murray. See entry of July 11, 1826.

³ Douglas omitted this sentence.

⁴ Mr. (afterwards Sir Francis) Grant became President of the Royal Academy in 1866. See entries of March 24-26, 1831.

genuine, or at least, good paintings. But I fear picture-buying, like horse-jockeyship, is a profession a gentleman cannot make much of¹ without laying aside some of his attributes. The pictures are too high-priced, I should think, for this market. There is a very knowing catalogue by Frank Grant himself. Next went to see a show of wild beasts ; it was a fine one. I think they keep the[m] much cleaner than formerly, when the strong smell generally gave me a headache for the day. The creatures are also much tamer, which I impute to more knowledge of their habits and kind treatment. A lion and tigress went through their exercise like poodles—jumping, standing, and lying down at the word of command. This is rather degrading. I would have the Lord Chancellor of Beasts good-humoured, not jocose. I treated the elephant, who was a noble fellow, to a shilling's worth of cakes. I wish I could have enlarged the space in which so much bulk and wisdom is confined. He kept swinging his head from side to side, looking as if he marvelled why all the fools that gaped at him were at liberty, and he coopd up in the cage.

Dined at the Royal Society Club—above thirty present. Went to the Society in the evening, and heard an essay by Peter Tytler² on the first encourager of Greek learning in England.

February 6.—Was at Court till two ; afterwards wrote a good deal, which has become a habit with me. Dined at Sir John Hay's, where met the Advocate and a pleasant part[y]. There had been a Justiciary trial yesterday, in which something curious had occurred. A woman of rather the better class, a farmer's wife, had been tried on the 5th for poisoning her maid-servant. There seems to have been little doubt of her guilt, but the motive was peculiar. The unfortunate girl had an intrigue with her son, which this Mrs. Smith (I think that is the name) was desirous to conceal, from some ill-advised puritanic notions, and also for fear of her husband. She could find no better way of

¹ " off " in photostat.

² Patrick Fraser Tytler, the Scottish historian, son of Lord Woodhouselee. See entry of August 6, 1826.

hiding the shame than giving the girl (with her own knowledge and consent (*sic*), I believe) potions to cause abortion, which she afterwards changed for arsenick, as the more effectual silencing medicine. In the course of the trial one of the jury fell down in an epilectic (*sic*) fit, and on his recovery was far too much disorderd to permit the trial to proceed. With only fourteen jurymen it was impossible to go on. But the Advocate says she shall be tried anew, since she has not tholed an assize. *Sic Paulus ait—et recte quidem.* But, having been half tried, I think she should have some benefit of it, as far as saving her life, if convicted on the second indictment. The Advocate declares, however, she shall be hanged, as certainly she deserves. But it looks something like hanging up a man who has been recoverd by the surgeons, which has always been accounted harsh justice.

February 7.—Wrote six leaves to-day, and am tired—that's all.

February 8.—I lost much time to-day. I got from the Court about half-past twelve, therefore might have reckon'd on four hours, or three at least, before dinner. But I had to call on Dr. Shortt at two, which made me¹ lounge till that hour came. Then I missed him, and, too tired to return, went to see the exhibition, where Skene was hanging up the pictures, and would not let me in. Then to the Oil Gas Company, who propose to send up counsel to support their new bill. As I thought the choice unadvisedly made, I fairly opposed the mission, which, I suppose, will give much offence; but I have no notion of being shamefaced in doing my duty, and I do not think I should permit forward persons to press into situations for which their vanity alone renders them competent.² Had many proof-sheets to correct in the evening.

February 9.—We had a long day of it at Court, but I whipt you off half-a-dozen of letters, for, as my cases stood last on the roll, I could do what I liked in the interim. This carried me on till two o'clock. Called on Baron Hume, and found him, as usual, in high spirits, notwithstanding his

¹ "be" in photostat.

² See *Letters*, vol. x. p. 159.

late illness. Then crept home—my rheumatism much better, though. Corrected lives of Lord Somerville and the King¹ for the Prose Works, which took a long time ; but I had the whole evening to myself, as Anne dined with the Swintons, and went to a ball at the Justice-Clerk's. *N.B.*—It is the first and only ball which has been given this season—a sign the times are pinching.

February 10.—I got a present of Lord Francis² Leveson Gower's printed but unpublisht *Tale of the Mill*. It is a fine tale of terror in itself, and very happily brought out. He has certainly a true taste for poetry. I do not know why, but from my childhood I have seen something fearful, or melancholy at least, about a mill. Whether I had been frightend at the machinery when very young, of which I think I have some shadowy recollection—whether I had heard the story of the miller of Thirlestane and similar molendinar tragedies, I cannot tell ; but not even recollection of the Lass of Patie's Mill, or the Miller of Mansfield, or he who “dwelt on the river Dee,” have ever got over my inclination to connect gloom with a mill, especially when sun is setting. So I entered into the spirit of the terror with which Lord Francis has invested his haunted spot. I dine with the Solicitor to-day, so *quoad* labour 'tis a blank. But then to-morrow is a new day.

“To-morrow to fresh meads and pastures new.”

February 11.—Wrought a good deal in the morning, and landed Boney at Smolensk. But I have him to bring off again ; and, moreover, I must collate the authorities on the movements of the secondary armies of Witgenstein and the Admiral with the break-tooth name.³ Dined with Lord Minto, where I met Thomson, Cranstoun, and other gay folks. These dinner parties narrow my working hours ; yet they must sometimes be, or one would fall out of the line of society, and go to leeward entirely, which is not right to

¹ The late king, George III.

² See entry of November 23, 1825. The photostat has “Frederick” for “Francis.”

³ Admiral Tchitchagoff. See next entry.

venture. This is the high time for parties in Edinburgh ; no wonder one cannot keep clear.

February 12.—I was obliged to read instead of writing, and the infernal Russian names, which everybody spells *ad libitum*, make¹ it difficult to trace the operations on a better map than mine. I called to-day on Dr. Shortt, principal surgeon at Saint Helena, and who presided at the opening of Bonaparte's body. He mentions as certain the falsehood of a number of the assertions concerning his usage, the unhealthy state of the island, and so forth. I have jotted down his evidence elsewhere. I could not write when I came home. Nervous a little, I think, and not yet up to the motions of Tchitchagoff, as I must be before I can write. Will [Clerk] and Sir A. Fergusson dine here to-day—the first time any one has had that honour for long enough, unless at Abbotsford. The good Lord Chief-Commissioner invited himself, and I asked his son, Admiral Adam. Col. Fergusson is of the party.

February 13.—The dining parties come thick, and interfere with work extremely. I am, however, beforehand very far. Yet, as James B. says—the tortoise comes up with the hare. So puss must make a new start ; but not this week. Went to see the exhi[bi]tion—certainly a good one for Scotland—and less trash than I have seen at Somerset-House—begging pardon of the pockpuddings. There is a beautiful thing by Landseer—a Highlander and two stag-hounds engaged with a deer. Very spirited, indeed. I forgot my rheumatism, and could have wishd myself of the party. There were many fine folks, and there was a collation—chocolate and so forth. We dine at Sir H. Jardine's, with Lord Ch.-Com., Lord Chief-Baron, etc.

February 14.—"Death's gi'en the art an unco devel."² Sir George Beaumont's dead ; by far the most sensible and pleasing man I ever knew ; kind, too, in his nature, and generous ; gentle in society, and of those mild manners

¹ "makes" in *histostat*.

² "Death's gi'en the Lodge an unco devel,
Tam Samson's dead."

which tend to soften the causticity of the general London [tone] of persiflage and personal satire. As an amateur, he was a painter of the very [highest rank]. Though I know nothing of the matter, yet I should hold him a perfect critic on painting, for he always made his criticisms intelligible, and used no slang. I am very sorry, as much as is in my nature to be, for one whom I could see but seldom. He was the great friend of Wordsworth, and understood his poetry, which is a rare thing, for it is more easy to see his peculiarities than to feel his great merit, or follow his abstract ideas. I dined to-day at Lord Ch.-Commissioner's—Lord Minto, and Lord Ch.-Baron, also Harden. Little done to-day.

February 15.—Rheumatism returns with the snow. I had thoughts of going to Abbotsford on Saturday, but if this lasts, it will not do; and, sooth to speak, it ought not to do; though it would do me much pleasure if it would do.

I have a letter from Baron Von Goethe,¹ which I must have read to me; for though I know German, I have forgot their written hand. I make it a rule seldom to read, and never to answer, foreign letters from literary folks. It leads to nothing but the battle-dore and shuttle-cock intercour[se] of compliments, as light as cork and feathers. But Goethe is different, and a wonderful fellow, the Ariosto at once, and almost the Voltaire of Germany. Who could have told me thirty years ago I should correspond and on something like an equal footing with the author of *Goetz*?² Aye, and who could have told me fifty things else that have befallen me?

Dined at Lord ———³, John Forbes whileoms. Many English people and two foreigners from Mauritius to take the gown at our bar which I find gives them the right of practising in their Courts.

February 16.—R. Still snow; and, alas! no time for work, so hard am I fagged by the Court and the good company of Edinburgh. I almost wish my rheumatics

¹ For Goethe's letter and Scott's reply see *Letters*, vol. x. pp. 249-52.

² The photostat has *The Robbers*—a slip corrected by Lockhart.

³ Blank in photostat. Supply [Medwyn], p. 349.

were bad enough to give me an apology for staying a week at home. But we have Sunday and Monday clear. If not better, I will cribb off Tuesday, and Wednesday is Teind day. We dined to-day with Mr. Borthwick, younger of Crookston.

February 17.—James Ferguson ill of the rheumatism in head and neck, and Hector B. Macdonald in neck and shoulders. I wonder, as Commodore Truncheon¹ says, what the blackguard hell's-baby has to say² to the Clerks of Session. Went to the Second Division to assist Hector. *N.B.*—Don't like it half so well as my own, for the speeches are much longer. Home at dinner, and wrought in the evening.

February 18.—Very cold weather. I am rather glad I am not in the country. What says Dean Swift—

“ When frost and snow come both together,
Then sit by the fire and save shoe-leather.”

Wrought all the morning and finished five pages. Missie dined with us.

February 19.—As well I gave up Abbotsford, for Hamilton is laid up with the gout. The snow, too, continues, with a hard frost. I have seen the day I would have liked it all the better. I read and wrote at the bitter account of the French retreat from Moscow, in 1812, till the little room and snug fire seemed snug by comparison. I felt cold in its rigour in my childhood and boyhood, but not since. In youth and advanced life we get less sensible to it, but I remember thinking it worse than hunger. Uninterrupted to-day, and did eight leaves.

February 20.—At Court, and waited to see the poisoning woman. She is clearly guilty, but as one or two witnesses said the poor wench hinted an intention to poison herself, the jury gave that bastard verdict, *Not proven*. I hate that Caledonian *medium quid*. One who is not *proved guilty* is innocent in the eye of law. It was a face to do or die, or

¹ Alarmed by a supposed visit from Davy Jones (*Peregrine Pickle*, vol. i. ch. xiii.).

² “ see ” in photostat.

perhaps to do to die.¹ Thin features, which had been handsome, a flashing eye, an acute and aquiline nose, lips much markd, as arguing decision, and, I think, bad temper—they were thin, and habitually compressed, rather turned down at the corners, as one of a rather melancholy disposition. There was an awful crowd ; but, sitting within the bar, I had the pleasure of seeing much at my ease the constables knocking the other folks about, which was of course very entertaining.

Lord Liverpool is ill of an apoplexy. I am sorry for it. He will be missed. Who will we² get for Premier? Not B——³ certainly ; he wants weight. If Peele would consent to be made a peer, he would do better ; but I doubt his ambition will prefer the House of Commons. Wrought a good deal.

February 21.—Being the vacant Wednesday I wrote all the morning. Had an answer from D. of W., unsuccessful in getting young Skene put upon the engineer list⁴ ; he is too old. Went out at two with Anne, and visited the exhibition ; also called on the Mansfield family and on Sidney Smith. Jeffrey unwell from pleading so long and late for the poisoning woman. He has saved her throat and taken a quinsey in his own. Adam Fergusson has had a fall with his horse.

February 22.—Was at Court till two, then lounged till Will Murray⁴ came to speak about a dinner for the Theatrical Fund, in order to make some arrangements. There are 300 tickets given out. I fear it will be uncomfortable ; and whatever the stoics may say, a bad dinner throws cold water on the charity. I have agreed to preside, a situation in which I have been rather felicitous, not by much superiority of wit or wisdom, far less of eloquence ; but by two or three simple rules which I put down here for the benefit of posterity.

¹ Lord Cockburn says in *Circuit Journeys* :—"As we were moving out, Sir Walter's remark upon the acquittal was, 'Well, sirs, all I can say is that if that woman was my wife I should take good care to be my own cook.'"

² "be" in photostat.

³ Douglas suggested that this stands for Brougham or Lord Bathurst.

⁴ W. H. Murray, Manager of the Edinburgh Theatre.

1st. Always hurry the bottle round for five or six rounds without prosing yourself or permitting others to prose. A slight fillip of wine inclines people to be pleased, and removes the nervousness which prevents men from speaking—disposes them, in short, to be amusing and to be amused.

2d. Push on, keep moving, as Punch says. Do not think of say[ing] fine things—nobody cares for them any more than for fine music, which is often too liberally bestowed on such occasions. Speak at all ventures, and attempt the *mot pour rire*. You will find people satisfied with wonderfully indifferent jokes if you can but hit the taste of the company, which depends much on its character. Even a very high part[y], primd with all the cold irony and *non est tanti* feelings or no feelings of fashionable folks, may be stormed by a jovial rough round and ready praeses. Choose your texts with discretion, the sermon may be as you like. If a drunkard or an ass breaks [in] with anything out of joint, if you can parry it with a jest, good and well—if not, do not exert your serious authority, unless it is something very bad. The authority even of a chairman ought to be very cautiously exercised. With patience you will have the support of every one.

When you have drunk a few glasses to play the good fellow, and banish modesty if you are unlucky enough to have such a troublesome companion, then beware of the cup too much. Nothing is so ridiculous as a drunken praeses.

Lastly. Always speak short, and *Skeoch doch na skial*—cut a tale with a drink.

“ This is the purpose and intent
Of gude Schir Walter's testament.”¹

We dine² to-day at Mrs. Dundas of Arniston, Dowager.

February 24.—I carried my own instructions into effect the best I could, and if our jests were not good, our laugh

¹ Sir Walter parodies the conclusion of King Robert the Bruce's “Maxims or Political Testament.”—See *Habiles' Annals*, A.D. 1311.—J. G. L.

² Douglas printed “dined,” not seeing that this sentence is “prophetic” (see entry of April 1, 1826).

was abundant. I think I will hardly take the chair again when the company is so miscellaneous ; though they all behaved perfectly well. Meadowbank taxd me with the novels, and to end that farce at once I pleaded guilty, so that splore is ended. As to the collection, it was much cry and little woo', as the deil said when he shore the sow. Only £280 from 300 people, but many were to send money to-morrow. They did not open books, which was impolitic, but circulated a box, where people might put in what they pleased—and some gave shillings, which gives but a poor idea of the company. Yet there were many respectable people and handsome donations. But this fashion of not letting your right hand sec what your left hand doeth is no good mode of raising a round sum. Your penny-pig collections don't succeed. I got away at ten at night. The performers performed very like gentlemen, especially Will Murray. They attended as stewards with white rods, and never thought of sitting down till after dinner, taking care that the company was attended to.

February 25.—Very bad reports of the speeches in the papers. We dined at Jeffrey's with Sidney Smith—funny and good-natured as usual. One of his daughters is very pretty indeed ; both are well-mannered, agreeable, and sing well. The party was pleasant.

February 26.—At home, and settled to work ; but I know not why I was out of spirits—quite the Laird of Humdudgeon, and did all I could to shake it off, and could not. James Ballantyne dined with me.

February 27.—Humdudgeonish still ; hang it, what fools we are ! I worked, but coldly and ill. Yet something is done. I wonder if other people have these strange alterations of industry and incapacity. I am sure I do not indulge myself in fancies, but it is accompanied with great drowsiness—bile, I suppose—and terribly jaded spirits. I received to-day Dr. Shortt and Major Crockat, who was orderly officer on Boney at the time of his death.

February 28.—Sir Adam breakfasted. One of the few old friends left out [of] the number of my youthful companions. In youth we have many companions, few friends

perhaps ; in age companionship is ended—except rarely and by appointment. Old men, by a kind of instinct, seek younger companions who listen to their stories, honour their grey hairs while present, and mimic and laugh at them when their backs are turned. At least that was the way in our day, and I warrant our chicks of the present day crow to the same tune. Of all the friends that I have left I have none who has any decided attachment to literature. So either I must talk on that subject to young people—in other words, turn proser, or I must turn tea-table talker and converse with ladies. I am too old and too proud for either character, so I'll live alone and be contented. Lockhart's departure for London was a loss to me in this way. Came home late from the Court, but worked tightly in the evening. I think discontinuing smoking, as I have done for these two months passed, leaves me less muzzy after dinner. At any rate, it breaks a custom—I despise custom.

MARCH

March 1.—At Court untill two—wrote letters under cover of the lawyers' long speeches, so paid up some of my correspondents, which I seldom do upon any other occasion. I sometimes let letters lie for days unopened, as if that would postpone the necessity of answering them. Here I am at home, and to work we go—not for the first time to-day, for I wrought hard before breakfast. So glides away Thursday 1st. By the bye, it is the anniversary of Bosworth Field. In former days *Rich^d III.* was always acted at London on this day ; now the custom, I fancy, is disused. Walpole's *Historic Doubts* throw a mist about this reign. It is very odd to see how his mind dwells upon [them]¹ at first as the mere sport of imagination, till at length they become such Dalilahs of his imagination that he deems it far worse than infidelity to doubt his Doubts. After all, the popular tradition is so very strong and pointed concerning the character of Richard, that it is I think in

¹ i.e., "the doubts." Douglas supplied "[it]."

vain to doubt the general truth of the outline. Shakespeare, we may be sure, wrote his drama in the tone that was to suit the popular belief, although where that did Richard wrong, his powerful scene was sure to augment the impression. There was an action and a reaction.

March 2.—Clerk walked home with me from the Court. I was scarce able to keep up with him ; could once have done it well enough. Funny thing at the Theatre. Among the discourse in “High Life below Stairs,” one of the ladies’ ladies asks who wrote Shakespeare. One says, “Ben Johnson,” another, “Finis.” “No,” said Will Murray, “it is Sir Walter Scott ; he confessed it at a publick meeting the other day.”

March 3.—Very severe weather, came home covered with snow. White as a frosted-plumb-cake, by jingo ! No matter ; I am not sorry to find I can stand a brush of weather yet ; I like to see Arthur’s Seat and the stern old Castle with their white watch-cloaks on. But, as Byron said to Moore, “d—n me, Tom, don’t be poetical.” I settled to *Boney*, and wrote right long and well.

March 4.—

“When frost and snow come both together,
Then sit by the fire and save shoe leather.”

So says Dean Swift, and on that theme I sate in by the chimney nook with no chance of interruption and feagued it away as Bayes says. Sir Adam came, and had half an hour’s chat and laugh. My jaws ought to be sore, if the unwontedness of the motion could do it. But I have little to laugh at but myself, and my own bizarreries are more like to make me cry. Wrought hard, though—there’s saving in that.

March 5.—Our young men of first fashion, in whom tranquil[l]ity is the prime merit, a sort of quietism of foppery, if one can use the expression, have one capital name for a fellow that *outrés* and outroars the fashion, a sort of high-buck as they were called in my days. They hold him a vulgarian, and call him a tiger. Mr. Gibson came in, and we talked over my affairs ; very little to the purpose

I doubt. Dined at home with Anne as usual, and despatched half-a-dozen Selkirk processes ; among others one which savours of Hamesucken.¹ I think to-day I have finished $\frac{1}{4}$ of vol. viii., and last. Shall I be happy when it is done ?—Umph ! I think not. I will be like the old Frenchman who regretted his tape-worm.²

March 6.—A long seat at Court, and an early dinner, as we went to the play. John Kemble's brother acted Benedict. He is a fine-looking man, and a good actor, but not superior. He reminds you eternally that he is acting ; and he had got, as the devil directed it, hold of my favourite Benedict, for which he has no power. He had not the slightest idea of the part, particularly of the manner in which Benedict should conduct himself in the quarrelling scene with the Prince and Claudio, in which his character rises almost to the dignity of tragedy. The laying aside his light and fantastic humour, and showing himself the man of feeling and honour, was finely marked of yore by old Tom King. I remember particularly the high strain of grave moral feeling which he threw upon the words—"in a false quarrel there is no true valour"—which, spoken as he did, checked the very brutal levity of the Prince and Claudio. There were two farces ; one I wished to see, and that being the last, was obliged to tarry for it. Perhaps the headache I contracted made me a severe critic on Cramond Brigg, a little piece ascribed to Lockhart. Perhaps I am unjust, but I cannot think it his³ ; there are so few good things in it, and so much prosing transferd [from] that mine of marrowless morality called the *Miller of Mansfield*. Yet it pleases.

March 7.—We are kept working hard during the expiring days of the Session, but this being a blank day I wrote hard till dressing time, when I went to Will Clerk's to dinner. As a bachelor, and keeping a small establishment,

¹ *Hamesucken*.—The crime of beating a person in his own house.

² See *Sir Walter Scott's Post-Bag*, edited by W. Partington, p. 202, and *Letters*, vol. x. p. 211.

³ The photostat reproduces a marginal note by Lockhart on the original MS.—"I never saw it—not mine.—J. G. L."

he does not do these things often, but they are proportionally pleasant when they come round. He had trusted Sir Adam to bespeak his dinner, who did it *con amore* ; so we had excellent cheer, and the wines were various and capital. As I before hinted, it is not every day that M'Nab¹ mounts on horseback, and so our landlord had a little of that solicitude that the party should go off well, which is very flattering to the guests. We had a very pleasant evening. The Chief-Commissioner was there, Admiral Adam, Jo. Murray, and Thomson, etc. etc. Sir Adam predominating at the head, and dancing what he calls his "merry andrada" in great stile. In short, we really laughed, and real laughter is a thing as rare as real tears. I must say, too, there was a *heart*,—a kindly feeling prevailed over the party. Can London give such a dinner? It may, but I never saw one ; they are too cold and critical to be so easily pleased.² In the evening I went with some others to see the exhibition lit up for a promenade, where there were all the fashionable folks about town ; the appearance of the rooms was very gay indeed.

March 8.—It snowd all night, which must render the roads impassable, and will detain me here till Monday. Hard work at Court, as Hammie is done up with the gout. We dine with Lord Corehouse—that's not true by the bye, for I have mistaken the day. It's to-morrow we dine there. Wrought, but not too hard.

March 9.—An idle morning. Dalgleish being set to pack my books. Wrote notes upon a Mr. Kinloch's Collection of Scottish Ballads, which I communicated to the young author in the Court this present morning. We were detain'd till half-past three o'clock, so when I came home I was fatigued and slept. I walk slow, heavily, and with pain ; but perhaps the good weather may banish the Fiend of the joints. At any rate, impatience will "do nae good at a', man." Letter from Charles for £50. Silver and gold

¹ That singular personage, the late M'Nab of *that ilk*, spent his life almost entirely in a district where a boat was the usual conveyance.—J. G. L.

² Lockhart remarks that the comparison is hardly fair "between the society of comparative strangers and that of old friends dear from boyhood" (*Life*, ch. lxxiii.).

have I none ; but that which I have I will give unto him. We dined at the Cranstouns,—I beg his pardon, Lord Corehouse ; Ferguson, Thomson, Will Clerk, etc., were there, also the Smiths and John Murray, so we had a pleasant evening.

March 10.—The business at the Court was not so heavy as I have seen it the last day of the Session, yet sharp enough. About three o'clock I got to a meeting of the Committee of the Bannatyne Club. I hope this institution will be really useful and creditable. Thomson is superintending a capital edition of Sir James Mellville's *Memoirs*.¹ It is brave to see how he wags his Scots tongue, and what a difference there is in the force and firmness of the language compared to the mincing English edition in which he has hitherto been alone known. Nothing to-day but correcting proofs ; Anne went to the play, I remained at home.

March 11.—All my books packd this morning, and this and to-morrow will be blank days, or nearly such ; but I am far ahead of the printer, who is not done with vol. vii., while I am deep in volume viii. I hate packing ; but my servants never pack books qui[te] to please me. James Ballantyne dined with us. He kept up my heart about *Benaparte*, which sometimes flags ; and he is such a grumbler that I think I may trust him when he is favourable. There must be sad inaccuracies, some which might certainly have been prevented by care ; but as the Lazaroni used to say, " Did you but know how lazy I am ! "

[*Abbotsford*,] *March 12.*—Away we set, and came safely to Abbotsford amid all the dullness of a great thaw, which has set the rivers a-streaming in full tide. The wind is wintry, but for my part

" I like this rocking of the battlements." ²

I was received by old Tom and the dogs with the unsophisticated feelings of goodwill. I have been trying to read a new novel which I have heard praised. It is called *Almacks*, and the author has so well succeeded in describing

¹ Issued by the Bannatyne Club, 1827.

² Zanga in *The Revenge*, Act 1, Sc. 1.—J. G. L.

the cold selfish fopperies of the time, that the copy is almost as dull as the original. I think I will take up my bundle of Sheriff-Court processes instead of *Almacks* as the more entertaining avocation of the two.

March 13.—Before breakfast, prepared and forwarded the processes to Selkirk.

Accompt Receiued of Mr. Cadell—loan £ ———¹

 Paid Oil Gas Co. Acct. £ ———¹

Do. £100 { Charles . . . £50
 { Tom Purdie . £50

As I had [a] loan of £250 at Mich^s from Cadell I am now verging on to the £500 which he promised to allow me in advance on second series *Canongate Chronicles*. I do not like this, but unless I review or write to some other purpose, what else can I do? My own expenses are as limited as possible, but my house expenses are considerable, and every now and then starts up something of old scores which I cannot turn over to Mr. Gibson and his co-trustees. Well—time and the hour—money is the smallest consideration.

Had a pleasant walk to the thicket, though my ideas were olla-podrida-ish, cu.iously chequerd between pleasure and melancholy. I have cause enough for both humours, God knows. I expect this will not be a day of work but of idleness, for my books are not come. Would to God I could make it light thoughtless idleness, such as I used to have when the silly smart fancies rose in my brain like the bubbles in a glass of champagne,—as brilliant to my thinking, as intoxicating as evanescent. But the wine is somewhat on the lees. Perhaps it was but indifferent cyder after all. Yet I am happy in this place, where everything looks friendly, from old Tom to young Nym.² After all, he has little to complain of who has left so many things that like him.

March 14.—All yesterday spent in putting to rights books, and so forth. Not a word written except interlocutors. But this won't do. I have tow on the rock, and it must be spun off. Let us see our present undertakings.

¹ Blank in photostat.

² Nimrod, a staghound.—J. G. L.

1. Napoleon. 2. Review Home, Cranbourne Chase,¹ and the Mysteries. 3. Something for that poor faineant G[illies]. 4. Essay on Ballad and Song. 5. Something on the modern state of France. These two last for the Prose Works. But they may

“ — do a little more,
And produce a little ore.”

Come, we must up and be doing. There is a rare scud without, which says, “Go spin, you jade, go spin.” I loiterd on, and might have answerd,

“ My spinning-wheel is auld and stiff.
The rock o’t winna stand, Sir.
To keep the temper-pin in tift
Employs ower aft my hand, Sir.”

Smoked a brace of segars after dinner as a sedative. This is the first time I have smoked these two months. I was afraid the custom would master me. Went to work in the afternoon, and reviewed for Lockhart Mackenzie’s edition of Home’s Works.² Proceeded as far as the eighth page.

March 15.—Kept still at the review till two o’clock ; not that there is any hurry, but because I should lose my ideas, which are not worth preserving. Went on therefore. I drove over to Huntly Burn with Anne, then walkd through the plantations with Tom’s help to pull me through the snow-wreaths. Returned in a glow of heat and spirits. Corrected proof-sheets in the evening.

March 16.—

“ A trifling day we have had here,
Begun with trifle and ended.”

But I hope no otherwise so ended than to meet the rubrick of the ballad, for it is but three o’clock. In the morning I was *l’homme qui cherche*—everything fell aside,—the very pens absconded, and crept in amon[g] a pack of letters and trumpery, where I had the devil’s work finding them. Thus the time before breakfast was idled, or rather fidgetted,

¹ *Anecdotes of Cranbourne Chase*, etc., by Chafin. 8vo, London, 1818.—See *Letters*, vol. vii., p. 185, where Scott recommends *Cranbourne Chase* to Lord Montagu.

² The article appeared in the *Quarterly* for June 1827.

away. Afterwards it was rather worse. I had settled to finish the review, when, behold, as I am [apt] to do at a set task, I jibb'd and methought would rather have gone with Waterloo. So I dawdled, as the women say, with both, now writing a page or two of the review, now reading a few pages of the *Battle of Waterloo* by Captain Pringle, a manuscript which is excellently written.¹ Well, I will find the advantage of it by and bye. So now I will try to finish this accursed review, for there is nothing to prevent me, save the untractable character that hates to work on compulsion, whether of individuals or circumstances.

March 17.—I wrought away at the review and nearly finishd it. Was interrupted, however, by a note from Ballantyne, demanding "copy," which brought me back from Home and Mackenzie to *Boney*. I had my walk as usual, and worked nevertheless very fairly. Corrected proofs.

March 18.—Took up *Boney* again. I am now at writing, as I used to be at riding, slow, heavy, and awkward at mounting, but when I did get fixed [in] my saddle, could screed away with any one. I have got [a] six pages ready for my learned Theban to-morrow morning. William Laidlaw and his brother George dined with me, but I wrote in the evening all the same.

March 19.—Set about my labours, but enter Captain John Ferguson from the Spanish Main, where he has been for three years. The honest tar sat about two hours, and I was heartily glad to see him again. I had a general sketch of his adventures, which we will hear more in detail when we can meet at kale-time. Notwithstanding this interruption I have pushed far into the seventh page. Well done for one day. Twenty days should finish me at this rate, and I read hard too. But allowance must be made for interruptions.

March 20.—To-day worked till twelve o'clock, then went with Anne on a visit of condolence to Mrs. Pringle of Yair and her family. Mr. Pringle was the friend both of my father and grandfather; the acquaintance of our families is at least a century old.

March 21.—Wrote till twelve, then out upon the heights

¹ Printed as an appendix to Scott's *Napoleon*, vol. ix. pp. 343-79 (1835).

though the day was stormy, and faced the gale bravely. Tom Purdie was not with me. He would have obliged me to keep the shelterd ground. But, I don't know—

“ Even in our ashes live our wonted fires.”

There is a touch of the old spirit in me yet that bids me brave the tempest,—the spirit that, in spite of manifold infirmities, made me a roaring boy in my youth, a desperate climber, a bold rider, a deep drinker, and a stout player at single-stick, of all which valuable qualities there are now but slender remains. I worked hard when I came in, and finishd five pages.

March 22.—Yesterday I wrote to James Ballantyne, acquiescing in his urgent request in extending the two last volumes to about 600 [pages] each. I believe it will be no more than necessary after all, but [it] makes one feel like a dog in a wheel, always moving and never advancing. But I shall be as acquiescent as the drunken puritan when he made water under the spout—O Lord, if it is thy will, etc. ! The first row of Joe Miller will tell the rest. Here, however, comes Mrs Duty and I must to my task.

March 23.—When I was a child, and indeed for some years after, my amusement was in supposing to myself a set of persons engaged in various scenes which contrasted them with each other, and I remember to this day the accuracy with which my childish imagination [worked]. This might be the effect of a natural turn to fictitious narrative, or it might be the cause of it, or there might be an action and reaction, or it does not signify a pin's head how it is. But with a flash of this remaining spirit, I imagine my mother Duty to be a sort of old task-mistress, like the hag of the merchant Abudah, in the Tales of the Genii—not a hag though, by any means ; on the contrary, my old woman wears a rich old-fashiond gown of black silk, with ruffles of triple blonde-lace, and a coif as rich as that of pearly Jean¹ ; a figure and countenance something like Lady D. S.'s² twenty years ago ; a clear blue eye, capable of

¹ See *Letters*, vol. x. p. 247.

² Lady Diana Scott (see entry of July 23, 1827).

great severity of expression, and conforming in that with a wrinkled brow, of which the ordinary expression is a serious approach to a frown—a cautionary and nervous shake of the head; in her withered hand an ebony staff with a crutch head,—a Tompion gold watch, which annoys all who know her by striking the quarters as regularly as if one wished to hear them. Occasionally she has a small scourge of nettles, which I feel her lay across my fingers at this moment, and so—*Tace* is Latin for a candle. I have 150 pages to write yet.

March 24.—Does Duty not wear a pair of round old-fashioned silver buckles? Buckles she has, but they are square ones. All belonging to Duty is rectangular. Thus can we poor children of imagination play with the ideas we create like children with soap-bubbles. Pity that we pay for it at other times by starting at our shadows.

“Man but a rush against Othello’s breast.”

The hard work still proceeds, varied only by a short walk.

March 25.—Hard work still, but went to Huntley Burn on foot, and returned in the carriage. Walked well and stoutly—God be praised!—and prepared a whole bundle of proofs and “copy” for the Blucher to morrow; that damned work will certainly end some time or other. As it drips and driddles out on the paper, I think of the old drunken Presbyterian under the spout.

March 26.—Despatched packets. Colonel and Captain Fergusson arrived to breakfast. I had previously determined to give myself a day to write letters; and, as I expect John Thomson to dinner, this day will do as well as another. I cannot keep up with the world without shying a letter now and then. It is true the greatest happiness I could think of would be [to] be rid of the world entirely excepting my own family. I have little pleasure in the world, less business in [it,] and am heartily careless about all its concerns. Mr. Thomson came accordingly—not John Thomson of Duddingston, whom the letter led me to expect, but John Anstruther Thomson of Charlton, the son-in-law of Lord Ch.-Commissioner.

March 27.—Wrote two leaves this morning, and gave the day after breakfast to my visitor, who is a country gentleman of the best description. Knows the world, having been a good deal attachd both to the turf and the field—is extremely good-humoured, and a good deal of [a] local antiquary. I showed him the plantations, going first round the terrace, then to the lake, then came down to Huntly Burn by the Rhymer's Glen, [and] took carriage at Huntly Burn—almost the grand tour, only we did not walk from Huntly Burn. The Fergusons dined with us.

March 28.—Mr. Thomson left us about twelve for Minto, parting a pleased guest, I hope, from a pleased landlord. When I see a "gemman as is a gemman," as the blackguards say, why, I know how to be civil. After he left I set doggedly to work with *Bonaparte*, who had fallen a little into arrear. I can clear the ground better now by mashing up my old work in the Edinburgh Register with my new matter, a species of *colcannen*, where cold potatoes are mixed with hot cabbage. After all, I think Ballantyne is right, and that I have some talents for history-writing after all. That same history in the Register reads prettily enough. *Coragio*, cry Claymore. I finishd five pages, but with additions from Register they will run to more than double I hope [and] like Puff in the *Critic* be luxuriant.

Here is snow back again,¹ a nasty, comfortless, stormy sort of a day.

"When frost and snow come both together
Then sit by the fire and save shoe leather."

Gad a mercy, Dean Swift, and so I will, and will work off a day at *Boney* that shall know no interruption. What shall I do when *Bonaparte* is done? He engrosses me morning, noon, and night. Never mind; *Komt zeit komt rath*, as the German says. I did not work longer than twelve, however, but went out in as rough weather as I have seen, and stood out several snow blast[s].

March 29, 30.—

"He walk'd and wrought, poor soul! What then?
Why, then he walk'd and wrought again."

¹ "against" in photostat.

March 31.—Day varied by dining with Mr. Scrope, where we found Mr. Williams and Mr. Simpson,¹ both excellent artists. We had not too much of the pallet, but made a very agreeable day out. I contrived to mislay the proof-sheets sent me this morning, so that I must have a revise. This frequent absence of mind becomes very exceeding troublesome. I have the distinct recollection of laying them carefully aside after I dressed to go to the Pavilion. Well, I have a head—the proverb is musty.

APRIL

April 1.—The proofs are not to be found. Applications fr[om] R. P. G[illies]. I must do something for him ; yet have the melancholy conviction that nothing will do him any good. Then he writes letters and expects answers. Then they are bothering me about writing in behalf of the oil-gas light, which is going to the Devil very fast. I cannot be going a-begging for them or anybody—Please to look down with an eye of pity—a poor distressed creature ! No, not for the last morsel of bread. A dry ditch and a speedy death is worth it all.

April 2.—Another letter from R. P. G. I shall begin to wish, like S.,² that he had been murderd and robbd in his walks between Wimbledon and London. John [Archibald] Murray and his young wife came to dinner, and in good time. I like her very much, and think he has been very lucky. She is not in the vaward of youth, but John is but two or three years my junior. She is pleasing in her manners, and totally free from affectation—a beautiful musician, and willingly exerts her talents in that way—is said to be very learned, but shows none of it. A large fortune is no bad addition to such a woman's society. Maxpapple and his daughter dined with us. New proofs came to day.

¹ William Simson, R.S.A., landscape painter.

² "S." apparently stands for "Sophia" (Mrs. Lockhart). The Lockharts were then living at Wimbledon.

April 3.—I had processes to decide ; and though I arose at my usual hour, I could not get through above two of five proofs. After breakfast I walked with John Murray, and at twelve we went for Melrose, where I had to show the lions. We came back by Huntly Burn, where the carriage broke down, and gave us a pretty long walk home. Mr. Scrope dined with his two artists, and John [Thomson?]. The last is not only the best landscape-painter of his age and country, but is, moreover, one of the warmest-heart[ed] men living, with a keen and unaffected feeling of poetry. Poor fellow ! he has had many misfortunes in his family. I drank a glass or two of wine more than usuall, got into good spirits, and *came from Tripoli* for the amusement of the good company. I was in good fooling.

April 4.—I think I have a little headache this morning ; however, as Othello says, “That’s not much.” I saw our guests go off by seven in the morning, but was not in time to give them good-bye.

Mem. Fixed Satur-
day 14 Instant for
Thomson’s trial. Ten
o’clock.

“And now again, boys, to the oar.”

I did not go to the oar though, but walked a good deal.

April 5.—Heard from Lockhart the Duke of W[ellington] and Croker are pleased with my historical labours ; so far well—for the former, as a soldier said of him, “I would rather have his long nose on my side as ¹ a whole brigade.” Well ! something good may come of it, and if it does it will be good luck, for, as you and I know, Mother Duty, it has been a rumly written work. I wrought hard to-day.

April 6.—Ditto-ditto—I only took one turn about the thicket, and have nothing to put down but to record my labours.

April 7.—The same history occurs ; my desk and my exercise. I am a perfect automaton. *Bonaparte* runs in my head from 7 in the morning till ten at night without intermission. I wrote six leaves to-day and corrected four proofs.

April 8.—Ginger, being in my room, was safely delivered in [her] own basket of four puppies ; the mother and children all doing well. Faith ! that is as important an entry

¹ *Scotice* for “than.”

as my journal could desire. The day is so beautiful that I long to go out. I won't, though, till I have done something. A letter from Mr. Gibson about the trust affairs. If the infernal bargain¹ with Constable go on well, there will be a pretty sop in the pan to the creditors; £35,000 at least. If I could work as effectually for three years more, I shall stand on my feet like a man. But who can assure success with the publick?

April 9.—I wrote as hard to-day as need be, finished my neat eight pages, and, notwithstanding, drove out and visited at Gattonside and Eildon hall. The devil must be in it if the matter drags out longer now.

I cleared eight pages to-day. Some change of hours about the Blucher prevents my getting proof sheets.

April 10.—Some incivility from the Leith Bank, which I despise with my heels. I have done for settling my affairs all that any man—much more than most men—could have done, and they refuse a draught of £20, because, in mistake, it was £8 overdrawn. But what can be expected of a *sow* but a *grumph*? Wrought hard—hard.

April 11.—The parks were roused for £100 a year more than they brought last year. Poor Abbotsford will come to good after all. In the meantime it is *Sic vos non vobis*—but who cares a farthing? If *Boney* succeeds, we will give these affairs a blue eye, and I will wrestle stoutly with them, although

“My banks they are covered with bees,”

or rather with wasps. A very tough day's work.

April 12.—*Ha-a-lt*—as we used [to say in the Yeomanry], my proof-sheets being still behind. Very unhandsome conduct on the part of the Blucher while I was lauding [its namesake]² so profusely. It is necessary to halt and close up our files—of correspondence I mean. So it is a

¹ This seems to refer to the arbitration before Lord Newton. See entries of June 7 and 8, and August 31, 1826.

² Douglas supplied “[it],” but Scott had been “lauding profusely” not the Blucher coach but Marshal Blücher's conduct on 18th June 1815. The entry of April 20 shows that he had carried the story to Napoleon's arrival at Plymouth on board the *Bellerophon*.

chance if, except for contradiction's sake, or upon getting the proof-sheets, I write a line to-day at *Boney*. I did, however, correct five revised sheets and one proof, which took me up so much of the day that I had but one turn through the courtyard. Owing to this I had some of my flutterings, my trembling exies, as the old people called the ague. Wrote a great many letters—but no “copy.”

April 13.—I have sometimes wonder'd with what regularity—that is, for a shrew of my impatient temper—I have been able to keep this Journal with tolerable regularity. The use of the first person being, of course, the very essence of a diary, I conceive it is chiefly vanity, the dear pleasure of writing about the best of good fellows, Myself, which gives me perseverance to continue this idle task. This morning I wrote till breakfast, then went out and marked trees to be cut for paling, and am just return'd—and what does any one care? Ay, but, Gad! I care myself, though. William Scott my late brother Daniel's son seems to turn out ill. He was furnis'd with money &c. by me to go to London his prenticeship being ended. But as I left Edinburgh at the time he chose to run away to his mother at Selkirk. I have done my duty by him in breeding him and maintaining. I will not do more. We had at dinner to-day Mr. and Mrs. Cranstoun (Burns's Maria of Ballochmyle ¹), Mr. Bainbridge and daughters, and Colonel Russell to dinner.

April 14.—Went to Selkirk to try a fellow ² for an assault on Dr. Clarkson—fin'd him seven guineas, which, with his necessary expenses, will amount to ten guineas. It is rather too little; but as his income does not amount to £30 a year, it will pinch him severely enough. and is better than sending him to an ill-kept jail, where he would be idle and drunk from morning to night. I had a dreadful headache while ³ sitting in the Court—rheumatism in perfection. It did not last after I got warm by the fireside.

April 15.—Delightful soft morning, with mild rain.

¹ Mary Anne Whitefoord, who married Henry Kerr Cranstoun.

² See entry of April 4.

³ The photostat has “which.”

Walked out and got wet, as a sovereign cure for the rheumatism. Was quite well, though, and scribbled away.

April 16.—A day of work and exercise. In the evening a letter from L[ockhart], with the wonderful news that the Ministry has broken up, and apparently for no cause that any one can explain. The old grudge, I suppose, betwixt Peele and Canning, which has gone on augmenting like a crack in the side of a house, which enlarges from day to day, till down goes the whole. Mr. Canning has declared himself fully satisfied with J. L., and sent Barrow to tell him so. His suspicions were indeed most erroneous but they were repelled with no little spirit both by L. and myself,¹ and Canning has not been like another Great Man I knew to whom I showed demonstrably that he had suspected an individual unjustly. "It may be so," he said, "but his mode of defending himself was offensive."

April 17.—Went to dinner to-day to Mr. Bainbridge's Gattonside House, and had fireworks in the evening, made by Captain Burchard, a good-humoured kind of Will Wimble. One nice little boy announced to us everything that was going to be done, with the importance of a prologue. Some of the country folks assembled, and our party was enlivened by the squeaks of the wenches and the long-protracted Eh, eh's ! by which a Teviotdale tup testifies his wonder.

April 18.—I felt the impatience of news so much that I walked up to Mr. Laidlaw, surely for no other purpose than to talk politics. This interrupted *Boney* a little. After I returned, about twelve or one, behold

"Tom Tack, he comes from Buenos Ayres"

with a parcel of little curiosities he had picked up for me. As Tom Tack² spins a *tough yarn*, I lost the morning almost entirely—what with one thing, what with t'other, as my friend the Laird of Raeburn says. Nor have I much to say for the evening, only I smoked a cigar more than usual to get the box ended, and give up the custom for a little.

¹ See *Letters*, vol. x. pp. 163-7.

² Captain John Ferguson, R.N.

April 19.—Another letter from Lockhart.¹ I am sorry when I think of the goodly fellowship of vessels which are now scatterd on the ocean. There is the Duke of Wellington, the Lord Chancellor, Lord Melville, Mr. Peele, and I wot not who besides, all turnd out of office or resigned ! I wonder what they can do in the House of Lords when all the great Tories are on the wrong side of the House. Canning seems quite serious in his views of helping Lockhart. I hope [it] will come to something.

April 20.—A surly sort of day. I walked for two hours, however, and then returnd chiefly to *Nap*. Egad ! I believe it has an end at last, this blasted work. I have the fellow at Plymouth, or near about it. Well, I declare, I thought the end of these beastly big eight volumes was like the end of the world, which is always talked of and never comes.

April 21.—Here is a vile day—downright rain, which disconcerts an inroad of bairns from Gattonside, and, of course, annihilates a part of the stock of human happiness. But what says the proverb of your true rainy day—

“ ’Tis good for book, ’tis good for work,
For cup and can, or knife and fork.”

April 22.—Wrote till twelve o’clock, then sallied forth, and walked to Huntly Burn with Tom ; and so, look you, sir, I drove home in the carriage. Wrought in the afternoon, and tried to read *De Vere*, a sensible but heavy book, written by an able hand—but a great bore for all that. Wrote in the evening.

April 23.—Snowy morning. White as my shirt. The little Bainbridges came over invited to see the armoury, etc., which I stood showman to. It is odd how much less cubbish the English boys are than the Scotch. Well-mannered and sensible are the northern boys. I suppose the sun brings them forward. Here comes six o’clock at night, and it is snowing as if it had not snowd these forty years before. Well, I’ll work away a couple of chapters—three at most will finish *Napoleon*.

April 24.—Still deep snow—a foot thick in the court-

¹ See *Letters*, vol. x. pp. 192-3.

yard, I dare say. Severe wellcome to the poor lambs now coming into the world. But what signifies whether they die just now, or a little while after to be united with sallad at luncheon-time? It signifies a good deal too. There is a period, though a short one, when they dance among the gowans, and seem happy. As for your aged sheep or weather, the sooner they pass to the *Norman* side of the vocabulary the better.¹ They are like some old dowager ladies and gentlemen of my acquaintance,—no one cares about them till they come to be *cut up*, and then we see how the tallow [lies] on the kidneys and the chine.

April 25.—Snow yet, and it prevents my walking, and I grow bilious. I wrote hard enough. I have now got *Boney* peggd up in the knotty entrails of Saint Helena, and may make a short pause.

So I finishd the review of John Home's works, which, after all, are poorer than I thought them. Good blank verse and stately sentiment, but something lukewarmish, excepting Douglas, which is certainly a masterpiece. Even that does not stand the closet. Its merits are for the stage; but it is certainly one of [the] best acting plays going. Perhaps a play, to act well, should not be too poetical.

There is a talk in London of bringing in the Marquis of Lansdowne, then Lauderdale will perhaps come in here. It is certain the old Tory party is down the wind, not from political opinions, but from personal aversion to Canning. Perhaps his satirical temper has partly occasioned this; but I rather consider emulation as the source of it—the head and front of the offending. Croker no longer rhymes to joker. He has made a good *coup*, it is said, by securing Lord Hertford for the new administration. D. W. calls him their viper. After all, I cannot sympathise with that delicacy which throws up office, because the most eloquent man in England, and certainly the only man who can manage the House of Commons, is named Minister.

April 26.—The snow still profusely distributed, and the surface, as our hair used to be in youth, after we had played

¹ See the conversation between Gurth and Wamba in the first chapter of *Ivanhoe*.

at some active game, half black, half white, all in large patches. I finished the criticism on Home, adding a string of Jacobite anecdotes, like that which boys put to a kite's tail. Sent off the packet to Lockhart ; at the same time sent Croker a volume of French tracts, containing *La Portefeuille de Bonaparte*, which he wished to see. Received a great cargo of papers from Bernadotte, some curious, and would have been inestimable two months back,¹ but now my siege is almost made. Still my feelings for poor Count Itterburg,¹ the lineal and legitimate, make me averse to have much to do with this child of the revolution.

April 27.—This hand of mine gets to be like a kitten's scratch, and will require much decyphering, or, what may be as well for the writer, cannot be decyphered at all. I am sure I cannot read it myself. Weather better, which is well, as I shall get a walk. I have been a little nervous, having been confined to the house for three days. I was *l'homme qui cherche* this morning. Well, I may be disabled from duty, but my tamed spirits and sense of dejection have quelled all that freakishness of humour which made me a voluntary idler. I present myself to the morning task, as the hack-horse patiently trudges to the pole of his chaise, and backs, however reluctantly, to have the traces fixed. Such are the uses of adversity.

April 28.—Wrought at continuing the [Prose] Works, with some criticism on Defoe. I have great aversion, I cannot tell why, at stuffing the "Border Antiquities" into what they call the Prose Works.

There is no encouragement, to be sure, for doing better, for nobody seems to care. I cannot get an answer from J. Ballantyne, whether he thinks the review on the Highlands would be a better substitution.

April 29.—Colonel and Captain Fergusson dined here with Mr. Laidlaw. I wrote all the morning, then cut some wood. I think the weather gets too warm for hard work with the axe, or I get too stiff and easily tired.

April 30.—Went to Jedburgh to circuit, where found my old friend and schoolfellow, D. Monypenny. Nothing

¹ See James Skene's *Memories of Sir Walter Scott*, pp. 81-88.

to-day but a pack of riff-raff cases of petty larceny and trash. Dined as usual with the Judge,¹ and slept at my old friend Mr. Shortreed's.

MAY.

May 1.—Brought Andrew Shortreed to copy some things I want. Maxpoppie came with us as far as Lessudden, and we stopped and made a pilgrimage to Fair Maiden Lilliard's Stone,² which has been restored lately, to the credit of Mr. Walker of Muirhouselaw. Set my young clerk to work when we came home, and did some laborious business. A letter from Sir Thomas Lawrence informed me I am chosen Professor of Antiquities to the Royal Academy—a beautiful professor to be sure !

May 2.—Did nothing but proofs this morning. At ten went to Selkirk to arrange about the new measures, which, like all new things, will throw us into confusion for a little at least. The weather was so exquisitely good that I walked after tea to half-past eight, and enjoyed a sort of half-lazy half-sulky humour—like Caliban's, "There's wood enough within." Well, I may be the bear, but I must mount the ragged staff all the same. Got my quarter's salary in Exchequer and paid away great part. I set my myself to labour for R. P. G. The Germanic Horrors are my theme, and I think something may be yet made of them.

Salaries . . .	£149
Anne to . . .	30
To house. . .	25
To taxes to	
Mr Curle . . .	36
	£91
Ball.	58
T. Purdie . . .	20
	£38

May 3.—An early visit from Mr. Thomas Stewart, nephew of Duchess of Wellington, with a letter from his aunt. He seems a well-behaved and pleasant young man. I walked him through the Glen and returned by the [carriage?]. Colonel Ferguson came to help us out at dinner, and then we had our wine and wassail.

May 4.—Corrected proofs in the morning. Mr. Stewart still here, which prevented work ; however, I am far beforehand with everything. We walked a good deal ;

¹ Lord Pitmilley. See *Journal*, Feb. 17, 1826.

² See *Tales of a Grandfather* (Battle of Ancrum Moor).

asked Mr Alex^r Pringle, Whitebank, to dinner. This is rather losing time, though.

May 5.—Worked away upon these wild affairs of Hoffmann for Gillies. I think I have forgot my German very much, and then the stream of criticism does not come freely at all : I cannot tell why. I gave it up in despair at half-past one, and walkd out.

Had a letter from R. P. G. He seems in spirits about his work. I wish it may answer. Under good management it certainly might. But——

Maxpoppo came to dinner, and Mr. Laidlaw after dinner, so that broke up a day, which I can ill spare. Mr. Stewart left us this day.

May 6.—Wrought again at Hoffmann—infructuously I fear—unwillingly I am certain ; but how else can I do a little good in my generation ? I will try a walk. I would fain catch myself in good-humour with my task, but that will not be easy.

May 7.—Finished Hoffmann, *talis qualis*. I don't like it ; but then I have been often displeased with things that have proved successful. Our own labours become disgusting in our eyes, from the ideas having been turned over and over in our own minds. To others, to whom they are presented for the first time, they have a show of novelty. God grant it may prove so. I would help the poor fellow if I could, for I am poor myself.

Bogie . . .	£38	
	10	
Shillinglaw . . .	28	
	12	
	16	
Sent Mr. Laidlaw .	5	
	11	

May 8.—Corrected Hoffmann with a view to send him off, which, however, I could not accomplish. I finishd a criticism on Defoe's Writings. His great forte is his power of *vraisemblance*. This I have instanced in the story of Mrs. Veale's Ghost. Ettrick Shepherd arrived.

May 9.—This day we went to dinner at Mr. Scroope's, at the Pavilion, where were the Haigs of Bemerside, Isaac Haig, Mr. and [the Misses] Bainbridge, etc. Warm dispute whether parr are or are not salmon trout. " Fleas are not lobsters, d—n their souls." ¹

¹ See *Works of Peter Pindar, Sir Joseph Banks and the boiled Fleas*.

Mr. Scroope has made a painting of Tivoli, which, when mellowed a little by time, will be a fine one. Letters from Lockhart, with news concerning the beautiful mess they are making in London. Henry Scott will be threatend in Roxburghshire. This would be bad policy, as it would drive the young Duke to take up his ground, which, unless pressed, he may be in no hurry to do. Personally, I do not like to [be] driven to a point, as I think Canning may do much for the country, providing he does not stand committed to his new Whig counsellors. But if the push does come, I will not quit my old friends—that I am freely resolved, and *dissolutely*, as Slender says.

May 10.—We went to breakfast at Huntly Burn, and I wandered all the morning in the woods to avoid an English party who came to see the house. When I came home I found my cousin Col. Russell and his sister, so I had no work to-day but my labour at proofs in the morning. To-day I dismiss my aide-de-camp, Shortreed—a fine lad but a little forward. The Boar of the Forest left us after breakfast. Had a present of a medal forming one of a series from Chantrey's busts. But this is not for nothing : the donor wants a mottoe for the reverse of the King's medal. I am a bad hand to apply to.

May 11.—Hogg called this morning to converse about trying to get him on the pecuniary list of the Royal Literary Society. Certainly he deserves it, if genius and necessity could do so. But I do not belong to the Society, nor do I propose to enter it as a coadjutor. I don't like your Royal Academies of this kind ; they almost always fall into jobs, and the members are seldom those which do credit to the literature of a country. It affected, too, to comprehend those men of letters who are specially attached to the Crown, and though [I] love and honour my King as much as any of them can, yet I hold it best, in this free country, to preserve the exterior of independence, that my loyalty may be the more impressive, and tell more effectually. Yet I wish sincerely to help poor Hogg, and have written to Lockhart about it. It may be my own desolate feelings—it may be the apprehension of evil from this political

hocus-pocus, but I have seldom felt more moody and uncomfortable than while writing these lines. I have walked, too, but without effect. W. Laidlaw, whose very ingenious mind is delighted with all novelties, talked nonsense about the new government, in which men are to resign principle, I fear, on both sides.

May 12.—Wrote Lockhart on what I think the upright and honest principle, and am resolved to vex myself no more about it.¹ Walked with my cousin Colonel Russell for three hours in the woods, and enjoyed the sublime and delectable pleasure of being well and [patiently] listened to on the subject of my favourite themes of laying out ground and plantation. Russell seems quite to follow such an excellent authority, and my spirits mounted while I found I was haranguing to a willing and patient pupil. To be sure, Ashestiel, planting the high knowes, and drawing woodland through the pasture, could be made one of the most beautiful forest things in the world. I have often dreamed of putting it in high order; and, judging from what I have been able to do here, I think I should have succeeded. At any rate, my blue devils are flown at the sense of retaining² some sort of consequence. Lord, what fools we are!

May 13.—A most idle and dissipated day. I did not rise till half-past eight o'clock. Col. and Capt. Ferguson came to breakfast. I walked half-way home with them, then turned back and spent the day, which was delightful, wandering from place to place in the woods, sometimes reading the new and interesting volumes of *Cyril Thornton*,³ sometimes chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancy which strangely alternated in my mind, idly stirred by the succession of a thousand vague thoughts and fears—the gay thoughts strangely mingled with those of dismal melancholy tears, which seemed ready to flow unbidden—smiles, which approached to those of insanity—all that wild variety of mood which solitude engenders. I scribbled some verses,

¹ See *Letters*, vol. x. pp. 201-5.

² “entertaining” in the photostat.

³ *The Youth and Manhood of Cyril Thornton*, by Captain Thomas Hamilton, for whom see entry of July 3, 1826.

or rather composed them in my memory. The contrast of leaving Abbotsford to former departures is of an agitating and violent description.

Assorting papers and so forth. I never could help admiring the concatenation between Achitophel's setting his house in order and hanging himself. The one seems to me to follow the other as a matter of course. I don't mind the trouble, though my head swims with it. I do not mind meeting accompts, which unpaid remind you of your distress, or paid serve to show you you have been throwing away money you would be glad to have back again. I do not mind the strange contradictory mode of papers hiding themselves that you wish to see, and others thrusting themselves into your hand to confuse and bewilder you. There is a clergyman's letter about the Scottish pronunciation to which I had written an answer some weeks since (the parson is an ass, by the bye). But I had laid aside my answer, being unable to find the letter which bore his address; and, in the course of this day, both his letter with the address, and my answer which wanted the address, fell into my hands half-a-dozen times, but separately always. This was the positive malice of some Hobgoblin, and I submit to it as such. But what frightens and disgusts me is those fearful letters from those who have been long dead, to those who linger on their wayfare through this Valley of tears. These fine lines of Spenser¹ came into my head—

“ When Midnight o'er the pathless skies.”¹

Aye, and can I forget the author!—the frightful moral of his own vision. What is this world? A dream within a dream—as we grow older each step is an awakening. The youth awakes as he thinks from childhood—the full-grown man despises the pursuits of youth as a visionary—the old

¹ Poems by the Hon. W. R. Spencer, London, 1811, p. 68. “The best writer of *vers de société* in our time, and one of the most charming of companions, was exactly Sir Walter's contemporary, and, like him, first attracted notice by a version of Bürger's *Lenore*. Like him, too, this remarkable man fell into pecuniary distress in the disastrous year 1825, and he was now (1826) an involuntary resident in Paris, where he died in October 1834, *anno ætatis* 65.”—

man looks on manhood as a feverish dream. The Grave the last sleep?—no ; it is the last and final awakening.

May 14.—To town per Blucher coach, well stowd and crushed, but saved cash, coming off for less than £2 ; posting costs nearly five, and you don't get on so fast by one-third. Arrived in my old lodgings here with a stouter heart than I expected. Dined with Mr. and Mrs. Skene, and met Lord Medwyn and lady. *

May 15.—Parliament House a queer sight. Lookd as if people were saying to each other the noble song of " The sky's falling—chickie diddle." Thinks I to myself, I'll keep a calm sough.

" Betwixt both sides I unconcern'd stand by ;
Hurt, can I laugh, and honest, need I cry ? "

I wish the old Government had kept together, but their personal dislike to Canning seems to have rendered that impossible.

I dined at a great dinner given by Sir George Clerk to his electors, the freeholders of Midlothian ; a great attendance of Whig and Tory, huzzaing each other's toasts. *If* is a good peacemaker, but quarter-day is a better. I have a guess the best gamecocks would call a truce if a handful or two of oats were scattered among them.

May 16.—Received from Mr. Cadell £123 in completion of the sum of £500 of second advance by him on the Tales

Inde	£123			
Cash in purse	2			
	<hr/>			
	£125			
Remitted to Anne for wages	£100			
Subscription at the Club,				
£7, 7s. say	3			
Cissy at leaving us	1			
Mr. Alexander Ballantyne's				
interest £12, 10s. say	12	£121	Ball. £4	0 0
A new cane, dues at Par-				
liam ^t House, Sundries			2	0 0
			<hr/>	
			£2	0 0

Mr. John Gibson says the Trustees are to allow my expence in travelling—£300, with £50 taken in in Longman's bill. This will place me *rectus in curia*, and not much more, faith !

There is a fellow bawling out a ditty in the street, the burthen of which is

“ There's nothing but poverty everywhere.”

He shall not be a penny richer for telling me what I know but too well without him.

May 17.—By cash from Mr. Gibson in part of		
my expences going to [London & Paris]	£230	
Off contents of a bill accepted for me to		
Longmans	50	
		£180
To Tom Purdie	£100	
To Dalgleish's wages	25	
		125
Ball.		£55
Cash in purse		2
		£57

Learned with great distress the death of poor Richard Lockhart, the youngest brother of my son-in-law. He had an exquisite talent for acquiring languages, and was under the patronage of my kinsman, George Swinton, who had taken him into his own family at Calcutta, and now he is drownd in a foolish bathing party.

From Mr Caddel
to Accot. Tales
of My Grand-
father. £85
Cash to pay Mr.
[—] recd. in Jany. £85

May 18.—Heard from Abbotsford ; all well. Wrought to-day but awkwardly. Tom Campbell calld, warm from his Glasgow Rectorship ; he is looking very well. He seemed surprised that I did not know anything about the contentions of Tories, Whigs, and Radicals, in the great commercial city. I have other eggs on the spit. He staid but a few minutes.

May 19.—Went out to-day to Sir John Dalrymple's, at Oxenford, a pretty place ; the lady a daughter of Lord Duncan. Will Clerk and Robert Graeme went with me. A good dinner and pleasant enough party ; but ten miles going and ten miles coming make twenty, and that is something of a journey. Got a headache too by jolting about after dinner.

May 20.—Wrote a good deal at Appendix, or perhaps I should say tried to write. Got myself into a fever when I had finishd four pages, and went out at eight o'clock at night to cool myself if possible. Walked with difficulty as far as Skene's, and there sate and got out of my fidgetty feeling. Learnd that the Princes Street people intend to present me with the key of their gardens, which will be a great treat, as I am too tender-hoofd for the stones. We must now get to work in earnest.

May 21.—Accordingly this day I wrought tightly, and though not in my very best mood I got on in a very business-like manner. Was at the Gas Council, where I found things getting poorly on. The Treasury have remitted us to Exchequer. The Committee want me to make private interest with the L. C. Baron. That I won't do. But I will state their cause publickly any way they like.

May 22.—At Court—home by two, walking through the Princes Street Gardens for the first time. Called on Mrs. Jobson. Worked two hours. Must dress to dine at Mr. John Borthwick's, with the *young folk*, now Mr. and Mrs. Dempster. Kindly and affectionately received by my good young friends, who seem to have succeeded to their parents' regard for me.

May 23.—Got some books, etc., which I wanted to make up the Saint Helena affair. Set about making up the Appendix, but found I had mislaid a number of the said postliminary affair. Recollected sending it to the press, but Ballantyne for some time denied the whole affair. At length made him understand what I wanted. Had Hogg's nephew here as a transcriber, a modest and well-

Cash in purse . . .	£12	behaved young man—clever, too, I think. ¹
House . . .	6	Being Teind Wednesday I was not obliged
	—	
Charity . . .	£6	to go to the Court, and am now <i>bang up</i> ,
	£1	and shall soon finish Mr. Nappy. And
	£5	how then? Ay, marry, sir, that's the question.

“ Lord, what will all the people say,
Mr. Mayor, Mr. Mayor ! ”

“ The fires of lowest hell fold in the people ! ” as Coriolanus says. I live not in their report, I hope.

May 24.—Mr. Gibson paid me £70 more expences of my London journey. A good thought came in my head—to write stories for little Johnnie Lockhard (*sic*) from the History of Scotland, like those taken from the History of England. I will not write mine quite so simply as Croker has done. I am persuaded both children and the lower class of readers hate books which are written *down* to their capacity, and love those that are more composed for their elders and betters. I will make, if possible, a book that a child will understand, yet a man will feel some temptation to peruse should he chance to take it up. It will require, however, a simplicity of stile not quite my own. The grand and interesting consists in ideas, not in words. A clever thing of this kind will have a run—

Cash.	£70	
Sent to Bogie . .	45	
	—	
	25	
Cash in purse . .	5	
	—	
	30	
Dalgleish	2	
	—	
	£28	

“ Little to say,
But wrought away,
And went out to dine with the Skenes to-day.”

Rather too many dinner engagements on my list. Must be hard-hearted. I cannot say I like my solitary days the worst by any means. I dine, when I like, on soup or broth, and drink a glass of porter or ginger-beer ; a single tumbler of whisky and water concludes the debauch. This agrees with me charmingly. At ten o'clock bread and cheese, a single draught of small beer, porter, or ginger-beer, and to bed.

¹ See an interesting letter from Robert Hogg, printed in *Life*, ch. lxxiii.

May 26.—I went the same dull and weary round. Out to the Parl^t House, which bothers one's brains for the day. Nevertheless, I get on. Pages vanish from under my hand, and find their way to J. Ballantyne, who is grinding away with his presses. I think I may say, now I begin to get rid of the dust raised about me by so many puzzling little facts, that it is plain sailing to the end.

Dined at Skene's with George Forbes and lady. But that was yesterday.

May 27.—I got ducked in coming home from the Court. Naboclish !—I thank thee, Pat, for teaching me the word. Made a hard day of it. Scarce stird from one room to another, but at bed-time finishd a handsome handful of "copy." I have quoted Gourgaud's evidence ; I suppose he will be in a rare passion, and may be addicted to vengeance, like a long-moustachoed son of a French bitch as he is. Naboclish ! again for that.

" Frenchman, Devil, or Don,
Damn him, let him come on,
He shan't scare a son of the Island."

May 28.—Another day of uninterrupted study ; two [more] such would finish the work with a murrain. I have several engagements next week ; I wonder how I was such a fool as to take them. I think I shall be done, however, before Saturday. What shall I have to think of when I lie down at night and awake in the morning ? What will be my plague and my pastime, my curse and my blessing, as ideas come and the pulse rises, or as they flag and something like a snow haze covers my whole imagination ? I have my Highland Tales—and then—never mind, sufficient for the day is the evil thereof.

May 29.—Detained at the House till near three. Made a call on Mrs. Jobson and others ; also went down to the printing-office. I hope James Ballantyne will do well. I think and believe he will. Wrought in the evening.

May 30.—Having but a trifle on the roll to-day, I set hard to work, and brought myself in for a holyday, or rather played truant. At two o'clock went to a Mr. Mackenzie in my old house at Castle Street, to have some touches

given to Walker's print.¹ Afterwards, having young Hogg with me as an amanuensis, I took to the oar till near ten o'clock.

May 31.—Being a Court day I was engaged very late. Then I called at the printing-house, but got not (*sic*) exact calculation how we come on. Met Mr. Cadell, who bids, as the author's copy [money] is profit on each book of *Hugh Littlejohn*.² I thought this two (*sic*) little. My general calculation is on such profits, that, supposing the book to sell to the public for 7s. 6d., the price ought to go in three shares—one to the trade, one to the expense of print and paper, and one to the author² and publisher between them, which of course would be 1s. 3d. not 1s. to the author. But in stating this rule I omitted to observe that books for young persons are half bound before the[y] go [out] into the trade. This comes to about 9d. per two volumes. The allowance[s] to the trade are also heavy, so that 1s. *per* book is very well on great numbers. There may besides be a third volume.

Dined at James Ballantyne's, and heard his brother Sandie sing and play on the violin, beautifully as usual. James himself sang the Reel of Tullochgorum, with hearty cheer and uplifted voice. When I came home I learned that we had beat the Coal Gas Company, which is a sort of triumph.

JUNE

June 1.—Settled my household-book. Sophia does not set out till the middle of the week, which is unlucky, our antiquarian skirmish beginning in Fife just about the time she is to arrive. Letter from John touching public affairs ;

Cash to Clarkson .	£12	don't half like them, and am afraid we
To house hires .	5	shall have the Whig alliance turn out like
	—	
	£17	
Cash in purse .	28	the calling in of the Saxons. I told this
[Balance] .	11	to Jeffery, who said they would convert

us, as the Saxons did the British. I shall die in my Paynimrie

¹ The engraving from Raeburn's picture mentioned in the entry of June 16, 1826.

² The photostat has "bookseller."

for one. I don't like a bone of them as a party. Ugly reports of the King's health ; God pity this poor country should that be so, but I think it a thing devised by the enemy. Anne arrived from Abbotsford. I dined at Sir Robert Dundas's, with Mrs. Dundas, Arniston, and other friends. Workd a little, not much.

June 2.—Do. Do. Dined at Baron Hume's. These dinners are cruelly in the way, but *que faut-il faire?* the business of the Court must be done, and it is impossible absolutely to break off all habit of visiting. Besides, the correcting of proof-sheets in itself is now become burthensome. Three or four a day is hard work. Met Baron Clerk etc. at dinner.

June 3.—Wrought hard. I think I have but a trifle more to do, but new things cast up ; we get beyond the life, however, for I have killed him to-day. The newspapers are very saucy ; *The Sun* says I have got £4000 for suffering a Frenchman to look over my manuscript. Here is a proper fellow for you ! I wonder what he thinks Frenchmen are made of—walking money-bags, doubtless. Now as Sir Fretful Plagiary says, another man would be vexed at this, but I care not one brass farthing.

Cash in purse	£11	0	0
Sent to Bogie	10	0	0
[Balance]	£1		

June 4.—The birthday of our good old king. It was wrong not to keep up the thing as it was of yore with dinners, and claret, and squibs, and crackers, and Saturnalia. The thoughts of the subjects require sometimes to be turned to the sovereign, were it but only that they may remember there is such a person.

The Bannatyne edition of Melville's *Memoirs* is out, and beats all print. Gad, it is a fine institution that ; a rare one, by Jove ! beats the Roxburgh. Wrought very bobbishly to-day, but went off at dinner-time to Thomas Thomson, where we had good cheer and good fun. By the way, we have lost our Coal Gas Bill. Sorry for it, but I can't cry. Called on John Swinton and Henderson of Eildon hall.

June 5.—Proofs. Parliament House till two. Commenced the character of Bonaparte. To-morrow being a

Teind-day I will hope to get it finished. Meantime I go out to-night to see *Frankenstein* at the theatre.

June 6.—*Frankenstein* is entertaining for once—considerable art in the man that plays the Monster, to whom he gave great effect. Cooper is his name ; played excellently in the farce too, as a sailor—a more natural one, I think, than my old friend Jack Bannister, though he has not quite Jack's richness of humour. I had seven proof-sheets to correct this morning, by Goles. So I did not get to composition till nine ; work on with little interruption (save that Mr. Verplanck, an American, breakfasted with us) until seven, and then walked, for fear of the black dog or devil that worries me when I work too hard.

June 7.—This morning finished *Boney*. And now, as Dame Fortune says, in Quevedo's *Visions, Go, wheel, and the devil drive thee*.¹ I arranged with Mr. Cadell for the property of Tales of a Grandfather 10,000 copies for £787, 10s.

In present cash including £85

advanced	£105	0	0
At Lammas	82	10	0
At Martinmas	£300	0	0
At 1st January	£300	0	0
	<hr/> £787 10 0		

Cash in purse . . £21 It was high time I brought up some
Sundries 1 reinforcements, for my pound was come
Anne to house . . 10 to half-crowns, and I had nothing to keep
In purse 10 house when the Lockharts come. Credit enough to be
sure, but I have been taught by experience to make short reckonings. Some great authors now will think [it] a degradation to write a child's book ; I cannot say I feel it such. It is to be inscribed to my grandson, and I will write it not only without a sense of its being *infra dig.* but with a grandfather's pleasure.

June 8.—A Mr. Maywood, much protected by poor Alaster Dhu, brought me a letter from the late Colonel

¹ Scott used the same quotation on finishing *Woodstock* (see *Journal*, 26th March 1826).

Huxley. His connection and approach to me is through the grave, but I will not be the less disposed to assist him if an opportunity offers. I made a long round to-day, going to David Laing's about the forwarding the books of the Bannatyne Club to Sir George Rose and Duke of Buckingham. Then I came round by the printing-office, where the presses are groaning upon *Napoleon*, and so home through the gardens. I have done little to-day save writing a letter or two, for I was fatigued and sleepy when I go[t] home, and nodded, I think, over Sir James Melville's *Memoirs*. I will do something, though, when I have dine[d]. By the way, I corrected the proofs for Gillies; they read better than I lookd for.

June 9.—Corrected proofs in the morning. When I came home from Court I found that John Lockhart and Sophia were arrived at Portobello, where they have a small lodging, by the steam-boat. I went down with a bottle of Champagne and a flask of Maraschino and made buirdly cheer with them for the rest of the day. Had the great pleasure to find them all in high health. Poor Johnie is decidedly improved in his general health, and the injury on the spine is got no worse. Walter is a very fine child.

June 10.—Rose with the odd consciousness of being free of my daily task. I have heard that the fish-women go to church of a Sunday with their creels new washd, and a few stones in them for ballast, just because they cannot walk steadily without their usual load. I feel some[what] like this, and rather inclind to pick up some light task than to be altogether idle. I have my proof-sheets, to be sure. But [what] are these to a whole day? Fortunately my thoughts are agreeable; cash difficulties, etc., all provided for, as far as I can see, so that we go on hooly and fairly. Betwixt [now] and August 1st I should receive £750, and I cannot think I have more than the half of it to pay away. Cash, to be sure, seems to burn in my pockets.

“He wasna gien to great misguiding,
But coin his pouches wad na bide in.”¹

¹ Burns: “On a Scotch Bard, gone to the West Indies.”

By goles, this shall be corrected, though ! Lockhart gives a sad account of Gillics's imprudences. Lockhart dined with us. Day idle.

June 11.—The attendance on the Committee and afterwards the Gn^l meeting of the Oil Gas Company took up my morning, and the rest dribbled away in correcting proofs and trifling ; reading, among the rest, an old volume of *Vivian Grey*¹ ; clever, but not so much so as to make m[e] this sultry weather go up-stairs to the drawing-room to seek the other volumes. Ah ! villain, but you smoked when you read.—Well, Madam, perhaps I think the better of the book for that reason. Made a blunder,—went to Ravelstone on the wrong day. This Anne's fault, but I did not reproach her, knowing it might as well have been my own.

June 12.—At Court, a long hearing. Got home only about three. Corrected proofs, etc. Dined with Baron Clerk, and met several old friends ; Will Clerk in particular.

June 13.—Another long seat at Court. Almost overcome by the heat in walking home, and rendered useless for the day. Let me be thankful, however ; my lameness is much better, and the nerves of my unfortunate ankle are so much strengthened that I walk with comparatively little pain. Dined at John Swinton's ; a large party. These festive occasions consume much valuable time, besides trying the stomach a little by late hours and some wine-shed though that's not much.

June 14.—Anne and Sophia dined. Could not stay at home with them alone. We had the Skenes and Allan, and amused ourselves till ten o'clock.

June 15.—This being the day long since appointed for our cruize to Fife, Thomas Thomson, Sir A. Ferguson, Willie Clerk, and I, set off with Miss Adam, and made our journey successfully to Charlton, where were Lord Chief-Baron and Lord Chief-Commissioner, all in the humour to be happy, though time is telling with us all. Our good-

¹ *Vivian Grey*, by Benjamin Disraeli, who had visited Abbotsford in the autumn of 1825.

natured host, Mr. A[nstruther] Thompson, his wife, and his good-looking daughters, received us most kindly, and the conversation took its old roll, in spite of woes and infirmities. Charlton is a good house in the midst of highly-cultivated land and immediatly surround[ed] with gardens and parterres, together with plantations, partly in the old, partly in the new, taste ; I like it very much ; though, as a residence, it is perhaps a little too much finishd. Not even a bit of bog to amuse one, as Mr. El[p]hinstone said.

June 16.—This day we went off in a body to St. Andrews, which Thomas Thomson had never seen. On the road beyond Charlton saw a small cottage said to have been the heritable appanage of a family called the King's [Cadger].¹ He had a right to feed his horse for a certain time on the adjoining pasturage. This functionary was sent to Falkland with the fish for the royal table. The ruins at St. Andrews have been lately cleared out. They had been chiefly magnificent from their size—not their extent of ornament. I did not go up to St. Rule's Tower as on former occasions ; this is a falling off, for when before did I remain sitting below when there was a steeple to be ascended ? But the rheumatism has begun to change that vein for some time past, though I think this is the first decided sign of acquiescence in my lot. I sate down on a grave-stone, and recollected the first visit I made to St. Andrews, now thirty-four years ago. What changes in my feeling and my fortune have since then taken place ! some for the better, many for the worse. I rememberd the name I then carved in Runic characters on the turf beside the castle-gate, and I asked why it should still agitate my heart. But my friends came down from their (*sic*) tower, and the foolish idea was chased away.²

¹ The photostat has "Kings" (not "Keays," as in the 1890 text). Mr James T. Davidson, in an article in the *Scots Magazine* for Sept. 1939, shows convincingly that the word "Cadger," omitted by Scott, must be supplied, and that an apostrophe should be added—"King's."

² Scott's "first love." She married Sir William Forbes in 1797. See Sir Herbert Grierson's *Life of Sir Walter Scott* (pp. 28-44).

June 17.—Lounged about while the good family went to church. The day is rather cold and disposed to rain. The papers say that the Corn Bill is given up in consequence of the Duke of Wellington having carried the amendment in the House of Lords. All the party here—Sir A. F. perhaps excepted—are Ministerialists on the present double bottom. They say the names of Whig and Tory are now to exist no longer. Why have they existed at all?

In the forenoon we morrised off to explore the environs; we visited two ancient manor-houses, those of Ely and Balcaskie. Large roomy mansions, with good apartments, two or three good portraits, and a collection of most extraordinary frights, prodigiously like the mistresses of King George I., who “came for all the goods and chattells” of old England. There are at Ely House two most ferocious-looking Ogresses of this cast. There are noble trees about the house. Balcasky put me in mind of poor Philip Anstruther, dead and gone many a long year since. He was a fine, gallant, light-hearted young sailor. I remember the story of his drawing on his father for some cash, which produced an angry letter from old Sir Robert, to which Philip replied, that if he did [not] know how to write like a gentleman, he did not desire any more of his correspondence. Balcasky is much dilapidated; but they are restoring the house in the good old stile, with its terraces and yew-hedges. The beastly fashion of bringing a bare ill-sheared park up to your very door seems going down. We next visited with great pleasure the Church of St. Monans, which is under a repair, designed to correspond strictly with the ancient plan which is the solid, gloomy, but impressive Gothic. It was built by David II., in the fulfilment of a vow made to St. Monan on the field of battle at Neville’s Cross. One would have judged the king to be thankful for small mercies, for certainly St. Monan proved but an ineffective patron.

Mr. Hugh Cleghorn¹ dined [at] Charlton, and I saw

¹ Hugh Cleghorn of Stravithie (1751-1834) was instrumental in annexing Ceylon to the British Empire. See the *Cleghorn Papers*, 1927. His adventures seem to have suggested to the late Lord Tweedsmuir the fictitious St. Andrews Professor who figures in the *Free Fishers*.

him for the first time, having heard of him all my life. He is an able man, has seen much, and speaks well, but Age has clawed him in his clutch, and he has become deaf. There is also Captain Black of the navy, second lieutenant of the *Mars* at Trafalgar. Villeneuve was brought on board that ship after the debate. He had no expectation that the British fleet would have fought till they had formed a regular line. Captain Black disowns the idea of the French and Spaniards being drawn up chequer form for resisting the British attack, and imputes the appearance of that array to sheer accident of weather.

June 18.—We visited Wemyss Castle on our return to Kinghorn. On the left, before descending to the coast, are considerable remains of a castle, called popularly the old castle, or Macduff's Castle. That of the Thane was situated at Kennochquay, at no great distance. The front of Wemyss Castle to the land has been stripped entirely of its castellated appearance and narrowly escaped a new front. To the sea it has a noble situation, overhanging the red rocks; but even there the structure has been much modernized and tamed. Interior is a good old house, with large oak staircases, family pictures, etc. We were received by Captain Wemyss—a gallant sea-captain, who could talk against a north-wester,—by his wife Lady Emma, and her sister Lady Isabella—beautiful women of the house of Errol, and vindicating its title to the *handsome Hays*. We reached the Pettycur about half-past one, crossed to Edinburgh, and so ended our little excursion. Of casualties we had only one: Triton, the house-dog at Charlton, threw down Thomson and he had his wrist sprained. A restive horse threatend to demolish our landau, but we got off for the fright. Happily L. C. B. was not in our carriage.

Dined at William M'Kenzie's to meet the Marquis and Marchioness of Stafford, who are on their road to Dunrobin. Found them both very well.

June 19.—Lord Stafford desires to be a member of the Bannatyne Club—also Colin M'Kenzie. Sent both names up accordingly.

The day furnishes a beggarly record of trumpery. From

eight o'clock till nine wrote letters, then Parliament House, where I had to wait on without anything to do till near two, when rain forced me into the Antiquarian musæum. Lounged there till a meeting of the Oil Gas Committee at three o'clock. There remained till near five. Home and smoked a cheroot after dinner. Called on Thomson, who is still disabled by his sprain. *Pereat inter hæc*.¹ We must do better to-morrow.

June 20.—Kept my word, being Teind Wednesday. Two young Frenchmen, friends of Gallois, rather interrupted me. I had asked them to breakfast, but they stayed till twelve o'clock, which is scarce fair, and plagued me with compliments. Their names are Rémusat and Guizard. Pleasant, good-humoured young men. Notwithstanding this interruption I finishd near six pages, three being a good Session-day's work. *Allons, vogue la galère*. Dined at the Solicitor's with Lord Hopetoun and a Parliament House party.

June 21.—Finishd five leaves—that is, betwixt morning and dinner-time. The Court detained me till two o'clock. About nine leaves will make the volume quite large enough.

By the way, the booksellers have taken courage to print up 2000 more of the first edition [of Napoleon] ; which, after the second volume, they curtailed from 8000 to 6000. This will be £1000 more in my way, at least, and that is a good help. We dine with the Skenes to-day, Lockhart being with us.

June 22.—Wrought in the morning as usual. Received to breakfast Dr. Bishop, a brother of Bishop the composer. He tells me his brother was very ill when he wrote "The Chough and Crow," and other music for Guy Mannering. Singular ! but I do think illness, if not too painful, unscals the mental eye, and renders the talents more acute, in the study of the fine arts at least.

I find the difference on 2000 additional copies will be £3000 instead of £1000 in favour of the author. My good friend Publicum is impatient. Heaven grant his

¹ This, as the context shows, is an imperfect reminiscence of Horace—*perditur hæc inter misero lux*. See *Letters*, vol. xii., p. 359.

expectations be not disappointed! *Coragio, andiamos!* Such another year of labour and success would do much towards making me a free man of the forest. But I must to work since we have to dine with Lord and Lady Gray. By the way, I forgot an engagement to my old friend, Lord Justice-Clerk. This is shockingly ill-bred. But the invitation was a month old, and that is some defence.

June 23.—I corrected proofs and play'd the grandfather in the morning. After Court saw Lady Wedderburn, who asked my advice about printing some verses of Mrs. Heman[s] in honour of the late Lord James Murray, who died in Greece. Also Lord Gray, who wishes me to write some preliminary matter to his ancestor, the Master of Gray's, correspondence. I promised. But [his] ancestor was a great rogue, and if I am to write about him at all, I must take my will of him. Anne and I dined at home. She went to the play, and I had some mind to go too. But Miss Foote was the sole attraction, and Miss Foote is only a very pretty woman, and if she played Rosalind better than I think she can, it is a bore to see Touchstone and Jacques murdered. I have a particular respect for *As You Like It*. It was the first play I ever saw, and that was at Bath in 1776 or 1777. That is not yesterday, yet I remember the piece very well. So I remain'd at home, smoked a segar, and worked leisurely upon the review of the Cullodden Papers, which, by dint of vamping and turning, may make up the lacking copy for the "Works" better, I think, than that lumbering Essay on Border Antiquities.

Received cash in part of Salary	£150
Miss Fergusson's Interest	£73
Tom Purdie	20
Anne to household	25
Sundries	1
	—
	124
	—
	26
Cash in purse	2
	—
	£28

June 24.—I don't care who knows it, I was lazy this morning. But I cheated my laziness capitally, as you shall hear. My good friend, Sir Watt, said I to my esteemd friend, it is hard you should be obliged to work when you are so disinclined to it. Were I you, I would not be quite idle though. I would do something that you are not obliged to do, just as I [have] seen a cowardly dog willing to fight with any one save that which his master would have desired him to yoke with. So I went over the review of the Culloden Papers, and went a great way to convert it into the Essay on Clanship, etc., which I intend for the Prose Works. I wish I had thought of it before correcting that beastly border essay. Naboclish!

June 25.—Wrote five pages of the *Chronicles*, and hope to conquer one or two more ere night to fetch up the leeway. Went and saw Allan's sketch of a picture for Abbotsford, which is promising; a thing on the plan of Watteau. He intends to introduce some interesting characters, and some, I suspect, who have little business there. Yesterday I dined with the Lockharts at Portobello. To-day at home with Anne and Miss Erskine. They are gone to walk. I have a mind to go to trifle, so I do not promise to write more to-night, having begun the dedication (advertizement I mean) to the *Chronicles*. I have pleasant subjects of reflection. The fund in Gibson's hands will approach £40,000, I think.

Lord Melville writes desiring to be a candidate for the Bannatyne Club.

I made a balance of my affairs, and stuck it into my book: it should answer very well, but still

"I am not given to great misguiding,
But coin my pouches will na bide in,
With me it ne'er was under hiding,
I dealt it free."

I must however and will be independent.

June 26.—Well, if ever I saw such another thing since my mother bound up my head! Here is nine of clock stricken and I am still fast asleep abed. I have not done

the like of this many a day. However, it cannot be helped. Went to Court, which detained me till two o'clock. A walk home consumed the hour to three ! I wrote in the Court, however, to the Duke of Wellington and Lord Bloomfield, and that is a good job over.

I have a letter from Lord Melville desiring to be a member of the Bannatyne Club. Memorandum.

A letter from a member of the Commission of the Psalmody of the Kirk, zealous and pressing. I shall answer him, I think. One from Sir James Stewart,¹ on fire with Corfe Castle, with a drawing of King Edward occupying one page, as he hurries down the steep, mortally wounded by the assassin. Singular power of speaking at once to the eye and the ear. Dined at home. After dinner sorted papers. Rather idle.

June 27.—Corrected proofs and wrote till breakfast. Then the Court. Called on Skene and Charles K. Sharpe, and did not get home until three o'clock, and then so wet as to require a total change. We dine at Hector Buchanan Macdonald's, where there is sometimes many people and little conversation. Sent a little chest of books by the carrier to Abbotsford.

A visit from a smart young man, Gustavus Schwab of Koenigsberg ; he gives a flattering picture of Prussia, which is preparing for freedom. The King must keep his word, though, or the people may chance to tire of waiting. Dined at Hector B. Macdonald's with rather a young party for Colin M'Kenzie and me.

June 28.—Wrote a little and corrected proofs. How many things have I unfinishd at present ?

Primo Chronicles, first volume not ended.
do., second volume begun.

Introduction to Do.

Tales of My Grandfather.

Essay on Highlands. This unfinishd, owing to certain causes, chiefly want of papers and books to fill up blanks, which I will get at Abbotsford. Came home through rain

¹ Scott's letter in reply to Sir James Stuart of Allanbank is printed in *Letters*, vol. x. pp. 246-7.

about two, and commissiond John Stevenson to call at three about binding some books. Dined with Sophia ; visited, on invitation, a fine old little Commodore Trunnion, who, on reading a part of Napoleon's history, with which he had himself been interested, as commanding a flotilla, thought he had detected a mistake, but was luckily mistaken, to my great delight.

“ I fear thee, ancient Mariner.”

To be cross-examined by those who have seen the true thing is the devil. And yet these eye-witnesses are not all right in what they repeat neither, indeed cannot be so, since you will have dozens of contradictions in their statements.

June 29.—A distressing letter from Haydon ; imprudent, probably, but who has not ? A man of rare genius. What a pity I gave that £10 to Craig ! But I have plenty of ten pounds sure, and I may make it something better. I will get £100 at furthest when I come back from the country. Wrote at proofs, but no “ copy ” ; I fear I shall wax fat and kick against Madam Duty, but I augur better things.

Just as we were sitting down to dinner, Cadell burst in in high spirits with the sale of *Napoleon*, the orders for which pour in, and the public report is favourable. Detected two gross blunders though, which I had ordered for cancel. Supd (for a wonder) with Colin Mackenzie and a bachelor party. Mr. Williams¹ was there, whose extensive information, learning, and lively talent makes him always pleasant company. Up till twelve—a debauch for me nowadays.

June 30.—*Redd up* my things for moving, which will clear my hands a little on the next final flitting.² Corrected proof-sheets. Williams told me an English bull last night. A fellow of a college, deeply learned, sitting at a public entertainment beside a foreigner, tried every means to enter into conversation, but the stranger could speak no dead language, the Doctor no living one but his own. At last

¹ Archdeacon Williams, Rector of the Edinburgh Academy from 1824 to 1847.

² At the beginning of the vacation. See July 11.

the scholar, in great extremity, was enlightened by a happy "*Nonne potes loqui¹ cum digitis?*"—said as if the difficulty was solved at once.

Abbotsford.—Reached this about six o'clock.

JULY

July 1.—A most delicious day, in the course of which I have not done

"The least right thing."

Before breakfast I employed myself in airing my old bibliomaniacal hobby, entering all the books lately acquired into a temporary catalogue, so as [to] have them shelved and markd. After breakfast I went out, the day being delicious—warm, yet coold with a gentle breeze, all around delicious; the rich luxuriant green refreshing to the eye, soft to the tread, and perfume[d] to the smell. Wanderd about and lookd at my plantations. Came home, and received a visit from Sir Adam. Loitered in the library till dinner-time. If there is anything to be done at all to-day, it must be in the evening. But I fear there will be nothing. One can't work always *nowther*.

"*Neque semper arcum tendit Apollo*."

There's warrant for it.

July 2.—Wrote in the morning, correcting the Essay on the Highlands, which is now nearly completed. Settled accounts with Tom and Bogie. Miss £10 strangely from my cash received on Saturday. I think I have only got £90 instead of £100. This is odd. I would rather lose twice the sum than suspect a servant. Wen. over to Huntly Burn at two o'clock, and reconnoitred the proposed plantation to be called Jane's Wood. Dined with the Fergussons.

July 3.—Worked in the morning upon the Introduction to the *Chronicles*; it may be thought egotistical. Learned

¹ The photostat has *loquere*.

Salary balance due	£100
Purse	3
	<hr/> 103

Mr Haydon . .	10
Bogie	30
Tom	10
Post horses . .	3
	<hr/> 53
	£50

a bad accident had happend yesterday. A tinker (drunk I suppose) enterd the stream opposite to Faldonside with an ass bearing his children. The ass was carried down by the force of the stream, and one of the little creatures was drownd ; the other was brought out alive, poor innocent, clinging to the ass. It had floated as far down as Dead-water-heugh. Poor thing, it is as well dead as to live a tinker ! The Fergussons dine with us *en masse* ; also Dr. Brewster. My stomach is something out of order.

July 4.—Workd a little in the morning, and took a walk after breakfast, the day so delicious as makes it heart-breaking to leave the country. Set out, however, about four o'clock, and reached Edin[burgh] a little after nine. Slept part of the way ; read *De Vere* the rest. It is well written in point of language and sentiment, but has too little action in it to be termd a pleasing novel. Everything is brought out by dialogue—or worse, through the medium of the author's reflections, which is the clumsiest of all expedients.

July 5.—This morning worked, and sent off to J. B. the Introduction to the *Chronicles*, containing my Confessions,¹ and did something, but not fluently, to the Confessions themselves. Not happy, however ; the black dog worries me. Bile, I suppose.

In purse	:	:	£50
Anne	:	:	20
			30
post horses	:	:	2
			£28

“ But I will rally and combat the ruiner.”²

Ruiner it is, that wretched malady of the mind. Got quite well in the forenoon. Went out to Portobello after dinner, and chatted with little Johnnie, and told him the history of the Field of Prestonpans. Few remain who care about these stories.

July 6.—This morning wrought a good deal, but scarce a task. The Court lasted till half-past three ; exhausting work in this hot weather. I returnd to dine alone, Anne going to Roslin with a party. After noon a Miss Bell broke in upon me, who bothered me some time since about a book

¹ See entry of June 30, 1826.

² Douglas printed “reiver.” The line comes from Goldsmith's *Works*—a song intended to be sung by Miss Hardcastle in *She Stoops to Conquer*.

of hers, explaining and exposing the conduct of a Methodist Tartuffe, who had broken off (by anonymous letters) a match betwixt her and an accepted admirer. Tried in vain to make her comprehend how little the Edinburgh people would care about her wrongs, since there was no knowledge of the parties to make the scandal acceptable. I believe she has suffered great wrong.¹ Letter from Longman and Co. to J. B. grumbling about bringing out the second edition, because they have, forsooth, 700 copies in hand out of 5000, five days after the first edition² is out. What would they have? It is uncomfortable, though.

July 7.—Night dreadfully warm, and bilious; I could not be fool enough surely to be anxious for these wise men of the East's prognostication. Letters from Lockhart give a very cheerful prospect; if there had been any thundering upsetting broadside, he would have noticed it surely more or less. R. Cadell quite stout, and determined to go on with the second edition. Well, I hope all's right—thinking won't help it. Charles came down this morning penniless, poor fellow, but we will soon remedy that. Lockhart remits £100 for reviewing; I hope the next will be for Sophia, for cash affairs loom well in the offing, and if the trust funds go right, I was never so easy. I will take care how I get into debt again. I do not like this croaking of these old owls of Saint Paul's when all is done. The pitcher has gone often to the well. But— However, I worked away at the *Chronicles*. I will take pains with them. I will, by Jove!

July 8.—I did little to-day but arrange papers, and put bills, receipts, etc., into apple-pye order. I believe the fair prospect I have of clearing off some encumbrances, which are like thorns in my flesh, nay, in my very eye, contribute[d] much to this. I did not even correct proof-sheets; nay, could not, for I have cancelled two sheets, *instante Jacobo*, and I myself being some[wh]at³ of his opinion; for, as I said yesterday, we must and will take pains. The fiddle-faddle of arranging all the things was troublesome, but they give

¹ See entry of Feb. 2, 1826.

² *Napoleon*.

³ Douglas omitted the word, though Scott used it in *The Antiquary* (Border Ed., vol. i. p. 70).

a good account of my affairs. The money for the necessary payments is ready, and therefore there is a sort of pleasure which does not arise out of any mean source, since it has for its source the prospect of doing justice and achieving independence. J. B. dined with me, poor fellow, and talked of his views as hopeful and prosperous. God send honest industry a fine riddance.

July 9.—Wrote^t in the morning. At eleven went by appointment with Colin Mackenzie to the New Edinburgh Academy. In the fifth class, Mr. Mitchell's, we heard Greek, of which I am no otherwise a judge than that it was fluently read and explaiⁿd. In the rector Mr. Williams's class we heard Virgil and Livy admirably translated *ad aperturam libri*, and, what I though[t] remarkable, the Rector giving the English and the pupils returning with singular dext[e]rity the Latin, not exactly as in the original, but often by synonymes, which showed that the exercize referd to the judgment, and did not depend on the memory. I could not help saying with great truth that, as we had all long known how much the pupils were fortunate in a rector, so we were now taught that the rector was equally lucky in his pupils. Of my young friends, I saw a son of John Swinton, a son of Johnstone of Alva, and a son of Craufurd Tait.¹ Dined at John Murray's; Mr. and Mrs. Philips of Liverpool, General and Charles Stuart of Blantyre, Lord Abercromby, Clerk and Thomson. Pleasant evening.

July 10.—Corrected proofs, but wrote nothing. To Court till two o'clock. I went to Cadell's by the Mound, a long roundabout; transacted some business and left receipts for my salaries payable at 25th current £150. Arranged some business also as per margin. I met Baron Hume coming home, and walked with him in the Gardens. His remarkable account of his celebrated uncle's last moments is in these words:—Dr. Black called on Mr. D. Hume² on the morning on which he died.

In purse . . .	£25
Lockhart revg. .	100
	—
	125
Allan to accompt	20
Household . . .	25
Stable rent, etc. .	6
Rent of house . .	34
	—
	85
In purse . . .	£40

¹ Archibald Campbell Tait, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury.

² David Hume died August 25, 1776.

The patient complained of having suffered a great deal during the night, and expressed a fear that his struggle might be prolonged, to his great distress, for days or weeks longer. "No, sir," said Dr. Black, with the remarkable calmness and sincerity which characterized him, "I have examined the symptoms, and observe several which oblige me to conclude that dissolution is rapidly approaching." "Are you certain of that, Doctor?" "Most assuredly so," answered the physician. The dying philosopher extended his arm, and shook hands with his medical friend. "I thank you," he said, "for the news." So little reason there were for the reports of his having been troubled in mind when on his deathbed.

Dined at Lord Abercrombie's, to meet Lord Melville in private. We had an interview betwixt dinner and tea. I was sorry to see my very old friend this upright statesman and honourable gentleman deprived of his power and his official income, which the number of his family must render a matter of importance. He was cheerful, not affectedly so, and bore his declension like a wise and brave man. I had nursed an idea that he had been hasty in his resignation. But, from the letters which he showed me confidentially, which passed betwixt him and Canning, it is clear his resignation was to be accomplished, not I suppose for personal considerations, but because it rendered the Admiralty vacant for the Duke of Clarence. As his resignation was eagerly snapped at, it cannot be doubted that if he had hesitated or hung back behind his friends, forcible means would [have] been used to compel [him] to the measure, which with more dignity he took of his own accord—at least so it seemed to me. The first intimation which Lord Melville received of his successor was through Mr. —, ¹ who told him, as great news, there was to be a new Duke of York. Lord M. understood the allusion ² so little, as to inquire whether his informer meant that the Duke of Cambridge had taken the Duke of York's

¹ Blank in photostat.

² The allusion is to James, Duke of York, afterwards James II., who had charge of the Navy in the reign of Charles II.

situation, when it was explained to refer to the Duke of Clarence getting the Admiralty. There are some few words that speak volumes. Lord Melville said that none of them suspected Canning's negotiations with the Whiggs but the Duke of Wellington, who found it out through the ladies ten days before. I asked him how they came to be so unprepared; and could not help saying I thought they had acted without consideration, and that they might have shown a face even to Canning. He allowed the truth of what I said, and seemed to blame Peel's want of courage. In his place, he said, he would have proposed to form a government disclaiming any personal views for himself as being Premier or the like, but upon the principle of supporting the measures of Lord Castlereagh and Lord Liverpool. I think this would have been acceptable to the King. Mr. Peele obviously feared his great antagonist Canning, and perhaps threw the game up too soon. Canning said the office of Premier was his inheritance; he could not, from constitution, hold it above two years, and then it would descend to Peele. Such is ambition! Old friends forsaken—old principles changed—every effort used to give the vessel of the State a new direction, and all to be Palinurus for two years!

July 11.—Worked at proofs in the morning; composed nothing. Got off by one, and to this place between six and seven. My stomach disorderd with bile. Weather delicious.

July 12.—Unpacking and arranging; the urchins are stealing the cherries in the outer garden.

Cash . . .	£40
Journey and	
Sundries .	£3
Charity.	£1
Mr. Scrope	16
Charles	1
Rail road	9
	—

In purse . . . £30
£10

But I can spare a thousand larch-trees to put it in order with a good fence for next year. It is not right to leave fruit exposed; for if Adam in the days of innocence fell by an apple, how much may the little *gossoon* Jamie Moffatt be tempted by apples of gold in an age of iron! Anne and I walked to Huntly Burn—a delicious excursion. That place is really become beautiful; the Miss Fergusons have displayed a great deal of taste. My stomach again discomposed—"Take physic, pomp." And so I will to-night.

July 13.—Two agreeable persons—Rev. Mr. Gilly, one of the prebendaries of Durham, with his wife, a pretty little woman—dined with us, and met Mr. Scrope. I heard the whole history of the discovery of St. Cuthbert's body at Durham Cathedral. The Catholics will deny the identity, of course ; but I think it is *constaté* by the dress and other circumstances. Made a pleasant day of it, and with a good conscience, for I had done my task this morning. Slept better to-night, and less bilious.

July 14.—Did task this morning, and believe that I shall get on now very well. Wrote about five leaves. I have been baking and fevering myself like a fool for these two years in a room exposed to the south ; comfortable in winter, but broiling in the hot weather. Now I have removed myself into the large cool library, one of the most refreshing as well as handsomest rooms in Scotland, and will not use the study again till the heats are past. Here is an entry as solemn as if it respected the Vicar of Wakefield's removal from the yellow room to the brown. But I think my labours will advance greatly in consequence of this arrangement. Walked in the evening to the lake.

July 15.—Achieved six pages to-day, and finished volume i. of *Chronicles*. It is rather long ; but I think the last story¹ interesting, and it should not be split up into parts. J. B. will, I fear, think it low ; and if he thinks so, others will. Yet—vamos. Drove to Huntly Burn in the evening.

July 16.—Made a good morning's work of the *Tales*. In the day-time corrected various proofs. J. B. thinks that in the proposed introduction I condemn too much the occupation by which I have thriven so well, and hints that I may easily lead other people to follow my opinion in vilipending my talents, and the use I have made of them. I cannot tell. I do not like, on the one hand, to suppress my own opinion of the *floci-pauci-nihili-pili*[fi]cation with which I regard these things ; but yet, in duty to others, I cannot afford to break my own bow, or befoul my own nest, and there may be something like affectation and *nolo episcopari* in seeming to underrate my own labours ; so, all

¹ *The Two Drovers.*

things considered, I will erase the passage.¹ Truth should not be spoke at all times. In the evening we had a delightful drive to Ashestiel with Colonel and Miss Ferguson.

July 17.—I wrote a labourious task ; seven pages of *Tales*. Kept about the doors all day. Gave Bogie £10 to buy cattle to-morrow at St. Boswell's Fair. Here is a whimsical subject of affliction. Mr. Harper, a settler, who went from this country to Botany Bay, thinking himself obliged to me for a recommendation to General M'Allister and Sir Thomas Brisbane, has thought proper to bring me home a couple of Emusses. I wish his gratitude had either taken a different turn, or remained as quiescent as that of others whom I have obliged more materially. I at first accepted the creatures, conceiving them, in my ignorance, to be some sort of blue and green parrot, which, though I do not admire their noise, might [t] scream and yell at their pleasure if hung up in the hall among the armour. But your emus, it seems, stands six feet high on his stocking soles, and is little better than a kind of Kassowary or Ostrich. Hang them ! they might [eat] up my collection of old arms for what I know. It reminds me of the story of the adjutant birds in Theodore Hook's novel. No ; I'll no Emuses !

July 18.—Entered this morning on the history of Sir William Wallace. I wish I may be able to find my way between what the child can comprehend and what shall not yet be absolutely uninteresting to the grown reader. Uncommon facts I should think the best receipt. Learn that Mr. Owen Rees and John Gibson have amicably settled their difference about the last edition of *Napoleon*, the Trustees allowing the publishers nine months' credit. My nerves have for these two or three last days been susceptible of an acute excitement from the slightest causes ; the beauty of the evening, the sighing of the summer breeze, brings the tears into my eyes not unpleasingly. But I must take exercise, and caseharden myself. There is no use in encouraging these moods of the mind. It is not the law we live on.

We had a little party with some luncheon at the lake,

¹ See *Letters*, vol. x. p. 258.

where Mr. Bainbridge fishd without much success. Captain Hamilton and two Messrs. Stirlings,¹ relation[s] of my old friend Keir, were there, and walkd with me a long round home. I walkd better than I have done for some days. Mr. Scrope dined with us ; he was complaining of gout, which is a bad companion for the stag-shooting.

July 19.—I made out my task this forenoon, and a good deal more. Sent five or six pages to James Ballantyne, *i.e.* I got them ready, and wrote till one afternoon. Then I drove over to Huntly Burn, and walked through the glen till dinner-time. After dinner read and worked till bed-time. Yet I have written well walked well talked well and have nothing to regret.

July 20.—Dispatchd my letters to J. B., with supply of copy and made up more than my task—about four leaves, I think. Offerd my Emuses to the Duke of Buccleuch. I had an appointment with Captain Hamilton and his friends the Stirlings, that they were to go up Yarrow to-day. But the weather seems to overcast.

My visitors came however and we went up to Newark. Here a little misfortune, for Spice left me and we could not find her. As we had no servant with us on horseback I was compelled to leave her to her fate, resolving to send in quest of her to-morrow morning. The keepers are my *bonos socios*, as the host says in the Devil of Edmonton, and would as soon shoot a child as a dog of mine. But there are tramps and traps, and I am ashamed to say how reluctantly I left the poor little terrier to its fate.

She came home to me, however, about an hour and a half after we were home, to my great delectation. Our visitors dined with us and I found they were of the Drumpellier family.

July 21.—This morning wrote five pages of children's history. Went to Minto, where we met, besides Lord M. and his delightful countess, Thomas Thomson, Kennedy of Dunure, Lord Carnarvon, and his younger son and daughter-in-law ; the dowager Lady Minto also, whom I always delight to see, she is so full of spirit and intelligence.

¹ See *Journal*, June 16, 1829.

We rubbd up some recollections of twenty years ago, when I was more intimate with the family till Whig and Tory separated us for a time. By the way, nobody talks Whig or Tory just now, and the fighting men on each side go about on each side muzzled and mute like dogs after a proclamation about canine madncss. Am I sorry for this truce or not? Half and half. It is all we have left to stir the blood, this little political brawling; but better too little of it than too much.

July 22, [Abbotsford].—Rose a little later than usual, and wrote a letter to Mrs. Joanna Baillie. She is writing a tragedy¹ on witchcraft. I shall be curious to see it. Will it be real witchcraft—the *Ipsissimus Diabolus*—or an impostor, or the half-crazed being who believes herself an ally of condemnd spirits, and desires to be so? That last is a sublime subject. We set out after breakfast, and reachd this about two. Found Charles much recoverd of his lumbago and thinking seriously of general study. I walkd from two till four; chatted a long time with Charles after dinner, and thus went my day *sine linea*. But we will make it up. James Ballantyne dislikes my “Drovers.” But it shall stand. I must have my own way sometimes.

I received news of two deaths at on[c]c: Lady Die Scott, my very old friend, and Arch^d Constable, the bookseller.

July 23.—Yes! they are both for very different reasons subjects of reflection. Lady Diana Scott, widow of Walter Scott of Harden, was the last person whom I recollect so much older than myself that she kept always at the same distance in point of years, so that she scarce seemd older to me (relatively) two years ago when in her ninety-second year than fifty years before. She was the daughter (alone remaining) of Pope’s Earl of Marchmont, and, like her father, had an acute mind and an eager temper. She was always kind to me, remarkably so indeed when I was a boy.

Constable’s death might have been a most important thing to me if it had happend some years ago,² and I should

¹ This drama was suggested by a scene in *The Bride of Lammermoor*.

² “against” in photostat.

then have lamented it much. He has lived to do me some injury ; yet, excepting the last £5000, I think most unintentionally. He was a prince of booksellers ; his views sharp, powerful, and liberal ; too sanguine, however, and, like many bold and successful schemers, never knowing when to stand or stop, and not always calculating his means to his objects with mercantile accuracy. He was very vain, for which he had some reason, having raised himself to great commercial [eminence], as he might also have attained great wealth with good management. He knew, I think, more of the business of a bookseller in planning and executing popular works than any man of his time. In books themselves he had much bibliographical information, but none whatever that could be termed literary. He knew the rare volumes of his library not only by the eye, but by the touch, when blindfolded. Thomas Thomson saw him make this experiment, and, that it might be complete, placed in his hand an ordinary volume instead of one of these *libri rariores*. He said he had over-estimated his memory ; he could not recollect that volume. Constable was a violent-tempered man with those that he dared use freedom with. He was easily overawed by people of consequence, but, as usual, took it out of those whom poverty made subservient to him. Yet he was generous, and far from bad-hearted. In person good-looking, but very corpulent latterly ; a large feeder, and deep drinker, till his health became weak. He died of water in the chest, which the natural strength of his constitution set long at defiance. I have no great reason to regret him ; yet I do. If he deceived me, he also deceived himself.

Wrote five pages to-day, and went to see Mr. Scrope, who is fast with the gout—a bad companion to attend him

“ to Athole Braes,
To shoot the dun deer down, down—
For to shoot the dun deer down.”

July 24.—Finished five pages before eleven o'clock, at which time Mr. Deputy Register¹ arrived from Minto, and

¹ Thomas Thomson, Deputy-Clerk Register for Scotland.

we had an agreeable forenoon, talking about the old days we have had together. I was surprised to find that Thomson

Lent Thomson
B. from Anne

£8
6

knew as little as I do myself how to advise Charles to a good course of Scottish History.

Hailes and Pinkerton, Robertson and Laing—there is nothing else for it—and Pinkerton is poor work. Laing, besides his party spirit, has a turn for generalising, which renders him rather dull, which was not the nature of the acute Orcadian.

July 25.—Thomson left us this morning early. I finished four pages, and part of a fifth, then drove to Huntly Burn and returned through the Glen; I certainly turn *heavy-footed*, not in the female sense, however. I had one or two falls among the slippery heather, not having Tom Purdie to give me his arm. I suppose I shall need a go-cart one of these days; and if it must be so—so let it be. *Fiat voluntas tua.*

A letter from John Gibson in the evening brought me word that Lord Newton had adjudged the profits of *Woodstock* and *Napoleon* to be my own. This is a great matter, and removes the most important part of my dispute with Constable's creditors. I waked in the middle of the night. Sure I am not such a feather-headed gull as not to be able to sleep for good news. I am thankful that it is as it is. Had it been otherwise, I could have stood it. The money realized will pay one-third of all that I owe in the world—and what will pay the other two-thirds? I am as well and as capable as when these misfortunes began—January was a year. The public favour may wane, indeed, but it has not yet failed as yet, and I must not be too anxious about that possibility.

James B. is find[ing] fault with my tales for being too historical; formerly it was for being too infantine. He calls out for starch, and is afraid of his cravat being too stiff. O ye critics, will nothing melt ye?

July 26.—Wrote till one o'clock, and finished the first volume of *Tales*—about six leaves. To-morrow I resume the *Chronicles*, tooth and nail. They must be good, if possible. After all, works of fiction, viz., cursed lies, are easier to write, and much more popular than the best truths. Walkd over to the head of the Roman road,

coming round by Bauchland and the Abbot's Walk. Wrote letters in the evening to Ballantyne, Gibson, Cadell, John Richardson, Colin Mackenzie and others.

July 27.—In the morning still busied with my correspondence. No great desire to take up the *Chronicles*. But it must be done. Deuce take the necessity, and the folly and knavery, that occasioned it! But this is no matter¹ now. Accordingly I set tightly to work, and got on till two, when I took a walk. Was made very happy by the arrival of Sophia and her babies, all in good health and spirits.

July 28.—Worked hard in the morning. The two Ballantynes, and Mr. Hogarth with them. Owen Rees came early in the day. Fergussons came to dinner. Rees in great kindness and good-humour, but a little drumlie, I think, about *Napoleon*. We heard Sandie's violin after dinner—

“ — Whose touch harmonious can remove
The pangs of guilty power and hopeless love.”

I do not understand or care about fine music; but there is something in his violin which goes to the very heart. Sophia sung too, and we were once more merry in hall—the first time for this many a month and many a day.

July 29.—Could not do more than undertake my proofs to-day, of which J. B. has brought out a considerable quantity. Walked at one with Hogarth and Rees—the day sultry, hot, and we hot accordingly, but crept about notwithstanding. I am sorry to see my old and feal friend James rather unable to walk—once so stout and active—so was I in my way *once*. Ah! that vile word, what a world of loss it involves! I had from Caddell an accompt of my precepts and payments on my account as follows

<i>Dr.</i>		<i>Cr.</i>	
Ballance of Allan's Accompt	£24	Precept	£150
To Haydon by	£10		
no. 11745	10		
To J. Gibson annuities	20		
To paid for William Scott	9		

¹ Illegible in photostat.

July 30.—One of the most peppering thunder-storms which I have heard for some time. Routed¹ and roared from six in the morning till eight continuously.

“The thunder ceased not, nor the fire reposed ;
Well done, old Botherby.”

Time wasted, though very agreeably, after breakfast. At noon, set out for Chiefswood in the carriage, and walkd home, footing it over rough and smooth, with the vigour of early days. James Ballantyne marchd on too, somewhat meltingly, but without complaint. We again had beautiful music after dinner. The heart of age arose. I have often wonderd whether I have a taste for music or no. My ear appears to me as dull as my voice is incapable of musical expression, and yet I feel the utmost pleasure in any such music as I can comprehend, learnd pieces always excepted. I believe I may be about the pitch of Jerry's connoisseurship, and that “I have a reasonable good ear for a jig, but your solos and sonatas give me the spleen.”

July 31.—Employd the morning in writing letters and correcting proofs ; this is the second day and scarce a line written, but circumstances are so much my apology that even Duty does not murmur, at least not *much*. We had a drive up to Galashiels, and sent J. B. off to Edinburgh in the Mail. Music in the evening as before. Guests.

AUGUST

August 1.—My guests left me and I thought of turning to work again seriously. Finishd five pages. Dined alone, excepting Huntly Gordon, who is come on a visit, poor lad. I hope he is well fixed under Mr. Planta's² patronage. Smoked a cigar after dinner. Laughd with my daughters, and read them the review of Hoffmann's production out of Gillies's new *Foreign Review*.

The undertaking would do, I am convinced, in any other

¹ *Scotice* for “bellowed.”

² One of the Secretaries to the Treasury.

person's hands than those of the improvident editor ; but I hear he is living as thoughtlessly as ever in London, has hired a large house, and gives Burgundy to his guests. This will hardly suit £500 a year.

August 2.—Got off my proofs. Went over to breakfast at Huntly Burn ; the great object was to see my cascade in the Glen suitably repaired. “ Cascade ! ” as Lord H. said — “ Asking the ladies’ pardon, I could produce a more respectable waterfall from my own person ! ” Well but it is all I have got for one, so I have had it put to rights by puddling and damming. What says the frog in the Fairy Tale ?—

“ Stuff with moss, and clagg with clay,
And that will weize the water away.”

Having seen the job pretty tightly done, walked deliciously home through the woods. But no work all this while. Therefore up and at it. But in spite of good resolutions I trifled with my children after dinner, and read to them in the evening, and did just nothing at all.

August 3.—Wrote five pages and upwards—some amends for passd laziness. Huntly Gordon lent me a volume of his father’s manuscript memoirs. They are not without interest, for Price Gordon, though a bit of a *roué*, is a clever fellow in his way. One thing struck me, being the story of an Irish swindler, who called himself Henry King Edgeworth, an impudent jawing¹ fellow, who deserted from Gordon’s recruiting party, enlisted again, and became so great a favourite with the Colonel of the regiment which he joined that he was made pay-sergeant. Here he deserted to purpose with £200 or £300, escaped to France, got a commission in the Corps sent to invade Ireland, was taken, recognised, and hangd. What would Mr. Theobald Wolfe Tone have said to such an associate in his regenerating expedition ? These are thy gods, O Israel ! The other was the displeasure of the present Cameron of Lochiel, on finding that the 40 Camerons, with whom he joined the Duke of Gordon’s Northern Fencible regiment, were to be

¹ Douglas printed “ gawsy.”

dispersed. He had wellnigh mutinied and marched back with them. This would be a good anecdote for Garth.

August 4.—Spent the morning at Selkirk, examining people about an assault, Max[popple] being off to sea-bathing. This comes of *manning one's self with his kin*.¹ When I returned I found Charlotte Kerr here with a clever little boy, Charles Scott, grandson of Charles of the Wool, and son of William, and grand-nephew of John of Midgehope. He seems a smart boy, and, considering that he is an only son with expectations, not *too* much spoild. General Yermolow called with a letter from a Dr. Knox, whom I do not know. If it be Vicesimus, we met nearly twenty-five years ago and did not agree. But General Yermolow's name was luckily known to me. He is a man in the flower of life, about thirty—handsome, bold, and enthusiastic, a great admirer of poetry and all that. He had been in the Moscow campaign and those which followed, but must have been very young. He made not the least doubt that Moscow was burnd by Rostopchin, and said that there was a general rumour before the French entered the town, and while the inhabitants were leaving it, that persons were left to destroy it. I askd him why the magazine of gunpowder had not been set fire to in the first instance. He answerd that he believed the explosion of that magazine would have endangered the retreating Russians. This seemed unsatisfactory. The march of the Russians was too distant from Moscow to be annoyd by the circumstance. I pressd him as well as I could about the slowness of Koutousow's operations; and he frankly ownd that the Russians were so much rejoiced and surprisd to see the French in retreat, that it was long ere they could credit the extent of the advantage which they had acquired. This has been but an idle day so far as composition is concerned, but I was detaind late at Selkirk.

August 5.—Wrote near six pages. General Yermolow left me with many expressions of enthusiastic regard, as foreigners use to do. He is a kinsman of Princess Galitzin, whom I saw in Paris. I walked with Tom after one o'clock.

¹ Appointing one's own kinsmen as deputies.

Dined *en famille* with Miss Todd, a pretty girl, and wrote after dinner.

August 6.—This morning finishd proofs and was *bang up* with everything. When I was about to sit down to write, I have the agreeable tidings that Henderson, the fellow who committed the assault at Selkirk, and who made his escape from the officers on Saturday, was retaken, and that it became necessary that I should go up to examine him. Returned at four, and found Mrs. George Swinton from Calcutta, to whose husband I have been much obliged, with Archie and cousin Peggie Swinton, arrived. So the evening was done up.

August 7.—Cousins still continuing, we went to Melrose. I finished, however, in the first place, a pretty smart task, which is so far well, as we expect the Skenes to-morrow. Lockhart arrived from London. His news are that Canning is dangerously ill. This is the bowl being broken at the cistern with a vengeance. If he dies now, it will be pity it was not four months ago. The time has been enough to do much evil, but not to do any permanent good.

August 8.—Huntly Gordon proposed to me that I should give him my correspondence, which we had begun to arrange last year. I resolved not to lose the opportunity, and began to look out and arrange the letters from about 1810, throwing out letters of business and such as are private. They are of little consequence, generally speaking, yet will be one day curious. I propose to have them bound up, to save trouble. It is a sad task ; how many dead, absent, estranged, and altered ! I wrought till the Skenes came at four o'clock. I love them well ; yet I wish their visit had been made last week, when other people were here. It kills time, or rather murders it, this company-keepind (*sic*). Yet what remains on earth that I like so well as a little society ? I workd not a line to-day.

August 9.—I finishd the arrangement of the letters so as to put them into Mr. Gordon's hands. It will be a great

Cash in purse .	£40
Repd. by Mr. Thomson .	5
Cash remitted by Mr. Cadell .	82
	<hr/>
	£127
Isaacks .	58
Butcher .	old
bill .	35
Charles .	5
	<hr/>
	98
	29
Bogie . . .	20
	<hr/>
	£9

job done. But in the meanwhile it interrupts my work sadly, for I kept busy till one o'clock to-day with this idle man's labour. Still, however, it might have been long enough ere I got a confidential person like Gordon to arrange these confidential papers. They are all in his hands now. Walked after one.

August 10.—This [is] a morning of fidgety, nervous confusion. I sought successively my box of Bramah pens my proof-sheets and last, not least anxiously, my spectacles. I am convinced I lost a full hour in these various chases. I collected all my insubordinate moveables at once, but had scarce corrected the proof and written half-a-score of lines, than enter Dalgleish, declaring the Blucher hour is come. The weather however is rainy, and fitted for a pure day of work. I was able however only to finish my task of three pages.

The death of the Premier is announced. Late George Canning, the witty, the accomplished, the ambitious—he who had toiled thirty years, and involved himself in the most harassing discussions to attain this dizzy height—he who had held it for three months of intrigue and obloquy—and now a heap of dust, and that is all. He was an early and familiar friend of mine, through my intimacy with George Ellis. No man possessed a gayer and more playful wit in society—no one, since Pitt's time, had more commanding sarcasm in debate—in the House of Commons he was the terror of that species of orators called the Yelpers. His lash fetch[ed] away both skin and flesh, and would have penetrated the hide of a rhinoceros. In his conduct as a statesman he had a great fault—he lent himself too willingly to intrigue. Thus he got into his quarrel with Lord Castlereagh, and lost credit with the country for want of openness. Thus too, he got involved with the Queen's party to such an extent that it fettered him upon that memorable quarrel and obliged him to butter Sir Robert Wilson with dear friend, and gallant general, and so forth. The last composition with the Whigs was a sacrifice of principle on both sides. I have some reason to think they counted on getting rid of him in two or three years. To me Canning was

always personally most kind. I saw, with pain, a great change in his health when I met him at Colonel Bolton's at Storrs¹ in 1825. In London I thought him looking better. Among my correspondence I have several letters from him.

August 11.—Wrote nearly five pages then walkd. A visit from Henry Scott; nothing known as yet about politics. A high Tory Administration would be a great evil at this time. There are repairs in the structure of our constitution which ought to be made at this season, and without which the people will not long be silent. A pure Whig Administration would probably play the devil by attempting a thorough repair. As to a compound or melo-dramatick Ministry, the parts out of which such a one could be organized just now are at a terrible discount in public estimation, nor will they be at *par* in a hurry again. The public were generally shockd at the complete lack of principle testified by public men on the late occasion, and by some who till then had some credit to the public. The Duke of W. has risen by his firmness on the one side, Earl Grey on the other.

August 12.—Wrote my task and no more. Walkd with Lockhart from one o'clock to four. Took in our way the Glen, which looks beautiful. I walkd with extreme pain and feebleness untill we began to turn homewards, when the relaxation of the ankle sinews seemd to be removed, and I trode merrily home. This is strange; that exercise should restore the nerves from the chill or numbness which is allied to palsy, I am well aware, but how it should restore elasticity to sinews that are too much relaxed, I for one cannot comprehend. Colonel Russell came to dine with us, and to consult me about some family matters. He has the spirit of a gentleman. That is certain.

August 13.—A letter from booksellers at Brussels informs me of the pleasant tidings that *Napoleon* is a total failure; that they have lost much money on a version which they were at great expense in preparing, and modestly propose that I should write a novel to make them amends for loss

¹ "Torrs" in photostat.

on a speculation which I knew nothing about. "Have you nothing else to ask?" as Sancho says to the farmer, who asks him to stock a farm for his son, portion off his daughters, etc. etc. They state themselves to be young booksellers. Certes, they must hold me to be a *very* young author! *Napoleon* however has failed on the Continent—and perhaps in England also; for, from the mumbling, half-grumbling tone of Longman and Co., dissatisfaction may be apprehended. Well, I can set my face to it boldly. I live not in the public opinion, not I; but egad! I live *by* it, and that is worse. *Tu ne cede malis, sed contra*, etc.

I corrected and transmitted sheets before breakfast; afterwards went and cut wood with Tom, but returned about twelve in rather a melancholy humour. I fear this failure may be followed by others; and then what chance of extricating my affairs? But they that look to freits, freits will follow them. *Hussards en avant*,—care killed a cat. I finished three pages—that is, a full task of the *Chronicles*—after I returned. Mr. and Mrs. Phillips of Manchester came to dinner.

August 14.—Finished my task before breakfast. A bad rainy day, at which I should not have cared but for my guests. However, being good-humoured persons and gifted with taste, we got on very well, by dint of showing prints, curiosities; finally the house up stair[s] and down; and at length by undertaking a pilgrimage to Melrose in the rain, which pilgrimage we accomplished, but never entered the Abbey Church, having just had wetting enough to induce us, when we arrived at the gate, to "Turn again, Whittington."

August 15.—Wrote in the morning. After breakfast walked with Mr. Philips, who is about to build and plan himself, and therefore seemed to enter *con amore* into all I had been doing, asked questions, and seemed really interested to learn what I thought myself not ill-qualified to teach. The little feeling of superior information in such cases is extremely agreeable. On the contrary, it is a great scrape to find you have been boring some one who did not care a damn about the matter, so to speak; and that you

might have been as well employd in buttering a whin-stone. Mr. and Mrs. Philips left us about twelve—day bad. I wrote nearly five pages of *Chronicles*.

August 16.—A wet, disagreeable, sulky day, but such things may be carried to account. I wrote upwards of seven pages, and placed myself *rectus in curia* with Madam Duty, who was beginning to lift up her throat against me. Nothing remarkable except that Huntly Gordon left us.

August 17.—Wrote my task in the morning. After breakfast went out and cut wood with Tom and John Swanston, and hewd away with my own hand ; remaind on foot from eleven o'clock till past three, doing in my opinion a great deal of good in plantations above the house, where the firs had been permitted to predominate too much over the oack and hardwood. The day was rough and stormy—not the worse for working, and I could do it with a good conscience, all being well forward in the duty line. After tea I worked a little longer. On the whole finishd four leaves and upwards—about a printed sheet—which is enough for one day.

August 18.—Finished about five leaves and then out to the wood where I chopd away among the trees, laying the foundation for future scenery. These woods will one day occupy a great number of hands. Four years hence they will employ ten stout woodsmen almost every day of the year. Henry and William Scott (Harden) came to dinner.

August 19.—Wrote till about one, then walkd for an hour or two by myself entirely ; finishd five pages before dinner, when we had Captain and Mrs. Hamilton and young Davidow, who is their guest. They remaind with us all night.

August 20.—I corrected proofs and wrote one leaf before breakfast ; then went up to Selkirk to try a fellow for an assault. The people there get rather riotous. This is a turbulent fierce fellow. Some of his attitudes were good during the trial. This dissipated my attention for the day ; Although I was back by half-past two, I did not work any more, so am behind in my reckoning.

August 21.—Wrote four pages, then set out to make a call at Sunderland Hall and Yair, but the old sociable broke down before we had got past the thicket, so we trudged all back on foot, and I wrote another page. This makes up the deficiency of yesterday.

August 22.—I wrote four or five leaves, but begin to get aground for want of Indian localities. Colonel Ferguson's absence is unlucky, so is Maxpopple[']s and half-a-dozen Qui Hi's besides, willing to write chitts, eat tiffing, and vent all their pagan jargon when one does not want to hear it ; and now that I want a touch of their slang, lo ! there is not one near me.¹ Mr. Adolphus, son of the celebrated counsel, and author of a work on the *Waverley Novels*,² came to make me a visit. He is a modest as well as an able man, and I am obliged to him for the delicacy with which he treated a matter in which I was personally so much concern'd. Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton asked us to breakfast to-morrow.

August 23.—Went to breakfast at Chiefswood, which, with a circuitous walk, have consumed the day. Found, in the first place, my friend Allan, the painter, busy about a picture, into which he intends introducing living characters—a kind of revel at Abbotsford. Second, a whimsical party, consisting of John Stevenson, the bookseller, Peter Buchan from Peterhead, a quiz of a poetical creature, and a bookbinder, a friend of theirs. The plan was to consult me about publishing a great quantity of ballads which this Mr. Buchan has collected. I glanced them over. He has been very successful, for they are obviously genuine, and many of them very curious. Others are various editions of well-known ballads. I could not make the man comprehend that these last were of little value, being generally worse readings of what was already publish'd. A small edition publish'd by subscription may

¹ This entry shows that Scott was engaged on *The Surgeon's Daughter*. See entries of September 16 and 23.

² *Letters to Richard Heber, Esq., containing Critical Remarks on the Series of Novels beginning with Waverley, and an Attempt to ascertain their Author.* 8vo, London, 1821.

possibly succeed. It is a great pity that few of these ballads are historical, almost all being of the romantic cast. They certainly ought to be preserved, after striking out one or two which have been sophisticated, I suppose by Mr. Buchan himself, which are easily distinguishable from the genuine ballads.¹ No one but Burns ever succeeded in patching up old Scottish songs with any good effect.

August 24.—Corrected proofs and wrote letters in the morning. Began a review upon Monteath's Planter for Lockhart.² Other matters at a stand. Took a drive down to Mertoun, and engaged to dine there on Sunday first. This consumed the day.

August 25.—Mr. Adolphus left us this morning after a very agreeable visit. We all dined at Dr. Brewster's. Met Sir John Wright, Miss Haig, etc. Slandered our neighbours, and were good company. Major John Scott there. I did a little more at the review to-day. But I cannot go on with the tale without I could speak a little Hindo[sta]nee—a small seasoning of curry-powder. Ferguson will do it if I can screw it out of him.

August 26.—Encore review. Walk[ed] from twelve till three, then down to Mertoun with Lockhart and Allan. Dined *en famille*, and home by half-past ten. We thought of adding a third volume to the *Chronicles*, but Gibson is afraid it would give grounds for a pretext to seize this work on the part of Constable's crers, who seem determined to take every advantage of me, but they can only show their teeth I trust; though I wish the arbitration was ended.

August 27.—Sent off proofs in morning, reviewed in afternoon. Walkd from one till four. What a life of uniformity! Yet I never wish to change it. I even regret I must go to town to meet Lady Compton³ next week.

¹ They were published under the title *Ancient Ballads and Songs*, 2 vols. 8vo, 1828.

² *The Forester's Guide and Profitable Planter*, reviewed in the *Quarterly*, Oct. 1827. See also "On Planting Waste Lands," in *Misc. Prose Works*, vol. xxi. pp. 1-76.

³ Daughter of Mrs. Maclean Clephane, and afterwards Marchioness of Northampton.

A singular letter from a lady, requesting I would favour a novel of hers. That won't pass.

Cadell writes me, transmitting a notice from the French papers that Gourgaud has gone or is going to London to verify the facts alleged in my history of Napoleon, and the bibliopolist is in a great funk. I lack some part of his instinct. I have done Gourgaud¹ no wrong : every word imputed to him exists in the papers submitted to me as historical documents, and I should have been a shameful coward if I had shund using them. At my years it is somewhat late for an affair of honour, and as a reasonable man I would avoid such an arbitrement, but will not plead privilege of literature. The country shall not be disgraced in my person, and having stated why I think I owe him no satisfaction, I will at the same time most willingly give it to him.

“ Il sera reçu,
Biribi,
A la façon de Barbaru
Mon ami.”

I have written to Will Clerk to stand my friend if necessary.² He has mettle in him, and thinks of my honour as well as my safety.

August 28.—Borrowed from Lockhart £5 note no. 5,533 which sent by post to Mr. William Laidlaw. It goes to-morrow. I am still bothering with the review, but gave Lockhart fifteen leaves, which is something. Learnd with regret that Williams leaves his situation of Rector of

¹ Among the documents laid before Scott in the Colonial Office, when he was in London at the close of 1826, “were some which represented one of Bonaparte’s attendants at St. Helena, General Gourgaud, as having been guilty of gross unfairness, giving the English Government private information that the Emperor’s complaints of ill-usage were utterly unfounded, and yet then and afterwards aiding and assisting the delusion in France as to the harshness of Sir Hudson Lowe’s conduct towards his captive. Sir Walter, when using these remarkable documents, guessed that Gourgaud might be inclined to fix a personal quarrel on himself; and there now appeared in the newspapers a succession of hints that the General was seriously bent on this purpose. He applied as *Colonel Grogg* would have done forty years before to *The Baronet*” [W. Clerk].—*Life*, ch. lxxiv.

² Scott’s letter to William Clerk is printed in *Life*, ch. lxxiv.

the New Academy. It is a shot in the wing of the institution ; for he is a heaven-born teacher. Walkd at two till four along the thicket, and by the river-side, where I go seldom ; I can't say why, unless that the walk is less private than those more distant. Lockhart, Allan, and I, talk of an excursion to Kelso to-morrow. I have no friends there now. Yet once how many !

August 29.—Went on our little expedition, breakfasting at Mertoun. Called at Fleurs, where we found Sir John S. and his whole family. The great lady received us well, though we had been very remiss in our duty. From that we went to Kelso, where I saw not a soul to acknowledge former acquaint[an]ce. How should I, when my residence there was before 1783, I fancy ?¹ The little cottage in which I lived with poor Aunt Jenny is still standing, but the great garden is divided betwixt three proprietors. Its huge platanus tree witherd, I was told, in the same season which was fatal to so many of the species. It was cut down. The yew-hedges, labyrinths, wildernesses, and other marks that it had once been the abode of one of the Millers connected with the author of the *Gardener's Dictionary* (they were a Quaker family), are all obliterated, and the place [is] as common and vulgar as may be. The lady the cottage belongs to was very civil. Allan, as a man of taste, was much delighted with what he saw. When we returnd, we found our party at home in:creased] by Lady Anna Maria Elliot, who had been showing Melrose to two friends, Miss Drinkwaters. Lady A. M.'s wit and good-humour made the evening go pleasantly off. There were also two friends of Charles's, by name Paley (a nephew of the archdeacon) and Ashworth. They seem nice young men, with modesty and good-breeding. I am glad, as my mother used to say, that his friends are so produc[e]able.² Moreover, there came my old, right trusty, and well-beloved friend, John Richardson, so we were a full party. Lady

¹ *Life*, vol. i. pp. 47, 155-6.

² Douglas printed "presentable." In the *Heart of Midlothian* Effie writes to her sister that she is married and her husband has "produced" her to all his friends.

Anna Maria returned in the evening. Francis Scott also dined with us.

August 30.—Disposed of my party as I best might, and worked at my review. Walked out at one, and remained till near five. Mr. Scott of Harden and David Thomson, W.S., dined with us.

Received from Mr. Cadell to acct. cash from French and American publishers				£200	0	0
Hay for the season at 7½d [per stone] 2000 stone and upward to Bogie	£61	1	4			
Coals	10	2	11			
Corn	13	13	0			
Rent of Loch breist	34	0	0			
Work	4	0	0			
Bal. due Bogie	1	17	3			
					123	4 6
						76 15 6
Anne to a month housekeeping	45	0	0			
To a bill Laidlaw Melrose .	11	0	0			
Tom	5	0	0			
					61	0 0
Cash in purse				£15	0	0

Walked with Mr. Allan through Haxel Cleugh.

August 31.—Went on with my review ; but I have got Sir Henry's originall pamphlet, which is very cleverly written. I find I cannot touch on his mode of transplanta-
tion at all in this article. It involves many questions, and
some of importance, so I will make another article for
January. Walked up the Rhymer's Glen with John
Richardson.

SEPTEMBER

September 1.—Colonel Fergusson and Colonel Byres breakfasted ; the latter from India, the nephew of the old antiquarian ; but I had not an opportunity to speak to him about the Eastern information required for the *Chronicles*. Besides, my review is not finishd, though I wrought hard to-day. Sir William Hamilton and his brother, Captain Hamilton, calld ; also young Davidoff. I am somewhat sorry for my young friend. His friends permit him to remain too long in Britain to be happy in Russia. Yet this [is a] prejudice of those who suppose that when the institutions and habits by which they are governed come to be known to strangers they must become exclusively attachd to them. This is not so. The Hottentot returns from civilization to the wild manners of his krawl, and wherefore should not a Russian resume his despotic ideas when returned to his country ?

September 2.—This was a very warm day. I remained at home, chiefly engaged in arranging papers, as I go away to-morrow. It is lucky these starts happen from time to time as I should otherwise never get my table clear. At five o'clock the air became cooler, and I sate out of doors and playd with the children. Anne, who had been at Mertoun the day before, brought up Anne and Elizabeth Scott with her, and Francis has been with us since yesterday. Richardson left us.

September 3.—Went on with my arranging of papers untill twelve, when I took chaise and arrived at Melville Castle. Found Lord and Lady M. and the two young ladies. Dr. Hope, my old school-fellow James Hope and his son, made up our party, which was very pleasant. After they went away we had some private conversation about politics. The Whigs and Tories of the Cabinet are strangely divided, the former desiring to have Mr. Herries for Chancellor of the Exchequer, the latter to have Lord Palmerston, that Calcraft may be Secretary at War. The King has declared

firmly for Herries, on which Lord Goodriche with *tears* entreated Herries to remove the bone of contention by declining to accept. The King called him a blubbing fool. That the King does not love or trust the Whigs is obvious from his passing over Lord Lansdowne ; a man whom I should suppose is infinitely better fitted for a Premier than Goodriche. But he probably looks with no greater [favour] on the return of the High Tories. I fear he may wish to govern by the system of *bascule*, or balancing the two parties, a perilous game. The Advocate also dined with us.

September 4, [Edinburgh].—Came into town after breakfast, and saw Gibson, whose accompt of affairs is comfortable. Also William Clerk, whom I found quite ready and willing to stand my friend if G[ourgau]d should come my road. He agrees with me that there is no reason why he should turn on me, but that if he does, reason or none, it is best to stand buff to him. It is clear to me that what is least forgiven in a man of any mark or likelihood is want of that article blackguardly call'd *pluck*. All the fine qualities of genius cannot make amends for it. We are told the genius of poets especially is irreconcilable with this species of grenadier accomplishment. If so, *quel chien de génie !* Saw Lady Compton. It does appear to me my good friend might have left me quiet at home for any advice I have to give her. But she has a perfect right to be exigante even if it were so. I dine with her to-day, and go to Glasgow with her to-morrow.

September 5.—Dined with Lady Compton yesterday, and talked over old stories until nine, our *tête-à-tête* being a very agreeable one. Then home to my good friend John Gibson's, and talked with him of sundries. I had an odd dream last night. It seemd to me that I was at a panorama, where a vulgar little man behind me was making some very clever but impudent remarks on the picture, and at the same time seemd desirous of information, which no one would give him. I turnd round and saw a young fellow dressd like a common carter with a blue coat and red waistcoat and a whip tied across him. He was young

with a hatchet-face which was burned to a brick colour by exposure to the weather sharp eyes and in manner and voice not unlike John Leyden. I was so much struck with his countenance and talents that I askd him about his situation and expressed a wish to mend it. He followd me from the hopes which I excited and we had a dreadful walk among ruins and afterwards I found myself on horseback and in front of a roaring torrent. I plunged in as I have formerly done in good sad earnest, and got to the other side. Then I got home among my children and grandchildren, and there also was my genius. Now this would defy Daniel and the soothsayers to boot, nor do I know why I should now put it down, except that I have seldom seen a portrait in life which was more strongly markd on my memory than that man's. Perhaps my genius was Mr. Dickinson, papermaker, who has undertaken that the London crers who hold Constable's bills will be satisfied with 10s. in the pound. This would be turning a genius to purpose, for $\frac{6}{8}$ is provided, and they can have no difficulty about $\frac{3}{4}$.¹ These debts, for which I am legally responsible though no party to their contraction, amount to £30,000 odds. Now if they can be cleared for £15,000 it is just so much gaind. This would be a giant's step to freedom. I see in my present comfortable quarters some of my own old furniture in Castle St., which gives me rather queer feelings. I remember poor Charlotte and I having so much thought about buying these things. Well—they are in kind and friendly hands.

September 6.—Went with Lady Compton to Glasgow, and had as pleasant a journey as the kindness wit and accomplishment of my companion could make it. Lady C. gives an admirable account of Rome and the various strange characters whom she has met in foreign parts. I was much taken with some stories out [of] a romance calld *Manucrit trouvé à Saragosse*, by a certain Count John Potowsky² a Pole. It seems betwixt the stile of Cazotte,³ Count Hamilton

¹ $\frac{2}{4}$ in photostat.

² See Potocki (Jean, comte) in *Grand Dictionnaire Universel* (par Pierre Larousse).

³ Cazotte, Jacques, guillotined 25th September 1792.

and Le Sage. The Count was a toiler after supernatural secrets—an adept and understood the cabbala. He put himself to death, with many odd circumstances, inferring derangement. I am to get a sight of the book if it be possible. At Glasgow (Buck's Head) we met Mrs. Maclean Clephane and her two daughters, and there was much joy. After the dinner the ladies sung, particularly Anna Jane, who has more taste and talent of every kind than half the people going with great reputations on their backs.

A very pleasant day was paid for by a restless night. I was mauld by the bugs inhumanly.

September 7.—This day had calls from Lord Provost and Mr. Rutherford (William) with invitations which I declined. Read in manuscript a very clever play (comedy) by Miss A. J. Clephane in the old stile, which was very happily imitated. The plot was confused—too much taking and retaking of prisoners, but the dialogue was excellent.

Took leave of these dear friends, never perhaps to meet all together again, for two of us are old. Went down by steam to Colonel Campbell's, Blythwood House, where I was most courteously received by him and his sisters. We are kinsfolk and very old acquaintance. His seat here is a fine one; the house built by [illegible] is both grand and comfortable.

We walked to Lawrence Lockhart's of Inchinnan within a mile of Blythwood House. It is extremely nice and comfortable, far beyond the stile of a Scotch clergyman; but Lawrence is wealthy. I found John Lockhart and Sophia there, returned from Largs. We all dined at Colonel Campbell's on turtle and all manner of good things. Miss A. and H. Walker were there. The sleep at night made amends for the Buck's Head.

September 8.—Colonel Campbell carried me to breakfast in Glasgow, and at ten I took chaise for Corehouse, where I found my old friend George Cranstoun rejoiced to see me, and glad when I told him what Lord Newton had determined in my affairs.¹ I should observe I saw the banks

¹ In the arbitration between Scott's trustees and Constable's creditors. See entries of September 25 and October 27.

of the Clyde above Hamilton much denuded of its copse, *untimely cut* ; and the stools ill cut, and worse kept. Cranstoun and I walked before dinner. I never saw the great fall of Corchouse from this side before, and I think it the best point, perhaps. At all events, it is not that from which it is usually seen, so Lord Corehouse has the sight and escapes the tourists.¹ Dined with him, his sister Mrs. Cunningham, and Corehouse.

I omitted to mention in yesterday's note that within Blythswood plantation, near to the Bridge of Inchinnan, the unfortunate Earl of Argyle was taken in 1685, at a stone called Argyle's Stone. Blythswood says the Highland drovers break down his fences in order to pay a visit to the place. The Earl had passd the Cart river, and was taken on the Renfrew side.

September 9.—This is a superb place of Corehouse. Cranstoun has as much feeling about improvement as other things. Like all new improvers, he is at more expense than is necessary, plants too thick, and trenches where trenching is superfluous. But this is the eagerness of a young artist. Besides the grand lion, the Fall of Clyde, he has more than one lion's whelp ; a fall of a brook in a cleugh called Mill's Gill must be superb in rainy weather. The old Castle of Corehouse is much more castle-like on this than from the other side. My old friend was very happy when I told him the opinion which Lord Newton had adopted in my affairs. To be sure if I come through, it will be wonder to all and most to myself.

Left Corehouse at eight in the morning, and reachd Lanark by half-past nine. I was thus long in travelling three miles because the postilion chose to suppose I was bound for Biggar, and was two miles ere I discoverd what he was doing. I thought he aimd at crossing the Clyde by some new bridge above Bonnington. Breakfast at Lanark with the Lockharts, and reachd Abbotsford this evening by nine o'clock.

Thus ends a pleasant expedition among the people I like most. Drawbacks only are—It has cost me £15,

¹ Lockhart printed "locusts."

including two gowns for Sophia and Anne—and I have lost six days' labour. Both may be soon made up.

N.B.—We lunchd (dined, *videlicet*) with Professor Wilson at Inverleithen, and met James Hogg.

September 10.—Gourgaud's wrath has burst forth in a very distant clap of thunder, in which he accuses me of combining with the ministry to slander his rag of a reputation. He be d—d for a fool, to make his case worse by stirring. I shall only revenge myself by publishing the whole extracts I made from the records of the Colonial Office, in which he will find enough to make him bite his nails. I wonder he did not come over and try his manhood otherwise. I would not have shunned him nor any Frenchman who ever kissed Bonaparte's breech.

Sick to-night of a disease very common at present affecting the stomach.

September 11.—Went to Huntly Burn and breakfasted with Colonel Fergusson, who has promised to have some Indian memoranda ready for me. After breakfast went to chuse the ground for a new plantation, to be added next week to the end of Jane's Wood. Came to dinner Lord Carnarvon and his son and daughter; also Lord Francis Leveson Gower, the translator of the *Faust*. Mr. Herbert is unwell and keeps his bed. Anne has a swelled face and Charles is still affllicted with the rheumatics. However we shuff[e] off the evening.

September 12.—Walk with Lord Francis. When we return, behold ye! enter Lady Ham[p]den and Lady Wedderburn—in the days of George's Square, Jane and Maria Brown,¹ beauties and toasts. There was much pleasure on my side, and some, I suppose, on theirs; and there was a riding, and a running, and a chattering, and an asking, and a showing—a real scene of confusion, yet mirth and good spirits. Our guests quit us next day.

September 13.—Fined a man for an assault at Selkirk. He pleaded guilty, which made short work. The beggarly appearance of the Jury in the new system is very worthy

¹ Another sister married General the Honourable Sir Alexander Hope, G.C.B., grandfather of Mrs. Maxwell-Scott.

of note. One was a menial servant. When I returned, James Ballantyne and Mr. Cadell arrived. They bring a good account of matters in general. Cadell explained to me a plan for securing the copyright of the novels, which has a very good face. It appears they are going off fast ; and if the glut of the market is once reduced by sales, the property will be excellent, and may be increased by notes. James B. brought his son. Robert Rutherford also here, and Miss Russells.

September 14.—In the morning wrote my answer to Gourgaud, rather too keen perhaps, but I owe him nothing ; and as for exciting his resentment, I will neither seek nor avoid it.¹

Cadell's views seem fair, and he is open and explicit. His brothers support him, and he has no want of cash. He sells two or three copies of Bonaparte and one of the novels, or two, almost every day. He must soon, he says, apply to London for copies. Read a Refutation, as it calls itself, of Napoleon's history. It is so very polite and accomodating that every third word is a concession—the work of a man able to judge distinctly on specific facts, but erroneous in his general results. He will say the same of me, perhaps.

Ballantyne and Cadell leave us. Enter Miss Sinclairs, two in number, also a translator, and a little Flemish woman, his wife—very good-humoured, rather a little given to compliment ; name Fauconpret. They are to return at night in a gig as far as Kelso—a bold undertaking. Russells leave us.

September 15.—Anne and Charles are both indisposed, the weather I suppose unwholesome. We got on as we could.

Cash from Cadell to acco ^t			
of remit[t]ances from			
In purse . . . £30	[illegible] . . .		£40
	To repaid Lockhart . . .	£5	
	To Tweedside [illegible] Club	5	
		—	10
	In purse . . .		£30

¹ The answer to Gourgaud is printed in *Life*, ch. lxxiv.

September 16.—The ladies went to Church ; I, God forgive me, finished the *Chronicles*¹ with a good deal [of] assistance from Colonel Fergusson's notes about Indian affairs. The patch is, I suspect, too glaring to be pleasing ; but the Colonel's sketches are capitally good. I understand, too, there are one or two East Indian novels which have lately appeared. Naboclish ! *vogue la galère !*

September 17.—The Miss Sinclairs left us in the morning victuald for a voyage over to Moffat to join their father. Received from James B. the proofs of my reply to Gen^l Gourgaud, with some cautious balaam from mine honest friend, alarmed by a Highland Colonel, who had described Gourgaud as a *mauvais garçon*, famous fencer, marksman, and so forth. I wrote in answer, which is true, that I would hope all my friends would trust to my acting with proper caution and advice ; but that if I were capable, in a moment of weakness, of doing any[thing] short of what my honour demanded, I would die the death of a poisoned rat in a hole, out of mere sense of my own degradation. God knows, that, though life is placid enough with me, I do not feel anything to attach me to it so strongly as to occasion my avoiding any risque which duty to my character may demand from me.

I set to work with the *Tales of a Grandfather*, second volume, and finished four pages.

September 18.—Wrote five pages of the *Tales*. Walkd from Huntly Burn, having gone there in the carriage. Charles is getting better of his rheumatism. Anne still poorly. Smoked my segar with Lockhart after dinner, and then whiled away the evening over one of Miss Austen's novels. There is a truth of painting in her writings which always delights me. They do not, it is true, get above the middle classes of society, but there she is inimitable.

September 19.—Wrote three pages, but dawdled a good deal ; yet the *Tales* get on, although I feel bilious, and vapourish, I believe I must call it. At such times my loneliness and the increasing inability to walk come dark

¹ *The Surgeon's Daughter.*

over me, but surely these mulligrubs belong to the mind more than the body.

September 20.—A party to eat a haunch of venison—George Pringle of Torwoodlee, Whitebank and his brother Robert, Miss Pringles (Whitebank), Mr and Mrs Scott (Harden) with Maria and Francis also Charles Dundas of Mellville, with a Mr. Loft friend to Misses Russells a stranger who must have been rather embarrassd at finding himself plunged up to the ears amongst Scotts and Pringles. This gentleman's otherwise very handsome and intelligent face is disfigured by want of an eye. He was civil to Miss Russells at Paris and even very [helpful]. Such attention to two ladies neither young beautiful nor rich argues a genuine good disposition.

September 21.—The Scotts of Harden Laird & Lady remaind with us, but Frank and young Dundas go to Lockhart. Mr. Loft leaves us, so the party is in great measure broken up. I walkd a good deal with Mrs. Scott of Harden. Nevertheless I did not omit to write a little.

September 22.—Mr. and Mrs. Scott leave us. Maria is to stay a day or two. Francis and Dundas return to dinner from Oakwood.

Captain and Colonel Fergusson, the last returned from Ireland, dined here. Prayer of the minister of the Cumbrays, two miserable islands in the mouth of the Clyde : "O Lord, bless and be gracious to the Greater and the Lesser Cum[b]rays, and in thy mercy do not forget the adjacent islands of Great Britain and Ireland." This is *nos poma natamus* with a vengeance.

September 23.—Worked in the morning ; then drove over to Huntly Burn, chiefly to get from the good-humourd Colonel the accurate spelling of certain Hindhu words which I have been using under his instructions. By the way, the sketches he gave me of Indian manners are highly picturesque. I have made up my Journal, which was three days in arrear. Also I wrought a little, so that the second volume of *Grandfather's Tales* is nearly half finishd. Francis Scott left us after supper, rather late for the monk's ford.

September 24.—Worked in the morning as usual, and sent

off the proofs and "copy." Something of the black dog still hanging about me ; but I will shake him off. I generally affect good spirits in company of my family, whether I am enjoying them or not. It is too severe to sadden the harmless mirth of others by suffering your own causeless melancholy to be seen ; and this species of exertion is, like virtue, its own reward ; for the good spirits, which are at first simulated, become at length real.

September 25.—Got into town by one o'clock, the purpose being to give my deposition before Lord Newton in a case betwixt me and Constable's crers. My oath seemd satisfactory ; but new reasons were alleged for additional discussion, which is, I trust, to end this wearisome matter. I dined with Mr. Gibson, and slept there. J. B. dined with us, and we had thoughts how to save our copyrights by a bargain with Cadell. I hope it will turn to good, as I could add notes to a future edition, and give them some value.

September 26.—Set off in mail coach, and my horses met me at Yair Bridge. I travelld with rather a pleasant man, an agent, I found, on Lord Seaford's West Indian Estates. Got home by twelve o'clock, and might have been home earlier if the Tweed had not been too large for fording. I must note down my cash lest it gets out of my head ; "may the foul fa' the gear, and the blaithrie o't,"¹ and yet there's no doing either with it or without it. I may record here an infernal rheumatick headache.

To Tom Purdie	£10	Cash in purse	£30
To Segars	3	Salary receivd in	
To Mr. Bridges per Cadell for		part by Cadell	150
W. Scott	30		
To expences into town and sundries	3		
Cash in purse . £48		To Bogie harvest	
		wages	40
To Anne house	45		
Expences return [journey]	1		
	132		
Ball. in cash	48		

£180

£180

¹ Quoted in *O.E.D.* from Kelly's *Scottish Proverbs*—"Shame fa' the gear and the blaithrie o't."

September 27.—The morning was damp, dripping, and unpleasant ; so I even made a work of necessity, and set to the *Tales* like a dragon. I murdered Maclellan of Bomby at the Thrieve Castle—stabbed the Black Douglas in the town of Stirling—astonishd King James before Roxburgh—and stifled the Earl of Mar in his bath in the Canongate. A wild world, my masters, this Scotland of ours must have been. No fear of want of interest ; no lassitude in those days for want of work,

“ For treason, d’ ye see,
Was to them a dish of tea,
And murther bread and butter.”

We dined at Gattonside with Mr. Bainbridge, who kindly presented me with six bottles of super-excellent Jamaica rum, and with a manuscript collection of poetry said to be [in] Swift’s handwriting, which it resembles. It is, I think, poor Stella’s. Nothing very new in it.

September 28.—Another dropping and busy day. I wrought hard at the *Historical Tales*, which get on fast. Anne and I drove to Haining and made a visit to the ladies of that mansion. Sophia went with us. On our return found Mr. and Mrs. Sale Marten who spent the day with us quietly and took up their old quarters.

September 29.—I went on with the little history which now (*i.e.* vol. ii.) doth appropinque an end. Received in the evening [the latest] of the Roxburghe publications. They are very curious, and, general[ly] speaking, well selected. The following struck me :—An Italian poem on the subject of Flodden field ; the Legend of Saint Robert of Knaresborough ; two plays, printed from MS. by Mr. Haslewood. It does not appear that Mr. H. fully appreciated the light which he was throwing on the theatrical history by this valuable communication. It appears that the change of place, or of scene as we term it, was intimated in the following manner.

In the middle of the stage was placed Colchester, and the sign of Pigot’s tavern—called the Tarleton—intimated what part of the town was represented. The name was painted above. On one side of the stage was, in like

manner, painted a town, which the name announced to be Maldon ; on the other side a ranger's lodge. The scene lay through the piece in one or other of these three places, and the entrance of the characters determined where each scene lay. If they came in from Colchester, then Colchester was for the time the scene of action. When that scene was shifted to Maldon, it was intimated by the approach of the actors from the side where it was painted—a clumsy contrivance, doubtless, compared to changeable scenery ; yet sufficient to impress the audience with a sense of what was meant.

September 30.—Wet, drizzling, dismal day. I finished odds and ends, scarce stirring out of my room, yet doing little to the purpose. Wrote to Sir Henry [Seton Steuart] about his queries concerning transplanted trees, and to Mr. Fre[c]ling concerning these Roxburghe Club books. I have settled to print the manuscript concerning the murder of the two Schaws by the Master of Sinelair. I dallied with the precious time rather than used it. Read the two Roxburghe plays ; they are by William Percy, a son of the VIII Earl of Northumberland ; worthless and very gross, but abounding with matters concerning scenery and so forth highly interesting to the dramatic antiquary.

OCTOBER

October 1.—I sett about work for two hours, and finishd three pages ; then walkd for two hours—then home, adjusted sheriff processes, and cleard the table. I am to set off to-morrow for Ravensworth Castle, to meet the Duke of Wellington¹—a great Let off, I suppose. Yet I

¹ “ The Duke was then making a progress in the North of England, to which additional importance was given by the uncertain state of political arrangements ; the chance of Lord Goderich's being able to maintain himself as Canning's successor seeming very precarious, and the opinion that his Grace must soon be called to a higher station than that of Commander of the Forces, which he had accepted under the new Premier, gaining ground every day. Sir Walter, who felt for the great Captain the pure and exalted devotion that might have been expected from some honoured soldier of his banners accepted this invitation, and witnessed a scene of enthusiasm with which its principal object could hardly have been more gratified than he was.”—*Life*, ch. lxxiv.

would almost rather stay and see two days more of Lockhart and my daughter, who will be off before my return. Perhaps—but there is no end to perhaps. We must cut the rope and let the vessell drive down the tide of destiny.

October 2.—Set out in the morning at seven, and reached Kelso by a little past ten with my own horses. Then took the Wellington coach to carry me to Wellington—smart that. Nobody inside but an old Lady, who proved a toy-woman in Edinburgh. Her head furnisht with as substantial ware as her shop, but a good soul, I'se warrant her. Heard all her debates with her landlord about a new door to the cellar, etc. etc. ; propriety of paying rent on the 15th or 25th of March. Landlords and tenants have different opinions on that subject. Danger of dirty sheets in inns. We dined at Wooler, and I found out Dr. Douglas on the outside, son of my old acquaintance Dr. James Douglas of Kelso. This made us even lighter in hand till we came to Whittingham. Thence to Newcastle, where an obstreperous horse retarded us for an hour at least, to the great alarm of my friend the toy-woman. *N.B.*—She would have made a good feather-bed if the carriage had happened to fall, and her undermost. The heavy roads had retarded us near an hour more, so that I hesitated to go to Ravensworth so late ; but my good woman's tales of dirty sheets and certain recollections of a Newcastle inn induced me to go on. When I arrived the family had just retired. Lord Ravensworth and Mr. Liddell came down, however, and real[ly] received me as kindly as possible.

October 3.—Rose about eight or later. My morals begin to be corrupted by travelling and fine company. Went to Durham with Lord Ravensworth betwixt one and two. Found the gentlemen of Durham county and town assembled to receive the Duke of Wellington. I saw several old friends, and with difficulty sorted names to faces, and faces to names. There was Headlam, Dr. Gilly and his wife, and a world of acquaintance beside, Sir Thomas Lawrence too with Lord Londonderry. I asked him to come on with me, but he could not. He is, from habit of coaxing his subjects I suppose, a little too fair-spoken, otherwise very

pleasant. The Duke arrived very late. There were bells and cannon and drums, trumpets and banners, besides a fine troop of yeomanry. The address was well expressed, and as well answered by the Duke. The enthusiasm of the ladies and the gentry was great—the common people were lukewarm. The Duke has lost popularity in accepting political power. He will be more useful to his country it may be than ever, but will scarce be so gracious in the people's eyes—and he will not care a curse for what outward show he has lost.

But I must not talk of curses, for we are going to take our dinner with the Bishop of Durham,¹ a man of amiable and courteous manners, who becomes his station well, but has traces of bad health on his countenance.

We dined, about one hundred and forty or fifty men, a distinguishd company for rank and property. Marshal Beresford, and Sir John,² amongst others, Marquis of Lothian, Lord Duncombe, Marquis Londonderry, and I know not who besides :

“ Lords and Dukes and noble Princes,
All the pride and flower of Spain.”

We dined in the rude old baronial hall,³ impressive from its rude antiquity, and fortunately free from the plaster of former improvement, as I trust it will [be] from the gingerbread taste of modern Gothicizers. The bright moon streaming in through the old Gothick windows, made a light which contested strangely with the artificial lights within. Spears, banners, and armour were intermixed with the pictures of old, and the whole had a singular mixture of baronial pomp with the graver and more chastend dignity of prelacy. The conduct of our reverend entertainer suited the character remarkably well. Amid the wellcome of a Count Palatine he did not for an instant forget the gravity of the Church dignitary. All his toasts

¹ Dr. William Van Mildert.

² Admiral Sir John Beresford had some few years before this commanded on the Leith Station.

³ On the margin of the MS. Lockhart has written—“ See a letter to me from Sir W. S. and ditto from Dr. Philpotts on the same scene.”

were gracefully given, and his little speeches well made, and the more affecting that the failing voice sometimes reminded us that our aged host laboured under the infirmities of advanced life. To me personally the Bishop was very civil, and paid me his public compliments by proposing my health in the most gratifying manner.¹

The Bishop's lady receivd—a sort of drawing-room—after we rose from table, at which a great many ladies attended. I ought not to forget that the singers of the choir attended at dinner, and sung the Anthem *Non nobis Domine*, as they said who understood them, very well—and, as I think, who did not understand the music, with an unusual degree of spirit and interest. It is odd how this can be distinguished from the notes of fellows who use their throats with as little feeling of the notes they utter as if they were composed of the same metal with their bugle-horns.

After the drawing-room we went to the Assembly-rooms, which were crowded with company. I saw some very pretty girls dancing merrily that old-fashioned thing called a country-dance which Old England has now thrown aside, as she would do her creed, if there were some foreign frippery offerd instead. We got away after midnight, a large party, and reachd Ravensworth Castle—Duke of Wellington, Lord Londonderry, and about twenty besides—about half-past one. Soda water, and to bed by two.

October 4.—Slept till nigh ten—fatigued by our toils of yesterday, and the unwonted late hours. Still too early for this Castle of Indolence, for I found few of last night's party yet appearing. I had an opportunity of some talk with the Duke. He does not consider Foy's book² as written

¹ An eye-witness writes :—"The manner in which Bishop Van Mildert proceeded on this occasion will never be forgotten by those who know how to appreciate scholarship without pedantry, and dignity without ostentation. Sir Walter had been observed throughout the day with extraordinary interest—I should say enthusiasm. The Bishop gave his health with peculiar felicity, remarking that he could reflect upon the labours of a long literary life, with the consciousness that everything he had written tended to the practice of virtue, and to the improvement of the human race."—Hon. HENRY LIDDELL, in *Life*, ch. lxxiv.

² *Histoire de la guerre de la Péninsule sous Napoléon*, etc. (1827).

by himself, but as a thing *got up* perhaps from notes. Says he knew Foy very well in Spain. Mentioned that he was like other French officers very desirous of seeing the English papers, through which alone they could collect any idea of what was going on without their own cantonments, for Napoleon permitted no communication of that kind with France. The Duke, growing tired of this, at length told Baron Tripp, whose services he chiefly used in communication with the outposts, that he was not to give them the newspapers. "What reason shall I allege for withholding them?" said Baron Tripp. "None," replied the Duke. "Let them allege some reason why they want them." Foy was not at a loss to assign a reason. He said he had considerable sums of money in the English funds and wanted to see how Stocks fell and rose. The excuse did not, however, go down.¹ I remember Baron Tripp, a Dutch nobleman, and a dandy of the first water, and yet with an energy in his dandyism which made it respectable. He drove a gig as far as Dunrobin Castle, and back again, *without a whip*. He looked after his own horse, for he had no servant, and after all his little establishment of clothes and necessaries, with all the accuracy of a *petit-maitre*. He was one of the best-dressed men, and his horse was in equally fine condition as if he had had a dozen of grooms. I met him at Lord Somerville's, and liked him much. But there was something exaggerated, as appeared from the conclusion of his life. Baron Tripp shot himself in Italy for no assignable cause.

What is called great society, of which I have seen a good deal in my day, is now amusing to me, because from age and indifference I have lost the habit of conceiving myself as a part of it, and have only the feelings of looking on as a spectator of the scene, who can neither play his part well nor ill, instead of being one of the *dramatis personæ*; and, careless what is thought of myself, I have full time to attend to the motions of others.

Our party went to-day to Sunderland, where the Duke

¹ This story is told also in Lord Stanhope's *Conversations with the Duke of Wellington*. World's Classics, p. 54.

was brilliantly received by an immense population, chiefly of seamen. The difficulty of getting into the rooms was dreadful, for we chanced to march in the rear of an immense Gibraltar gun, etc., all composed of glass, which is here manufactured in great quantity. The disturbance created by this thing, which by the way I never saw afterwards, occasioned an ebbing and flowing of the crowd, which nearly took me off my legs. I have seen the day I would have minded it little. The entertainment was handsome ; about two hundred dined, and appeared most hearty in the cause which had convened them—some indeed so much so, that, finding themselves so far on the way to perfect happiness, they e'en . . .¹ After the dinner-party broke up there was a ball, numerously attended, where there was a prodigious anxiety discovered for shaking of hands. The Duke had enough of it, and I came in for my share ; for, though as jackall to the lion, I got some part in whatever was going. We got home about half-past two in the morning, sufficiently tired. The Duke went to Seaham, a house of Lord Londonderry. After all, this Sunderland trip might have been spared.

October 5.—A quiet day at Ravensworth Castle, giggling and making giggle among the kind and frank-hearted young people. Ravensworth Castle is chiefly modern, excepting always two towers of great antiquity. Lord Ravensworth manages his woods admirably well, and with good taste. His castle is but half-built. Elections have come between. In the evening, plenty of fine music, with heart as well as voice and instrument. Much of the music was the spontaneous effusions of Mrs. Arkwright, who had set Hohenlinden and other pieces of poetry. Her music was of a highly-gifted character. She was the daughter of Stephen Kemble of corpulent memory. Her genius she must have inherited from her mother, who was a capital actress. Stephen was a stupid hulk. The Miss Liddells and Mrs. Barrington sang the "The Campbells are coming," in a tone that might have waked the dead.

¹ The sentence is incomplete.

October 6.—Left Ravensworth this morning, and travelled as far as Whittingham with Marquis of Lothian. Arrived at Alnwick to dinner, where I was very kindly received. The Duke is a handsome man, who will be corpulent if he does not continue to take hard exercise. The Duchess very pretty and lively, but her liveliness is of that kind which shows at once it is connected with thorough principle, and is not liable to be influenced by fashionable caprice. The habits of the family are early and regular ; I conceive they may be termed formal and old-fashioned by such visitors as claim to be the pink of the mode. The Castle is a fine old pile, with various courts and towers, and the entrance is magnificent. It wants, however, the splendid feature of a keep which I recollect struck me at Alnwick (*sic*). The inside fitting up is an attempt at Gothick, but the taste is meagre and poor, and done over with too much gilding. It was done half a century ago, when this kind of taste was ill-understood. I found here the Bishop of [Gloucester], Mr. and Mrs. Murray Ainslie of Elliston, a Mr. and Mrs. Raine (the former the Duke's Chamberlain) and Capt. and Mrs. Bowles.

October 7.—This morning went to church and heard an excellent sermon from the Bishop of [Gloucester] ;¹ he has great dignity of manner, and his accent and delivery was forcible. Drove out with the Duke and Mrs. Ainslie in a phaeton, and saw part of the park, which is a fine one, lying along the Alne. But it has been ill-planted. It was laid out by the celebrated Brown,² who substituted clumps of birch and Scottish firs for the beautiful oaks and copse which grows nowhere so freely as in Northumberland. To complete this, the late Duke did not thin, so the wood is in poor state. All that the Duke cuts down is so much waste, for the people will not buy it where coals are so scarce.³ Had they been oak-wood, the bark would have fetched its value ; had they been grown oaks, the sea-ports

¹ Dr. Bethell, who had been tutor to the Duke of Northumberland. Scott wrote "Bishop of Worcester"—a slip which Lockhart corrected.

² "Capability" Brown—see *D.N.B.*

³ "scarce" in photostat—a slip for "cheap."

would have found a market. Had they been [larch], the country demands for rustic purposes would have been innumerable. The Duke does the best he can to retrieve his woods, but seems to despond more than a young man ought to do. It is refreshing to see a man in his situation give so much of his thoughts and time to the improvement of his estates and the welfare of the people. The Duke tells me his people in Keeldar were all quite wild the first time his father went up to shoot there. The women had no other dress than a bed-gown and petticoat. The men were savage and could hardly be brought to rise from the heath, either from sullenness or fear. They sung a wild tune, the burden of which was *Ourina, ourina, ourina*. The females sung, the men danced round, and at a certain part of the tune they drew their dirks, which they always wore.

We came by the remains of the old Carmelite Monastery of Hulne, which is a very fine object in the park. It was finishd by De Vesci. The gateway of Alnwick Abbey, also a fine specimen, is standing about a mile distant. The trees are much finer on the left side of the Alne, where they have been let alone by the capability villain. Visited the enceinte of the Castle, and passed into the dungeon. There is also an armoury, but damp, and the arms in indifferent order. One odd petard-looking thing struck me.¹—*Mem.* to consult Grose. I had the honour to sit in Hotspur's seat, and to see the Bloody Gap, a place where the external wall must have been breache[d]. The Duchess gave me a book of etchings of the antiquities of Alnwick and Warkworth from her own drawings. I had half a mind to stay to see Warkworth, but Anne is alone. We had prayers in the evening read by the Archdeacon.

The Marquis of Lothian on Saturday last told me a remarkable thing, which he had from good authority. Just before Bonaparte's return from Elba there was much disunion at the Congress of Vienna. Russia and Prussia, conscious of their own merits, made great demands, to which Austria, France, and Britain, were not disposed to accede. This went so far that war became probable, and the very

¹ A pen-and-ink sketch of the object follows.

Prussian army which was so useful at Waterloo was held in readiness to attack the English. On the other hand, England, Austria, and France entered into a private agreement to resist, beyond a certain extent, Prussia's demands of a barrier on the Rhine, etc., and, what is most singular of all, it was from Bonaparte that the Emperor Alexander first heard of this triple alliance. But the circumstance of finding Napoleon interesting himself so far in the affairs of Europe alarmed the Emperor more than the news he sent him. On the same authority, Gneisenau and most of Blücher's personal suite remained behind a house at the battle of Ligny, and sent out an officer from time to time, but did not remain even in sight of the battle, till Blücher put himself at the head of the cavalry with the zeal of an old hussar.

October 8.—Left Alnwick, where I have experienced a very kind reception, and took coach at Whittingham at eleven o'clock. I find there is a new road to be made between Alnwick and Wooler, which will make the communication much easier, and avoid Remside Moor.

Saw some fine young plantations about Whittingham suffering from neglect, which is not the case under the Duke's own eye. The Duke has made two neat cottages at Percy's Cross, to preserve that ancient monument of the fatal battle of Hedgeley Moor. The stones marking the adjacent spot called Percy's Leap are thirty-three feet asunder. To show the uncertainty of human testimony, I measured the distance (many years since, it is true), and would have said and almost sworn that it was but eighteen feet. Dined at Wooler, and reached home about seven o'clock, having left Alnwick at half-past nine. So it would be easy to go there to dinner from Abbotsford, starting at six in the morning, or seven would do very well.

October 9.—After I came home last night my stomach was extremely disordered—with bile I suppose from unwonted late hours and change of living—so much for turtle and venison every day. No proofs here, which I think odd of Jas. B. But I am not sorry to have a day to write letters, and besides I have a box of books to arrange. It is

a bad mizzling day, and might have been a good day for work, yet it is not quite uselessly spent. My indisposition is quite gone after an indifferent night.

October 10.—Breakfasted at Huntly Burn with the merry knight, Sir Adam Ferguson. When we returned we found a whole parcel of proofs which had been forgot yesterday at the toll—so here ends play and begins work. Dr. Brewster and Mr. Thornhill. The latter gave me a box, made of the real mulberry-tree.¹ Very kind of him. I wrote better than task and yet took a good walk.

October 11.—Being a base melancholy weeping day I e'en made the best of it, and set in for work. Wrote ten leaves this day, equivalent to forty pages. But then the theme was so familiar, being Scottish history, that my pen never rested. It is more than a triple task.

October 12.—Sent off proofs and "copy." Then proceeded with a full task of three pages. At one Anne drove me to Huntly Burn, and I examined the earthen fence intended for the new planting, and altered the line in some points. This employed me till near four, the time of my walking home being included.

October 13.—Wrote in the forenoon. Lord Bessborough and Mr. and Mrs. Ponsonby called to see the place. His lady used to be civil to me in London—an accomplished and pleasing woman—a *chère amie* of Sheridan's it was rumoured. This young lady seems to have very indifferent health. They only staid an hour. At dinner we had Lord and Lady Bathurst, and my friend Lady Georgiana—also Marquis of Lothian and Lord Castlereagh, plenty of fine folks. Expected also the Lord Register and Mrs. Dundas, but they could not come. Lord Bathurst told me that Gourgaud had negociated with the French Government to the last moment of his leaving London, and that he had been told so by the French Ambassador. Lord B. refused to see him, because he understood he talkd disrespectfully of Napoleon.

I should have said we had the two Miss Kerrs Lord Robert's daughters who sung beautifully.

October 14.—I read prayers to the company of yesterday,

¹ From Stratford-on-Avon.

and we took a drive round by Drygrange Bridge. Lord B. told me that the late king made it at one time a point of conscience to read every word of every act of parliament before giving his assent to it. There was a mixture of principle and nonsense in this. Lord Lothian left us. I did a full task to-day, which is much, considering I was a good deal occupied.

October 15.—My noble guests departed, pleased I believe with their visit. I have had to thank Lord Bathurst for former kindness. I respect him too, as one who being far from rich, has on the late occasion preferred political consistency to a love of office and its emoluments. He seems to expect no opposition of a formal kind this next session. What is wonderful, no young man of talents seems to spring up in the House of Commons. I wonder what comes of all the clever lads whom we see at college. The fruit apparently does not ripen as formerly. Lord Castle-reagh remained with [us]. I bestowed a little advice on him. He is a warm-hearted young fellow, with some of the fashionable affectations of the age about him, but with good feelings and an inclination to come forward. Henry Scott dined with us.

October 16.—With all this racquetting the work advances fast. The third volume of the *Tales* is now half finished, and will, I think, be an useful work. Some drizzling days have been of great use to its progress. This visiting has made some dawdling, but not much, perhaps not more than there ought to be for such a task.

I walked from Huntly Burn up the little Glen, which was in all the melancholy beauty of autumn, the little brook brawling and bickering in fine stile over its falls and currents.

October 17.—Drove down to Mertoun and brought up Elizabeth Scott to be our guest for some day or so. Various chance guests arrived. One of the most wellcome was Captain McKenzie of the Celtic Society and the 72d regiment. A picture of a Highlander in his gigantic person and innocent and generous disposition. Poor fellow, he is going to retreat to Brittany, to make his half-pay support a

wife and family. I did not dare to ask how many. God send I may have the means of serving him.

He told me a Maclean story which was new to me. At the battle of Sheriffmoor that clan was commanded by a chief call'd Hector. In the action, as the chief rushed forward, he was frequently in situations of peril. His foster-father followed him with seven sons, whom he reserved as a body-guard, whom he threw forward into the battle as he saw his chief press'd. The signal he gave was, "Another for Hector!" The youths replied, "Death for Hector!" and were all successively kill'd. These words make the sign and countersign at this day of the clan Gillian.¹

Young Shortreed dined with us and the two Fergussons, Sir Adam and the Colonel. We had a pleasant evening.

October 18.—I procured an interview between my gallant Highland friend and young Clarkson. Mackenzie suffers cruelly as I believe under the same complaint of spasms by which I was so distress'd² and was adopting the same ineffectual mode of relief. I made Clarkson give him the process of treatment by which I was cured as I believe radically. It consists in a bold use of calomel. He and young Shortreed left us. Well, if I have not much power to help myself, it is always lucky I can be of use to others.

October 19.—Wrought out my task, and better—as I have done for these several days past. Lady Anna Maria Elliot arrived unexpectedly to dinner, and though she had a headache, brought her usual wit and good-humour to enliven us.

October 20.—Lady A. M. and Miss E. Scott left us. She had met a Gen^l Upton at Lord Mansfield's, one of the Fancy apparently, and was delighted with one or two Slang stories which she had heard from him.

The grave expostulations of the insinuating Mr. Jackson and the replies of the no less celebrated Bill Gibbons gave her peculiar delight. "How could the rascals be so

¹ Scott used this story in the *Fair Maid of Perth*, published in the following year.

² In 1819.

cruel?" said Jackson to Bill, speaking of an old gentleman who being first beaten by footpads had been afterwards *done* by being flung into a well. "Upon my word, Bill, this is greatly too bad. The robbery I can understand, but why [throw him in a] well?" "On my soul you take it up wrong, my dear fellow," said Will Gibbons. "You see when an old gentleman is *lushy* it is quite common for them to walk into wells of their own accord—On my life nothing is more common, Mr. Jackson."

Another time Jackson objected to some theft which had taken place on his own premisses as being quite a breach of honour. "I give you [my] word, Mr. Jackson, no thief would have thought of such a thing," said the apologist, "Rely upon it it must have been some of these dust men."

Lady A. M. and Miss E. Scott left us. The day being basely muggy, I had no walk, which I was rather desirous to secure. I wrought, however; and two-thirds of the last volume of *Tales of a Grandfather* are finishd. I received a large packet of proofs, etc., which for some reason had been delayd. We had two of Dr. Brewster's boys to dinner—fine children; they are spirited, promising, and very well-behaved.

October 21.—Wrought till one o'clock, then walkd out for two hours, though with little comfort, the bushes being loaded with rain; but exercise is very necessary to me. I have no mind to die of my arm-chair. A letter from Skene, acquainting me that the Censors of the French press have prohibited the insertion of my answer to the man Gourgaud. This is their freedom of the press! The fact is there is an awkward "composition" between the Government and the people of France, that the latter will endure the former so long as they will allow them to lull themselves asleep with recollections of their past glory, and neither the one nor the other sees that truth and honesty and freedom of discussion are the best policy. The knaves know¹ there is an answer [though], and that is all I care about.

Anne Charles & I dined alone.

¹ Douglas printed—"He knows though."

October 22.—Another vile damp drizzling day. I do not know any morning in my life so fit for work, on which I nevertheless, while desirous of employing [it] to purpose, made less progress. A hang-dog drowsy feeling wrought against me, and I was obliged to lay down the pen and indulge myself in a *drumbly*¹ sleep. Bile, I suppose.

The Haigs of Bemerside, Captain Hamilton, Mr. Bainbridge and daughter, with young Nicol Milne and the Fergussons, dined here. Miss Haig sings Italian music better than any person I ever heard out of the Opera-house. But I am neither a judge nor admirer of the science. I do not know exactly what is aimed at, and therefore cannot tell what is attained. Had a letter from Colin Mackenzie, who has proposed himself for the little situation in the Register House. I have written him, begging him to use the best interest in his own behalf, and never mind me.²

October 23.—Another sullen rainy day. "Hazy weather, Mr. Noah," as Punch says in the puppet-show. A headache too. I scarce drank an English pint of claret yesterday, but as Mrs. Cole says in the farce "Lackaday, a thimbleful oversets me"—not my head but my stomach. Said headache was however brushed away by a cup of tea. I worked slow, however, and untowardly, and fell one leaf short of my task.

Went to Selkirk, and dined with the Forest Club, for the first time I have been there this season. It was the collar-day, but being extremely rainy, I did not go to see them course. *N.B.*—Of all things, the greatest bore is to hear a dull and bashful man sing a facetious song.

October 24.—Vilely low in spirits. I have written a page and a half, and doubt whether I can write more to-day. A thick throbbing at my heart, and fancies thronging on me. A disposition to sleep, or to think on things melancholy and horrible while I wake. Strange that one's nerves should thus master them, for nervous the case is, as I know too

¹ Scott underlines this word *drumbly* (from "drumble" = to be sluggish). The word seems to be of Scott's invention. "Drumlie" in Burns means "turbid" not "torpid."

² See *Letters*, x. 291.

well. I am beginning to tire of my Journal, and no wonder, faith, if I have only such trash as this to record. But the best is, a little exertion or a change of the current of thought relieves me.

God, who subjects us to these strange maladies, whether of mind or body I cannot say, has placed the power within our own reach, and we should be grateful. I wrestled myself so far out of the Slough of Despond as to take a good long walk, and my mind is restored to its elasticity. I did not attempt to work, especially as we were going down to Mertoun, and set off at five o'clock.

October 25.—We arrived at Mertoun yesterday, and heard with some surprize that George had gone up in an air balloon, and ascended two miles and a half above this sublunary earth. I should like to have a[n] account of his sensations, but his letters said nothing serious about them. Honest George, I certainly did not suspect him of being so flighty! I visited the new plantations on the fiver-side with Mrs. Scott. I wish her lord and master had some of her taste for planting. When I came home I walked through the Rhymer's Glen, and I thought how the little fall would look if it were heightened. When I came home a surprise amounting nearly to a shock reached me in another letter from L. J. S.¹ Methinks this explains the gloom which hung about me yesterday. I own that the recurrence to these matters seems like a summons from the grave. It fascinates me. I ought perhaps to have stopd it at once, but I have not nerve to do so. Alas! alas!—But why alas? *Humana perpessi*² *sumus*.

October 26.—Sent off copy to Ballantyne. Drove over to Huntly Burn at breakfast, and walked up to the dike they are building for the new plantation. Returned home. The Fergusons dined; and we had the kirn Supper. I never saw a set of finer lads and lasses, and blithely did they ply their heels till five in the morning. It did me good to see them, poor things.

¹ Lady Jane Stuart, mother of Scott's first love. See Sir H. Grierson's *Life of Scott* (1938), pp. 283-4.

² *perpassi* in photostat.

October 27.—This morning went again to Huntly Burn to breakfast. There picked up Sir Adam and the Colonel, and drove down to old Melrose to see the hounds cast off upon the Gateheugh, the high rocky amphitheatre which encloses the peninsula of old Melrose, the Tweed pouring its dark and powerful current between them. The galloping of the riders and hallooing of the huntsmen, the cry of the hounds and the sight of sly Reynard stealing away through the brakes, waked something of the old spirit within me—

“Even in our ashes glow their wonted fires.”

On return home I had despatches of consequence. John Gibson writes that Lord Newton has decided most of the grand questions in our favour. Good, that! Rev. Mr. Turner writes that he is desirous, by Lord Londonderry's consent, to place in my hands a quantity of original papers concerning the public services of the late Lord Londonderry, with a view to drawing up a memoir of his life. Now this task they desire to transfer to me. It is highly complimentary; and there is this of temptation in it, that I should be able to do justice to that ill-requited statesman in those material points which demand the eternal gratitude of his country. But then for me to take this matter up would lead me too much into the hackneyed politics of the House of Commons, which *odi et arceo*. Besides, I would have to study the Irish question, and I detest study. *Item*.—I might arrive at conclusions different from those which my Lord of Londonderry [has arrived at] and I have a taste for expressing that which I think. Fourthly and lastly¹ I think it is sinking myself into a party writer. Seventhly,¹ I should not know what to say to the disputes with Canning; and, to conclude, I think my Lord Londonderry, if he desired such a thing at my hands, ought to have written to me. For all which reasons, good, bad, and indifferent, I will write declining the undertaking.

¹ Scott was never tired of the humours of Dogberry. The editor of the *Journal* did not share this taste, for he cut out all the Dogberryisms in the latter half of this paragraph. He omitted “and lastly” after “fourthly,” and printed “moreover” instead of “seventhly.”

October 28.—Wrote several letters, and one to Mr. Turner, declining the task of Lord Castlereagh's Memoirs, with due acknowledgments. Had his public and European politics alone been concerned, I would have tried the task with pleasure. I wrote out my task and something more, corrected proofs, and made a handsome remittance of "copy" to the press.

October 29.—I may as well square my accompts.

October 30.—

By cash in purse	£43	0	0
To subscription to Canning Monument	£5	0	0
To Bogie	20	0	0
Subscription to Forest Club	5	0	0
Travelling Expences etc.	12	0	0
	<hr/> £42 0 0		
	<hr/> £1 0 0		
Cash for reviewing from Lockhart	100	0	0
Cash from Exchequer	149	0	0
	<hr/> £250 0 0		
Cash to Charles	100	0	0
	<hr/> £150		

Charles left us to take his degree.

October 31.—Just as I was merrily cutting away among my trees, arrives Mr. Gibson with a melancholy look, and indeed the news he brought was shocking enough. It seems Mr. Abud, the same Jew broker who formerly was disposed to disturb me in London,¹ has given the most positive orders to take out diligence against me for his debt of £1500. This breaks all the measures we had resolved on, and prevents the dividend from taking place, by which many poor persons will be great sufferers. For me the alternative will be more painful to my feelings than prejudicial to my interest. To take out a sequestration and allow the persons to take what

¹ *Journal*, Sept. and Oct. 1826.

they can get will be the inevitable consequence. This will cut short my labour by several years, which I might spend—and spend in vain—in labouring to meet their demands. No doubt they may in the interim sell the liferent of this place, with the books and furniture. But, perhaps, it may be possible to achieve some composition which may save these articles, as I would make many sacrifices for that purpose. Gibson strongly advises taking a sequestration at all events. But if the creditors chuse to let Mr. Abud have his pound of flesh out of the first cut, my mind will not be satisfied with the plan of deranging, for the pleasure of disappointing him, a plan of payment to which all the others had consented. We will know more on Saturday, and not sooner. I went to Bowhill with Sir Adam Ferguson to dinner, and maintained as good a countenance in the midst of my perplexities as a man need desire. It is not bravado ; I literally feel myself firm and resolute.

NOVEMBER

November 1.—I waked in the night and lay two hours in feverish meditation. This is a tribute to natural feeling. But the air of a fine frosty morning gave me some elasticity of spirit. It is strange that about a week ago I was more dispirited for nothing at all than I am now for perplexities which set at defiance my conjectures concerning their issue. I suppose that I, the Chronicler of the Canongate, will have to take up my residence in the Sanctuary for a week or so, unless I prefer the more airy residence of the Calton Jail, or a trip to the Isle of Man. These furnish a pleasing choice of expedients. It is to no purpose being angry at Ehud or Ahab, or whatever name he delights in. He is seeking his own, and thinks by these harsh measures to render his road to it more speedy. And now I will trouble myself no more about the matter than I can possibly help, which will be quite enough after all. Perhaps something may turn up better for me than I now look for. Sir Adam Fergusson left Bowhill this morning for Dumfriesshire. I returned to

Abbotsford to Anne, and told her this unpleasant news. She stood it remarkably well, poor body.

November 2.—I was a little bilious to-night—no wonder. Had sundry letters without any power of giving my mind to answer them—one about Gourgaud with his nonsense. I shall not trouble my head more on that score. Well, it is a hard knock on the elbow. I knew I had a life of labour before me, but I¹ was resolved to work steadily—now they have treated me like a recusant turnspit, and put in a red-hot cinder into the wheel alongst with [me]. But of what use is philosophy—and I have always pretended to a little of a practical character—if it cannot teach us to do or suffer? The day is glorious—yet I have little will to enjoy it, but sit here ruminating upon the difference and comparative merits of the Isle of Man and of the Abbey. Small¹ choice betwixt them. Yet were a twelvemonth over, I should perhaps smile at what makes me now very serious.

Smile!—No, that can never be—my present feelings cannot be recollected with cheerfulness; but I may drop a tear of gratitude. I have finished my *Tales*, and have now nothing literary in hand.² It would be an evil time to begin anything.

November 3.—Slept ill, and lay one hour longer than usual in the morning. I gained an hour's quiet by it, that is much. I feel a little shaken at the result of to-day's post. Bad it must be, whatsoever be the alternative. I am not able to go out, my poor workers wonder that I pass them without a word. I can imagine no alternative but either retreat to the Sanctuary or to the Isle of Man. Both shocking enough. But in Edinburgh I am always near the scene of action, free from uncertainty and near my poor daughter; so I think I will prefer it, and thus I rest in unrest. But I will not let this unman me. Our hope, heavenly and earthly, is poorly anchored, if the cable parts upon the strain. I believe in God who can change evil into good; and I am confident that what befalls us is always

¹ Douglas printed "small." The word is illegible in the photostat.

² He began the second series of *Chronicles* a few days later. See entry of November 8.

ultimately for the best. I have a letter from Mr. Gibson, purporting the opinion of the trustees and committee of creditors that I should come to town, and interesting themselves warmly in the matter. They have intimated that they will pay Mr. Abud a composition of six shillings per pound on his debt. This is [a] handsome offer, but I understand he is determined to have his pound of flesh. If I can prevent it, he shall not take a shilling by his hard-hearted conduct.

November 4.—Put my papers in some order, and prepared for my journey. It is in the stile of the Emperors of Abyssinia who proclaim—Cut down the Kantuffa¹ in the four quarters of the world,—for I know not where I am going. Yet, were it not for poor Anne's doleful looks, I would feel firm as a piece of granite. Even the poor dogs seem to fawn on me with anxious meaning, as if there were something going on they could not comprehend. They probably notice the packing of the clothes, and other symptoms of a journey.

Anne for household expenses . . .	£40
Ditto for sending to [] . . .	£100
Cash . . .	£140
	£150
Ball : . .	10
Travelling . .	£3
Jehu . . .	£1
	4
In cash . . .	6
	1
In purse . . .	£5

Set off at twelve, firmly resolved in body and in mind. Dined at Fushie [Bridge]. Ah! good Mrs. Wilson, you know not you are like to lose an old customer.²

But when I arrived in Edinburgh at my faithful friend, Mr. Gibson's, lo! the scene had again changed, and a new hare is started. Cadell whom I found with Mr. G. had learned through the beautiful Mr. Robison of Hurst Robison & Co. that there was some usurious transaction betwixt him & Abut about these bills and that the value given for them was gold ingots (the man is a gold refiner) rated to the discounters considerably above the market price.

¹ A troublesome thorn, described by James Bruce in *Travels to discover the Source of the Nile*, vii. 160 (edition of 1804).

² Mrs. Wilson, landlady of the inn at Fushie, one stage from Edinburgh,—an old dame of some humour, with whom Sir Walter always had a friendly colloquy in passing. I believe the charm was, that she had passed her childhood among the Gipsies of the Border. But her fiery Radicalism latterly was another source of high merriment.—J. G. L.

This smacks of usury and explains Mr. Abut's great anxiety to push the matter to payment besides the hope of concussing me or some of my friends to pay the debt.

November 5.—This morning was spent in meeting with Cadell Gibson and the trustees in various times and places. Cadell's communications were clear and explicit. Robi[n]son told him that Mr. Abut had signed his certificate because he was under the necessity of stopping his mouth and dared not do otherwise. That he then told him the story of the gold bars being given to him at an over-value which he sold at a reduced value in the city. Robi[n]son also said when the Banks refused to subscribe his certificate that he did not care—the time would come when he would be useful and then they would be glad to do it. Cadell himself offered to set off instantly find Robinson and bring him down to confirm this story. I have no doubt Cadell is serious in this desire and that he says the tale as it was said to him. But what made him keep Robinson's secret? *Cela donne à penser.* The cutting down Robinson's bill would be as great a relief to his house as to us yet he does not seem to have told his own trustee. I suppose that he thought he had no great occasion to make enemies as Ahab probably would not sign his certificate if he stird. But when I came to be hard set at and the downfall of further literary enterprise seemd to be the consequence of Ahab's precipitation, he for his own sake and I believe sincerely for mine also resolved to bring out this secret. It would no doubt be a grand thing to turn the tables on Ahab and dock him entirely of the debt on which he uses such peremptory proceedings, but I must say my hopes are far beneath my fears. Robinson's word I have little reliance upon and I have great apprehension he spoke merely from the idea of gaining some personal importance at the time, or that if there really be such a secret Ahab & Son have smotherd the evidence before they ventured to make such a peremptory demand upon the Debtor.

The Trustees were clearly of opinion that the matter should be probed to the very bottom; so Cadell sets off to-morrow in quest of Robinson, whose haunts he knows.

There was much talk concerning what should be done, how to protect my honour's person, and to postpone commencing a defence which must make Ahab desperate, before we can ascertain that the grounds are really tenable. This much I think I can see, that the trustees will rather pay the debt than break off the trust and go into a sequestration. They are clearly right for themselves, and I believe for me also. Whether it is in human possibility that I can clear off these obligations or not, is very doubtful. But I would rather have it written on my monument that I died on ¹ the desk than live under the recollection of having neglected it. My conscience is free and happy, and would be so if I were to be lodged in the Calton Jail. Were I shirking from exertion I should lose heart, under a sense of general contempt, and so die like a poisoned rat in a hole.

Dined with Gibson and John Home. His wife is a pretty lady-like woman. Slept there at night.

November 6.—The indefatigable Gibson saw Mr. Forman before breakfast. Mr. F. is the person to whom Ahab entrusted the affair but who had written to reprobate his mode of proceeding. In consequence of his reproaches or from a doubt of our proceeding instantly to sequestration, Ahab proposes now to take one 3d of the debt in present coin and two thirds at the distance of six and twelve months with security. It will take some time to discuss this proposal and therefore to gain time to enquire into the facts avouched by Robinson. So all is suspended till we hear from Cadell which will decide us whether to adopt war or negotiation. I took possession of No. 6 Shandwick Place, Mrs. Jobson's house. Mr. Cadell had taken it for me; terms £100 for four months—cheap enough, as it is a capital house. I offered £5 for immediate entrance, as I do not like to fly back to Abbotsford. So here we are established *i.e.* John Nicolson and I, with good fires and all snug.

I waited on L. J. S.; an affecting meeting.

Sir William Forbes came in before dinner to me, high-spirited noble fellow as ever, and true to his friend. Agrees

¹ Douglas printed "at," but no change was needed. See quotations in *O.E.D. s.v.* "desk."

with my feelings to a comma. He thinks Cadell's account must turn up trumps, and is for going the vole.

November 7.—Began to settle myself this morning, after the hurry of mind, and even of body, which I have lately undergone. Commenced a review—that is, an essay, on Ornamental Gardening for the *Quarterly*. But I stuck fast for want of books. As I did not wish to leave the mind leisure to recoil on itself, I immediately began the Second Series of the *Chronicles of Canongate*, the First having been well approved. I went to make another visit, and fairly softened myself like an old fool, with recalling old stories till I was fit for nothing but shedding tears and repeating verses for the whole night. This is sad work. The very grave gives up its dead, and time rolls back thirty years to add to my perplexities. I don't care. I begin to grow over-hardend, and, like a stag turning at bay, my naturally good temper grows fierce and dangerous. Yet, what a romance to tell, and told I fear it will one day be. And then my three years of dreaming and my two years of wakening will be chronicled doubtless. But the dead will feel no pain.

November 8.—*Domum mansi, lanam feci.* I may borrow the old sepulchral mottoe of the Roman matron.¹ I stayed at home, and began the third volume of *Chronicles*, or rather the first volume of the Second Series. This I pursued with little intermission from morning till night, yet only finished nine pages. Like the machinery of a steam-engine, the imagination does not work freely when first set upon a new task.

November 9.—Finished my task after breakfast, at least before twelve. Then went to College to hear this most amusing good matter of the Essay read. *Imprimis* occurs a dispute whether the magistrates, as patrons of the University, should march in procession before the Royal visitors²; and it was proposed on our side that the Provost, who is undoubtedly the first man in his own city, should

¹ The second word of the inscription should be *servavi*, not *mansi*. See note of J. F. Gronovius on the *Aulularia* of Plautus, Act 1. Sc. 2, line 3.

² The Royal Commission on the Scottish Universities.

go in attendance on the Principal, with the Chairman of the Commission on the Principal's right hand, and the whole Commission following, taking *pas* of the other Magistrates as well as of the *Senatus Academicus*—or whether we had not better waive all question of precedence, and let the three bodies find their way separately as they best could. This last method was just adopted when we learned that the question was not in what order of procession we should reach the place of exhibition, but whether we were to get there at all, which was presently after reported as an impossibility. The lads of the College had so effectually taken possession of the class-room where the essay was to be read, that, neither learning or law, neither Magistrates nor Magisters, neither visitors nor visited, could make way to the scene of action. So we grandees were obliged to adjourn the sederunt till Saturday the 17th—and so ended the *collic-shangie*—Called at Ardwall's and Archie Swinton's.

Anne came home to dinner—well and happy.

November 10.—Wrote out my task and little more. At twelve o'clock I went to poor Lady J. S. to talk over old stories. I am not clear that it is a right or healthful indulgence to be ripping up old sorrows, but it seems to give her deep-seated sorrow words, and that is a mental blood-letting. To me these things are now matter of calm and solemn recollection, never to be forgotten, yet scarce to be remembered with pain.

We go out to Saint Catherine's¹ to-day. I am glad of it, for I would not have these recollections haunt me, and society will put them out of my head.

Met at Saint Catherine's Sir James Montgomery his lady and a fine lively intelligent girl their daughter Miss Helen M.—Miss Skene, Mr. & Mrs. Durham Calderwood and others and spent the evening pleasantly.

November 11.—Sir William Rae read us prayers. Calderwoods left Saint Catherine's. Sauntered about the doors, and talked of old cavalry stories.² Then drove to

¹ Sir William Rae's house, in Liberton parish, near Edinburgh.

² Sir William Rae had been Major in the Yeomanry Cavalry thirty years before.

Melville, and saw the Lord and Lady, and family. I think I never saw anything more beautiful than the ridge of Carnethy (Pentland) against a clear frosty sky, with its peaks and varied slopes. The hills glowd like purple amethysts, the sky glowd topaz and vermilion colours. I never saw a finer screen than Pentland, considering that it is neither rocky nor highly elevated. At dinner we had Binning Monro's sons.

November 12.—I cannot say I lost a minute's sleep on account of what the day might bring forth ; though it was that on which we must settle with Abut in his Jewish demand or stand to the consequences. I breakfasted with an excellent appetite, laughed in real genuine easy fun, and went to Edinburgh, resolved to do what should best become me. Calld on Gibson and learnd with pleasure that Cadell had seen Robinson and extracted from him a confession that the Bills were discounted for gold bars at a certain value while they were sold for less ; this is less explicit than we could wish, but it is sufficient ground to go upon especially if said Robinson will come down to Scotland and make oath as he seems willing to do. He is a rogue but Cadell has a hank over him and a tight one. When I came home I found Walter, poor fellow, who had come down on the spur, having heard from John Lockhart how things stand. Gibson having taken out a suspension makes us all safe for the present. So we dined merrily. He has good hopes of his Majesty, and I must support his interest as well as I can. Wrote letters to Lady Shelley, John L., and one or two chance correspondents. One was singular. A gentleman, writing himself James Macturk, tells me his friend have identified him with Captain Macturk of St. Ronan's Well, and finding himself much inconvenienced by this identification, he proposes I should apply to the King to forward his restoration and advance in the service (he writes himself late Lieutenant 4th Dragoon Guards) as an atonement for having occasioned him (though unintentionally no doubt) so great an injury. This is one road to promotion, to be sure. Lieutenant Macturk is, I suppose, tolerably mad.

We dined together, Anne, Walter, and I, and were happy at our reunion, when, as I was despatching my packet to London,

In started to heeze up our howp

John Gibson, radiant with good-natured joy. He had another letter from Cadell, enclosing one from Robinson, in which the latter ple[d]ges himself to make the most explicit affidavit to the usurious transaction in all the forms. Nay Cadell's account bears that they not only sold the gold at an extravagant price, but under cover of another house in the city bought the same gold at an undervalue. Robinson does not positively charge this last point but his declaration without it is quite [as] explicit and full as need be and he offers to come off within twenty four hours. Some Chancery business and an arrest detains him in London. He expresses himself anxious to do justice to the Scotch creditors and to expose Abut. I wonder how the honest gentlemen will look when they hear the turn things have taken—will be happy to take a composition—but will you get it, Master Ahab? I hope a little sentiment of revenge is not very wrong. But certainly if they were driving me to utter extremity about a debt none of mine and iniquitously created by their usurious practices, why, one may be glad to see the Whirligig of Time bring about his revenges.

On these two last days I have written only three pages. But not from inaptitude or incapacity to labour. It is odd enough—I think it difficult to place me in a situation of danger or disagreeable circumstances purely personal which would shake my powers of mind,¹ yet they sink under mere lowness of spirits, as this Journal bears evidence in too many passages.

November 13.—Wrote a little in the morning, but not above a page. Went to the Court. About one returned, and made several visits with Anne and Walter. Cadell came, glorious with [the] success of his expedition, but a little allayed by the prospect of competition for the copy-

¹ "Adversity is to me at least a tonic and a bracer" (*Journal*, Jan. 22, 1826).

rights, on which he and I have our eyes as joint purchasers. We must have them if possible, for I can give new value to an edition corrected with notes. *Nous verrons !* Captain Musgrave, of the house of Edenhall, dined with us. After dinner, while we were over our whisky and water and segars, enter successively the merry Knight¹—— Misses Kerr came to tea, and we had fun and singing in the evening.

November 14.—A little work in the morning, but no gathering to my tackle. Went to Court, remaind till nigh one. Then came through a pityless shower ; dressed and went to the christening of a boy of John Richardson who was baptized Henry Cockburn. Read the *Gazette* of the great battle of Navarino, in which we have thumpd the Turks very well. But as to the justice of our interference, I will only suppose some Turkish plenipotentiary, with an immense turban and long loose trousers, comes to dictate to us the mode in which we should deal with our refractory liegemen the Catholics of Ireland. We hesitate to admit his in[ter]ference, on which the Moslem admiral runs into Cork Bay or Bantry Bay, alongside of a British squadron, and sends a boat to tow aside a fire-ship. A vessel fires on the boat and sinks her. Is there an aggression on the part of those who fired first, or of those whose manœuvres occasiond the firing ?

Dined at Henry Cockburn's with the christening party.

November 15.—Wrote a little in the morning. Detaind in Court till two ; then returnd home wet enough. Met with Chambers, and complimented him about his making a clever book of the 1745 for Constable's *Miscellany*. It is really a lively work, and must have a good sale. I suppose old Fraud and Suet fopdoodled him out of the money poor lad. Before dinner enter Cadell, and we anxiously reviewd our plan for buying the copyrights on 19th December. It is most essential that the whole of the Waverley Novels should be kept under our management, as it is calld. I may then give them a new impulse by a preface and notes ; and if an edition, of say 30 volumes, were to be publishd monthly to the tune of 5000, which may really be expected if the shops

¹ The sentence seems unfinished. Douglas omitted " successively."

were once cleared of the over-glut, it would bring in £10,000 clear profit, over all outlay, and so pay any sum of copy-money that might be ventured. I must urge these things to Gibson, for except these copyrights be saved our plans will go to nothing.

Walter and Anne went to hear Madame Pasta sing after dinner. I remained at home; wrote to Sir William Knighton, and sundry other letters of importance, turning my attention to the fund in Chancery which we have almost lost sight of. Walter and John Lockhart may certainly manage it.¹ I wrote an introduction to Miss Jane Nicolson who knows most about the information which will be required in Chancery.

November 16.—State of cash affairs.

In purse	£5 0 0
By Mr. Cadell	300 0 0

This in full of cash payable at this time for Tales of a Grandfather.

Do. Do. advanced to pay Mr. Sandie ² Ballantyne by Do. . . .	12 10 0
---	---------

£317 10 0

Outlay

To Wages House	£100 0 0
To Wages Abbotsford . .	90 0 0
To Charles	50 0 0
To Lockhart's Spanish Ballads	1 0 0
To paid Ballantynes Interest	12 10 0
	<hr/>
	253 10 0

Balance in purse £64 0 0

There was little to do in Court to-day, but one's time is squanderd, and their ideas broken strangely. At three we

¹ Scott managed it himself during his visit to London in 1828.

² Scott wrote "James"—a slip for "Sandie." Alexander Ballantyne had lent Scott £500 (*Journal*, May 13, 1826).

had a select meeting of the O[il] Gas Directors to consider what line we were to take in the disastrous affairs of the company. Agreed to go to Parliament a second time. James Gibson [Craig] and I to go up as our solicitors. So curiously does interest couple up individuals, though I am sure I have no objection whatever to Mr. James Gibson-Craig.¹

November 17.—Returnd home in early time from the Court. Settled on the review of Ornamental Gardening for Lockhart, and wrote hard. Want several quotations, though—that is the bore of being totally without books. Anne and I dined quietly together, and I wrote after tea—an industrious day.

November 18.—This has been also a day of exertion. I was interrupted for a moment by a visit from young Davidoff with a present of a steel snuff-box, wrought and lined with gold, having my arms on the top, and on the sides various scenes from the environs and principal public buildings of St. Petersburg—a *joli cadeau*—and I take it very kind of my young friend. I had a letter also from his uncle, Dennis Davidoff, the black captain of the French retreat. The Russians are certainly losing ground and men in Persia, and will not easily get out of the scrape of having engaged an active enemy in a difficult and unhealthy country. I am glad of it; it is an overgrown power; and to have them kept quiet at least is well for the rest of Europe. I concluded the evening—after writing a double task—with the trial of Malcolm Gillespie, renowned as a most venturous excise officer, but now like to lose his life for forgery. A bold man in his vocation he seems to have been, but the law seems to have got round to the wrong side of him on the present occasion.

November 19.—Corrected the last proof of *Tales of a Grandfather*. Received Cadell at breakfast, and conversed fully on the subject of the *Chronicles* and the application of the price of 2d series, say £4000, to the purchase of the moiety of the copyrights now in the market, and to be sold

¹ Sir James Gibson-Craig, one of the Whig leaders. See Cockburn's *Memorials of his Time*.

this day month. If I have the command of a new Edition and put it into an attractive shape, with notes, introductions, and illustrations that no one save I myself can give, I am confident it will bring home the whole purchase-money with something over, and lead to the disposal of a series of the subsequent volumes of the following works,

In purse . . .	£64
Anne . . .	£10
Keith's Bishops and Sundries . . .	2
	— 12
Cash . . .	52

St. Ronan's Well,	3 vols.
Redgauntlet,	3 „
Tales of Crusaders,	4 „
Woodstock,	3 „
	—

13

make a series of 7 vols. 8vo ! The two series of the *Chronicles* and others will be ready about the same time. Helen Erskine dined with us.

November 20.—Wrought in the morning at the review, which I fear will be lengthy. Called on Hector as I came home from the Court, and found him better, and keeping a Highland heart. There is something wrong about the kidneys (*sic*) which is an awkward business. I came home like a crow through the mist, half dead with a rheumatic headache caused by the beastly north-east wind.

“What am I now when every breeze appals me ?”¹ I dozed for half-an-hour in my chair for pain and stupidity. I omitted to say yesterday that I went out to Melville Castle to inquire after my Lord Melville, who had broke his collar-bone by a fall from his horse in mounting. He is recovering well, but much bruised. I came home with Lord Chief-Commissioner Adam. He told me a dictum of old Sir Gilbert Elliot, speaking of his uncles. “No chance of opulence,” he said, “is worth the risk of a competence.” It was not the thought of a great man, but perhaps that of a wise one. Wrought at my review, and despatchd about half or better, I should hope. I incline to longer extracts in the next sheets.

¹ Slightly altered from *Macbeth*, Act II. Sc. 2.

November 21.—Wrought at the review. At one o'clock I attended the general meeting of the Union Scottish Assurance Company. There was a debate arose whether the ordinary acting directors should or should not have a small sum, amounting to about a crown a piece allotted to them each day of their regular attendance. The proposal was rejected by many, and upon grounds which sound very well,—such as the shabbiness of men being influenced by a trifling consideration like this, and the absurdity of the Company volunteering a bounty to one set of men, when there were others willing to act gratuitously, and many gentlemen volunteered their own services; though I cannot help suspecting that, as in the case of ultroneous offers of service upon most occasions, it was not likely to be acceptable. The motion miscarried, however—impolitically rejected, as I think. The sound of five shillings sounds shabby, but the fact is that it does in some sort reconcile the party to whom it is offered to leave his own house and business at an exact hour; whereas, in the common case, one man comes too late—another does not come at all—the attendance is given by different individuals upon different days, so that no one acquires the due historical knowledge of the affairs of the Company. Besides, the Directors, by taking even this trifling sum of money, [are] rendering themselves the paid servants of the Company, and are bound to use a certain degree of diligence, much greater than if they continued to serve, as hitherto, gratuitously. The pay is like enlisting money which, whether great or small, subjects to engagements under the Articles of war.

One Cockburn a china-merchant spoke,—a picture of an orator with bandy legs, squinting eyes, and a voice like an ungreased cart-wheel—a liberty boy, I suppose. The meeting was somewhat stormy, but I preserved order by listening with patience to each in turn; determined that they should weary out the patience of the meeting before I lost mine. An orator is like a top. Let him alone and he must stop one time or another. Flog him, and he may go on for ever.

Dined with Directors, of whom I only knew the

Manager, Sutherland Mackenzie, Sir David Milne, and Wauchope, besides one or two old Oil Gas friends. It went off well enough.

November 22.—Wrought in the morning. Then made arrangements for a dinner to celebrate the Duke of Buccleuch coming of age—that which was to have been held at Melville Castle being postpone[d], owing to Lord M.'s accident. Sent "copy" of [Second] Series of *Chronicles of Canongate*¹ to Ballantyne. The news from Ahab continues good. Their agent Mr For[e]man shakes his head about the information he has received from London and talks of giving up their business. This looks ill for their £1500 which if they had been common civil and merciful would [as] to the greater part of it have been paid without scruple. Miss Millar dined with Anne and me.

November 23.—I bilkd the Court to-day, and worked at the review. I wish it may not be too long, yet know not how to shorten it. The post tonight brought me a letter from the Duke of Buccleuch, acquainting me with his grandmother, the Duchess-Dowager's death.² She was a woman of unbounded beneficence to and even beyond the extent of her princely fortune. She had a masculine courage, and great firmness in enduring affliction, which pressed on her with continued and successive blows in her later years. She was about eighty-four, and nature was exhausted ; so life departed like the extinction of a lamp for lack of oil. Our dinner on Monday is put off. I am not superstitious, but I wish this festival had not been twice delayed by such sinister accidents—first, the injury sustained by Lord Melville, and then this event spreading crape like the shroud of Saladin over our little festival. God avert bad omens !

Dined with Archie Swinton. Company—Sir Alexander and Lady Keith, Mr. and Mrs. Anderson, Clanronald, etc. Clanronald told us, as an instance of Highland credulity, that a set of his highland kinsmen, Borrådale and others,

¹ *Fair Maid of Perth.*

² Lady Elizabeth Montagu, daughter of George Duke of Montagu.

believing that the fabulous Water Cow inhabited a small lake near his house, resolved to drag the monster into day. With this view they bivouacked by the side of the lake, in which they placed, by way of night-bait, two small anchors, such as belong to boats, each baited with the carcase of a dog slain for the purpose. They expected the Water Cow would gorge on this bait, and were prepared to drag her ashore the next morning, when, to their confusion of face, the baits were found untouched. It is something too late in the day for setting baits for Water Cows.

November 24.—Wrote at review in the morning. I have made my revocation of the invitation for Monday. For myself it will give me time to work. I could not get home to-day till two o'clock, and was quite tired and stupid. So I did little but sleep or doze till dressing-time. Then went to Sir David Wedderburn's, where I met three beauties of my own day, Margaret Brown, Maria Brown, and Jane Wedderburn, now Lady Wedderburn, Lady Hampden, and Mrs. Oliphant. We met the pleasant Irish family of Meath. The resemblance betwixt the Earl of Meath and the Duke of Wellington is something remarkably striking—it is not only the profile, but the mode of bearing the person, and the person itself. Lady Theodosia Brabazon, the Earl's daughter, and a beautiful young lady, told me that in Paris her father was often taken for Lord Wellington.

November 25.—This forenoon finishd the review, and despatched it to Lockhart before dinner. Will Clerk, Tom Thomson, and young Frank Scott dined with me. I have been vexd by Anne allowing Johnstone's bill to run up. I hope this will not again happen as it may lead to unpleasant consequences. She is but a young housekeeper but her situation should serve her instead of experience. We had a pleasant day. I have wrought pretty well to-day. But I must

Do a little more
And produce a little ore.

November 26.—Corrected proof-sheets of *Chronicles* and

Tales. Advised Sheriff processes, and was busy. Made some payments—

Cash in purse	£52 0 0
Anne to pay Johnstone in part	£40
Tom Allan to Royal Society Club and arrears of subscription	6
Antiquarian Society	1
Engineer for a plan of altering Gas to Coal gas	3
	— £50 0 0
Balance in purse	£2 0 0

Dined with Robert Dundas of Arniston, Lord Register, Bort[h]wicks, &c. An agreeable evening.

November 27.—Corrected proofs in the morning, and attended the Court till one or two o'clock, Mr. Hamilton being again ill. I visited Lady J. S. on my return. Came home too faggd to do anything to purpose. Dined alone with Anne.

Anecdote from George Bell. In the days of Charles II. or his brother, flourishd an old Lady Elphinstone, so old that she reachd the extraordinary period of 103. She was a keen Whig, so did not relish Graham of Clavers. At last, having a curiosity to see so aged a person, he obtaind or took permission to see her, and askd her of the remarkable things she had seen. "Indeed," said she, "I think one of the most remarkable is, that when I enterd the world there was one Knox deaving us a' with his *clavers*, and now that I am going out of it, there is one Clavers deaving us with his *knocks*."

November 28.—Corrected proofs and went to Court. Returnd about one, and called on the Lord Chief-Baron. Charles arrived from Oxford with good news of Sophia, Walter etc. Dined with the Duchess of Bedford at the Waterloo, and renewed, as I may say, an old acquaintance, which began while her Grace was Lady Georgiana.¹ She has now a fine family, two young ladies silent just now,

¹ Daughter of Alexander, fourth Duke of Gordon.

but they will find their tongues, or they are not right Gordons, a very fine child, Alaster, who shouted, sung, and spoke Gaelic with much spirit. They are from a shooting-place in the Highlands, call[ed] Invereshie, in Badenoch, which the Duke has taken to gratify the Duchess's passion for the heather.

November 29.—My course of composition is stopd foolishly enough. I have sent four leaves to London with Lockhart's review. I am very sorry for this blunder, and here is another. Forgetting I had been engaged for a long time to Lord Gillics—a first family visit too—the devil tempted me to accept of the office of President of the Antiquarian Society. And now they tell me people have come from the country to be present, and so forth, of which I may believe as much as I may. But I must positively take care of this absurd custom of confounding invitations. My conscience acquits me of doing so by malice, *prepense*, yet one incurs the suspicion. At any rate it is uncivil and must be amended. Dined at Lord C. Commissioner's—to meet the Duchess and her party. She can be extremely agreeable, but I used to think her Grace *journalière*. She may have [been] cured of that fault, or I may have turnd less jealous of my dignity. At all events let a pleasant hour go by unquestiond, and do not let us break ordinary gems to pieces because they are not diamonds. I forgot to say that Edwin Landseer was in the Duchess's train. He is in my mind one of the most striking masters of the modern school. His expression both in man and animals is capital. He showd us many sketches of smugglers, etc., taken in the Highlands, all capital.

“Some gaed there, and some gaed here,
And a' the town was in a steer,
And Johnnie on his brocket mear,
He raid to fetch the howdie

The bonnie lads o' Gowrie.”

November 30.—Another idle morning, with letters, however. Had the great pleasure of a letter from Lord

Dudley acquainting me that he had received his Majesty's commands to put down the name of my son Charles for the first vacancy that should occur in the Foreign Office, and at the same time to acquaint me with his gracious intentions, which were signified in language the most gratifying to me. This makes me really feel light and happy, and most grateful to the kind and gracious sovereign who has always shown, I may say, so much friendship towards me. Would to God *the King's errand might lie in the cadger's gait*, that I might have some better way of showing my gratitude than merely by a letter of thanks or this private memorandum of my gratitude. The lad is a good boy and clever, somewhat indolent I fear, yet with the capacity of exertion. Presuming his head is full enough of Greek and Latin, he has now living languages to study ; so I will set him to work on French, Italian, and German, that, like the classic Cerberus, he may speak a leash of languages at once. Dined with Gillies, very pleasant ; Lord C[hief]-C[ommissioner], Will Clerk, Cranstoun, and other old friends. I saw in the evening the celebrated Miss Grahame Stirling,¹ so remarkable for her power of personifying a Scottish old lady. Unluckily she came late, and I left early in the evening, so I could not find out wherein her craft lay. She lookd like a sensible woman.

I had a conference with my trustees about the purchase (in company with Cadell) of the copyrights of the novels to be exposed to sale on the 19th December, and had the good luck to persuade them fully of the propriety of the project. I alone can, by notes and the like, give these works a new value, and in fact make a new edition. The price is to be made good from the Second Series *Chronicles of Canongate*, sold to Cadell for £4000 ; and it may very well happen that we shall have little to pay, as part of the copyrights will probably be declared mine by the arbiter, and these I shall have without money and without price. Cadell is most anxious on the subject. He thinks that two years hence £10,000 may be made of a new edition.

¹ See *Journal*, March 7, 1828.

DECEMBER

December 1.—This morning again I was idle. But I must work, and so I will to-morrow whether the missing sheets arrive, ay or no, by goles ! After Court I went with Lord Wriothesley Russell,¹ to Dalkeith House, to see the pictures ; Charles K. Sharpe alongst with us. We satisfied ourselves that they have actually frames, and that, I think, was all we could be sure of. Lord Wriothesley, who is a very pleasant young man, well-informed, and with strong turn for humour, dined with us, and Mr. Davidow met him. The Misses Kerr also dined and spent the evening with us in that sort of society which I like best. Charles Sharpe came in and we laughd over oysters and sherry,

“ And a fig for your Sultan and Sophi.”

December 2.—Labourd to make [up]² lee-way, and finishd nearly seven pages to eke on to the end of the missing sheets when returned.³ I have yoked Charles to Monsieur Surenne, an old soldier in Napoleon's Italian army, and I think a clever little fellow, with good general ideas of etymology. Signor Bugnie is a good Italian teacher ; and for a German, why, I must look about. It is not the least useful language of the leash.

Cash deficiency in last ree rund now paid up	£100	0	0
In purse		2	0 0
		<hr/>	
Wine, postages etc.	£20	0	0
Housekeeper at Dalkeith Ho.	1	0	0
Anne to housekeeping	30	0	0
Subscription to Bannatyne Club	5	5	0
		<hr/>	
		£56	5 0
Subscription to Prize Essay Royal		46	15 0
Commission ⁴	£5	0	0
Sundries	1	0	0
		<hr/>	
		6	0 0
In purse		£40	15 0

¹ The Duchess of Bedford's eldest son.

² This correction is in the *O.E.D.*, not in Douglas.

³ See entry of November 29.

⁴ See entry of November 9, when the prize essay should have been read.

December 3.—A day of petty business, which killd a holiday. Finished my tale of the Mirror ;¹ went with Tom Allan to see his building at Lauriston, where he has displayed good taste—supporting instead of tearing down or destroying the old chateau, which once belonged to the famous Mississippi Law. The additions are in very good taste, and will make a most comfortable house. Mr. Burn, architect, would fain have had the old house pulld down, which I wonder at in him, though it would have been the practice of most of his brethren. When I came up to town I was just in time for the Bannatyne Club, where things are going on reasonably well. I hope we may get out some good historical documents in the course of the winter. Dined at the Royal Society Club which was full and frequent. Honble Mr. Hutchison son of Lord Donoughmore and a Sir John Cayley of Yorkshire were guests. The former seems a sensible and pleasant man. The latter a twaddle, a dashing talker saying an infinite deal of nothing. At the society had some essays upon the specific weight of the ore of manganeze, which was caviare to the President, and I think most of the members. But it seemd extremely accurate, and I have little doubt was intelligible to those who had the requisite key. We supd at Mr. Russell's, where the conversation was as gay as usual. Lieut.-Col. Ferguson was my guest at the dinner.

December 4.—Had the agreeable intelligence that Lord Newton had finally issued his decree in my favour, for all the money in the bank, amounting to £32,000. This will make a dividend of six shillings in the pound, which is presently to be paid. A meeting of the creditors was held to-day, at which they gave unanimous approbation of all that has been done, and seemd struck by the exertions which had produced £22,000 within so short a space. They all separated well pleased. So far so good. Heaven grant the talisman break not ! I sent “copy” to Ballantyne this morning, having got back the missing sheets from John Lockhart last night. I feel a little puzzled about the character and stile of the next tale. The world has had so

¹ *My Aunt Margaret's Mirror.*

much of chivalry. Yet scarce a good sum yet. Well, I will dine merrily, and thank God, and bid care rest till to-morrow. How suddenly things can overcast, and how suddenly the sun can break out again ! On the 31st October I was dreaming as little of such a thing as at present, when behold there came tidings which threaten[ed] a total interruption of the amicable settlement of my affairs, and menaced my own personal liberty. In less than a month we are enabled to turn chase on my persecutors, who seem in a fair way of losing their recourse upon us. *Non nobis, Domine.*

I was at the Register Office with Thomson and visited Hay Drummond in his Lion's den. He seems in a fair way of redeeming that office so long degraded.

Received this night the unexpected sum of £307, 10s. od. as balance of cash gained by Mr. Cadells agreeing for the foreign editions of Napoleon and other matters. This is over and above the sum of £200 received 30th August and two small sums of £— and £— advanced by Mr. Cadell. It came as they say in clipping time and will enable me to get clear of my debt to Mr. Gibson which should have been repaid long since.

December 5.—Applying the supply to the payment of debts the accompt will stand as follows

By cash in purse	£40 15 0
By Cadell's remittance	307 10 0
	<hr/>
	348 5 0

per Contra

To Ballance due Johnstone	£52
To Bill to ——— for books	32
To Faulkner porter and spirits	69
To Ballance to Anne	2
	<hr/>
	155 0 0
	<hr/>
	£193 5 0

I did a good deal in the way of preparing my new tale, and resolved to make something out of the story of Harry Wynd. The North Inch of Perth would be no bad name, and it may be possible to make a difference betwixt the old Highlander and him of modern date. The fellow that

swam the Tay and escaped would be a good ludicrous character. But I have a mind to try him in the serious line of tragedy. Miss Baillie has made the Ethling a coward by temperament, and a hero when touched by filial affection. Suppose a man's nerves supported by feelings of honour, or say by the spur of jealousy supporting him against constitutional timidity to a certain point then suddenly giving way,—I think something tragic might be produced. James Ballantyne's criticism is too much moulded upon the general taste of novels to admit, I fear, this species of reasoning. But what can one do? I am hard up as far as imagination is concerned, yet the world calls for novelty. Well—I'll try my brave coward or cowardly brave man.¹ *Valeat quantum.*

Being a teind day, remained at home adjusting my ideas on this point untill one o'clock, then walkd as far as Mr. Cadell's. Finally, went to dine at Hawkhill with Lord and Lady Binning. Party were Lord Chief-Commissioner, Lord Chief-Baron, Solicitor, John Wilson, Lord Corehouse. The night was so dark and stormy that I was glad when we got upon the paved streets.

December 6.—Corrected proofs and went to Court. Bad news of Abut's case. I hope the rogue won't beat us after all. It would be mortifying to have these rascals paid in full, as they must be while better men must lie by. *Spero meliora.* Went out and paid the following debts

Cash in pursc	£193	5	0
To Thos. Purdie	£10	0	0
To Mr. Mitchel for Will Scott	10	0	0
To coachmaker in part of bill	50	0	0
To Tait bookseller in full	24	0	0
To John Stevenson in part	70	0	0
To Beards Theatre of Gods			
Judgments	1	10	0
To Bill at Club	0	10	0
	<hr/>		
		166	0 0
		£27	5 0
Circus for a party		2	5 0
		£25	0 0

¹ Conacher in the *Fair Maid of Perth.*

I think that copy of Beard's *Judgments* is the first book which I have voluntarily purchased for nearly two years. So I am cured of one folly at least. Anne Charles and I dined quietly at home.

December 7.—Being a blank day in the rolls, I staid at home and wrote four leaves—not very freely or happily ; I was not in the vein. Plague on it ! Staid at home the whole day. There is one thing I believe peculiar to me—I work, that is, meditate for the purpose of working, best, when I have a *quasi* engagement with some other book for example. When I find myself doing ill, or like to come to a still stand¹ in writing, I take up some slight book, a novel or the like, and usually have not read far ere my difficulties are removed, and I am ready to write again. There must be two currents of ideas going on in my mind at the same time,² or perhaps the slighter occupation serves like a woman's wheel or stocking to ballast the mind, as it were, by preventing the thoughts from wandering, and so give[s] the deeper current the power to flow undisturbed. I always laugh when I hear people say, Do one thing at once. I have done a dozen things at once all my life. Dined with the family. After dinner Lockhart's proofs came in and occupied me for the evening. I wish I have not made that article too long, and Lockhart will not snip away.

December 8.—Went to Court and staid there a good while. Made some consultations in the Advocates' Library, not furiously to the purpose. Paid for Charles's teachers as under

Cash in purse	£25	0	0
French, Italian, riding	£11	15	0

13 5 0

Balance due for Essay £5 0 0

1 5 0

1 5 0

Cash in purse £12 0 0

¹ Douglas printed "stand-still." See *Legend of Montrose*, ch. xi.

² See *Journal*, May 30, 1827.

Court in the morning. Sent off Lockhart's proof, which I hope will do him some good. A precatory letter from Gillies. I must do Molière for him, I suppose ; but it is wonderful that knowing the situation I am in, the poor fellow presses so hard. Sure, I am pulling for life, and it is hard to ask me to pull another man's oar as well as my own. Yet, if I can give a little help,

“ We'll get a blessing wi' the lave,
And never miss 't.”¹

Went to John Murray, where was Sir John Dalrymple and Lady, Sir John Cayley, Mr. Hope Vere, and Lady Elizabeth Vere, a sister of the Marquis of Tweeddale, and a pleasant sensible woman. Some turn for antiquity too she shows—and spoke a good deal of the pictures at Yester. Henderland was there too. Mrs. John Murray made some very agreeable music.

December 9.—I set hard to work, and had a long day with my new tale. I did about twelve leaves. Cadell came in, with notice that Robi[n]son had transmitted copies of Abut's own affidavits stating that they had given gold bars for the notes which they discounted at a rate which he computes will bring the interest up to 10 per cent. That is exactly in the teeth of their present affirmation that there were no gold bars but on'y ready money in question. We will go marvellously cunningly to work with these honest gentlemen and get certified copies of their oaths to produce in contradiction of their present assertions. I hope there is no very great sin in feeling vindictive to the extent that I hope they may be caught in a trap of their own laying and baiting. Cadell and I also talked upon the great project of buying in the copyrights. He is disposed to *finesse* a little about it, but I do not think it will do much good. All the fine arguments will fly off and people just bid or not bid as the report of the trade may represent the speculation as a good or bad one. I daresay they will reach £7000 ; but £8000 won't stop us, and that for books over-printed so

¹ Burns's lines *To a Mouse*.

lately and to such an extent is a pro-di-gi-ous price ! Frank Scott came in this evening.

December 10.—I corrected proofs and forwarded “copy.” Went out for an hour to Lady J. S. Home and dozed a little, half stupefied with a cold in my head—made up this Journal, however. Settled I would go to Abbotsford on the 24th from Arniston. Before that time I trust the business of the copyrights will be finally settled. If they can be had on anything like fair terms, they will give the greatest chance I can see of extricating my affairs. Cadell seems to be quite confident in the advantage of making the purchase upon almost any terms, and truly I am of his opinion. If they get out of Scotland it will not be all I can do that will enable me to write myself a free man during the space I have to remain in this world.

I smoked a couple of cigars for the first time since I came from¹ the country ; and as Anne and Charles went to the play, I muddled away the evening over my Sheriff-Court processes, and despatched a hugeous parcell to Will Scott at Selkirk. It is always something off hand. Coughing sneezing and all the signs of a little naughty cold with stuffd head and a slight toasting of fever.

December 11.—Wrote a little, and seemd to myself to get on. I went also to Court. On return, had a formal communication from Ballantyne, enclosing a letter from Caddell of an unpleasant tenor. It seems Mr. Cadell is dissatisfied with the moderate success of the First Series of *Chronicles* ; and disapproving of about half the volume already written of the Second Series, obviously ruing his engagement. I have replied that I was not fool enough to suppose that my favour with the public could last for ever, and was neither shockd nor alarmd to find that it had ceased now as cease it must one day soon. It might be inconvenient for me in some respects, but I would be quite contented to resign the bargain rather than that more loss

¹ “to” in photostat.

should be incurd. I saw, I told them, no other receipt than lying lea for a little, while taking a fallow-break to relieve my imagination, which may be esteemed nearly cropd out. I can make shift for myself amid this failure of prospects ; but I think both Cadell and J. B. will be probable sufferers. However, they are very right to speak their mind, and may be esteemd tolerably good representatives of the popular taste. So I really think their censure may be a good reason for laying aside this work, though I may preserve some part of it till another day.

Dined at Sir David Wedderburn's with Lady Hampden and others, all old friends and well arranged. A very pleasant party.

December 12.—Reconsiderd the probable downfal[1] of my literary reputation. I am so constitutionally indifferent to the censure or praise of the world that never having abandond myself to the feelings of self-conceit which my great success was calculated to inspire I can look with the most unshaken firmness upon the event as far as my own feelings are concernd. If there be any great advantage in literary [reputation], I have had it, and I certainly do not care at losing it. They cannot say but what I *had the crown*.

It is unhappily inconvenient for my affairs to lay by my [work] just now, and that is the only reason why I do not give up literary labour ; but at least I will not push the losing game of novel-writing. I will take back the sheets now objected to,¹ but it cannot be expected that I am to write upon return. I cannot but think that a little thought will open some plan of composition which may promise novelty at the least. I suppose I shall hear from or see these gentlemen to-day ; if not, I must send for them to-morrow. How will this affect the plan of going shares with Cadell in the novels of earlier and happier date²? Very much, I doubt, seeing I cannot lay down the cash. But surely the trustees may find some mode of providing this, or else with

¹ These tales were sold to the publisher of the *Keepsake*. See *Journal*, April 13, 1828.

² "debt" in photostat.

cash to secure these copyrights.¹ At any rate, I will gain a little time for thought and discussion.

Went to the Court. At returning settled with Chief-Commissioner that I should receive him on 26th December at Abbotsford.

After all, may there not be, in this failure to please, some reliques of the very unfavourable matters in which I have been engaged of late,—the threat of imprisonment, the resolution to become insolvent? I cannot feel that there is. What I suffer by is the difficulty of not setting my foot upon such ground as I have trod before, and thus instead of attaining novelty I lose spirit and nature. On the other hand, who would thank me for “repented sheets”? Here is a good joke enough, lost to all who have not known the Clerks’ table before the jurisdiction² Act.

My two learned Thebans are arrived, and departed after a long consultation. They deprecated a fallow-break as ruin. I set before them my own sense of the difficulties and risques in which I must be involved by persev[er]ance, and showed them I could occupy my own time as well for six months or a twelvemonth, and let the public gather an appetite. They replied (and therein was some risk) that the expectation would in that case be so much augmented that it would be impossible for any mortal to gratify it. To this is to be added what they did not touch upon—the risque of being thrust aside altogether, which is the case with the horses that neglect keeping the lead when once they have got it. Finally, we resolved the present work should go on, leaving out some parts of the Introduction which they object to. They are good specimens of the public taste in general; and it is far best to indulge and yield to them, unless I was very, *very* certain that I was right and they wrong.³ Besides, I am not afraid of their being hypercritical in the circumstances, being both sensible men and not inclined to sacrifice

¹ This clause seems a mere repetition of the preceding clause.

² Probably a slip for “Judicature Act,” the act of 1808 which reconstituted the Court of Session. See *Letters*, ii. 456.

³ “rank” in photostat.

chance of solid profit to the vagaries of critical taste. So the word is "as you were."

December 13.—A letter from Lockhart announcing that Murray of Albemarle Street would willingly give me my own terms for a volume on the subject of planting and landscape gardening. This will amuse me very much indeed. Another proposal invites me on the part of Colbourne to take charge of the Garrick papers. The papers are to be edited by Colman, and then it is proposed to me to write a life of Garrick in quarto. Lockhart refused a thousand pounds which was offered, and *carte blanche* was then sent. But I will not boat. My book and Colman's would run each other down. It is an attempt to get more from the public out of the subject than they will endure. Besides, my name would be only useful in the way of *puff*, for I really know nothing of the subject. So I will refuse; that's flat.

Having turned over my thoughts with some anxiety about the important subject of yesterday, I think we have done for the best. If I can rally this time as I did in the Crusaders,¹ why, there is the old trade open yet. If not, retirement will come gracefully after my failure. I must get the return of the sales of the three or four last novels, so as to judge what style of composition has best answered. Add to this, giving up just now loses £4000 to the trustees, which they would not understand, whatever may be my nice authorial feelings. And moreover, it ensures the purchase of the copyrights—*i.e.* almost ensures them.

December 14.—Summond to pay up arrears of our unhappy Oil Gas concern—£140—which I performed by Dra^t on Mr. Cadell. This will pinch a little close, but it is a debt of honour, and must be paid. The publick will never bear a publick man who shuns either to draw his purse or his sword, when there is an open and honest demand on him. I also settled with Mr. Gibson for £240 advanced to fit out and [equip] my nephew Walter for India on 6 November 1826 in this diary. This ought to go

¹ The success of *The Talisman* redeemed the failure of *The Betrothed* (*Life*, ch. lxii.).

against the youngster out of his father's succession. Well—
my funds stand thus—

In Cadell's hands last Installment history	£300
By receipt to Mr. Marshall for quarter's salary lodged with Mr. Gibson	£250
	<hr/>
	£ 550
Draught to pay the shares of Oil Gas Coy. and their installments on Mr. Cadell	£140
By placed receipt for 4 ^{ter} salary in Mr. Gibson's hand to account of advances	250
	<hr/>
	390
In Mr. Cadell's hand Ball.	£160
Cash in purses	£12
Charles	3

£169

There may be one or two accompts at Christmas, but I expect few of any consequence except about £90 Melrose, so that I will come on well enough as next month brings me in about £200 salary and probably £100 for reviewing which with cash in hand will afford £360 to face all contingencies. I still owe £500 to Cadell and a like sum on note to Alexander¹ Ballantyne. But I [may] make as much out of a good garden and planting book as much as will pay up one of them if not both besides affording a cool hundred or two to my proper pinch.

December 15.—Worked in the morning on the sheets which are to be cancelled, and on the Tale of *St Valentine's Eve*—a good title, by the way. Had the usual *quantum sufficit* of the Court, which, if it did not dissipate one's attention so much, is rather an amusement as ² otherwise. But the plague

¹ "John" in photostat. See *Journal*, May 13, 1826.

² *Scotice*, for "than."

is to fix one's attention to the sticking point, after it has been squanderd about for two or three hours in such a way. It keeps one, however, in the course and stream of actual life, which is a great advantage to a literary man.

I misssd an appointment, for which I am sorry. It was about our Advocates' Library, which is to be rebuilt. During all my life we have mismanaged the large funds expended on the rooms of our library, totally mistaking the objects for which a library is built ; and instead of taking a general and steady view of the subject, patching up disconnected and ill-sized rooms, totally unequal to answer the accommodation demanded, and bestowing an absurd degree of ornament and finery upon the internal finishing. All this should be reversed : the new library should be calculated upon a plan which ought to suffice for all the nineteenth century at least, and for that purpose should admit of being executed progressi[ve]ly ; then there should be no ornament other than that of strict architectural proportion, and the rooms should be accessible one through another, but divided with so many partitions, as to give ample room for shelves. These small rooms would also facilitate the purposes of study. Something of a lounging room would not be amiss, which might serve for meeting[s] of Faculty occasionally. I ought to take some interest in all this, and I do. So I will attend the next meeting of committee. Dined at Baron Hume's, and met General Campbell of Lochnell and his lady.

December 16.—Workd hard to-day and only took a half hour's walk with Hector Macdonald ! Colin Mackenzie unwell ; his asthma seems rather to increase, notwithstanding his foreign trip ! Alas ! long-seated complaints defy Italian climate. We had a small party to dinner. Captain and Mrs. Hamilton, Davidoff, Frank Scott (Harden), and his chum Charles Baillie, second son of Mellerstain, who seems a clever young man.¹ Two or three of the party staid to take wine and water.

December 17.—Sent off the beginning of the *Chronicles*

¹ Afterwards Judge in the Court of Session under the title of Lord Jerviswoode.

to Ballantyne. I hate cancels; they are a double labour.

Mr. Cowan, Trustee for Constable's Crers, called in the morning by appointment, and we talked about the upset price of the copyrights of Waverley, etc. I frankly told him that I was so much concern'd that they should remain more or less under my control, that I was willing, with the advice of my trustees, to over[bid]¹ a larger upset than that of £4750 which had been fixed and that I proposed the price sett up should be £250 for the poetry, Paul's letters, etc., and £5250 for the novels—in all £5500. But that I made this proposal under the condition, that in case no bidding should ensue, then the copyrights should be mine so soon as the sale was adjourn'd, without any one being permitted to bid after the sale. It is to be hoped this high upset price will—

Fright the fuds
Of the pock-puds—

This speculation may be for good or for evil, but it tends incalculably to increase the value of such copyrights as remain in my own person; and, if a handsome and cheap edition of the whole with notes can be instituted in conformity with Cadell's plan, it must prove a mine of wealth, three-fourths of which will belong to me or my creditors. It is possible, no doubt, that the works may lose their effect on the public mind; but this must be risked, and I think the chances are greatly in our favour. Death (my own I mean) would improve the property, since an edition with a Life would sell like wildfire. Perhaps those who read this prophecy may shake their heads and say, "Poor fellow, he little thought how he should see the publick interest in him and his extinguish'd even during his natural existence." It may be so, but I will hope better. This I know, that no literary speculation ever succeeded with me but where my own works were concern'd; and that, on the other hand, these have rarely fail'd. And so—*Vogue la galère!*

¹ The photostat has "over." Douglas printed "offer."

Dined with the Lord Chief-Commissioner, and met Lord and Lady Binning, Lord and Lady Abercromby, Sir Robert O'Callaghan, etc. These dinners put off time well enough, and I write so painfully by candle-light that they do not greatly in[ter]fere with business.

December 18.—I ought to have mentioned that yesterday I was at a meeting of the Oil Gas Committee. In that unhappy concern we are now advised by James Simpson to commence making our own rosin by purchasing turpentine in a raw state and manufacturing it for sale. This does not resemble mending an old trade so much as it does setting up a new one. I wish I were free of this office of President. I don't half like it, and yet it is shame to leave off when the ship is in danger.

Went to the meeting of Committee to-day and did not half like it. When things are unprosperous, irritation and animosity ensues and of this there seem tokens amongst us which increase my desire to be off—as little good can be done without a determind spirit of union. Poor Huntly Gordon writes me in despair about £180 of debt which he has incurd. He wishes to publish two sermons which I wrote for him when he was taking orders ; but he would get little money for them without my name, and that is at present out of the question.¹ People would cry out against the undesired and unwellcome zeal of him who stretchd [out] his hands to help the ark with the best intentions and cry sacrilege. And yet they would do me gross injustice, for I would, if calld upon, die a martyr for the Christian religion, so completely is (in my poor opinion) its divine

¹ Some days later, however, Scott permitted the publication : — “ Dear Gordon,—As I have no money to spare at present, I find it necessary to make a sacrifice of my own scruples to relieve you from serious difficulties. The enclosed will entitle you to deal with any respectable bookseller. You must tell the history in your own way as shortly as possible. All that is necessary to say is that the discourses were written to oblige a young friend. It is understood my name is not to be put in the title-page, or blazed at full length in the preface. You may trust that to the newspapers.

“ Pray do not think of returning any thanks about this ; it is enough that I know it is likely to serve your purpose. But use the funds arising from this unexpected source with prudence, for such fountains do not spring up at every place of the desert. I am, in haste, ever yours most truly, Walter Scott.”

—*Letters*, x. 350, 352.

origin proved by its beneficial effects on the state of society. Were we but to name the abolition of slavery and of polygamy, how much has in these two words been granted to mankind by the lessons of our Saviour !

December 19.—Wrought upon an introduction to the notices which have been recoverd of George Bannatyne,¹ author, or rather transcriber, of the famous Repository of Scottish Poetry, generally known by the name of the Bannatyne MS. They are very *jejune* these same notices—a mere record of matters of business, putting forth and calling in of sums of money, and such like. Yet it is a satisfaction to learn that this great benefactor to the literature of Scotland lived a prosperous life, and enjoyd the pleasures of domestic society, and, in a time peculiarly perilous, lived unmolested and died in quiet.

At eleven o'clock I had an appointment with a person unknown. A youth had written me, demanding an audience. I excused myself by alleging the want of leisure, and my dislike to communicate with a person perfectly unknown on unknown business. The application was renewed, and with an ardour which left me no alternative, so I named eleven this day. I am too much accustomed to the usual cant of the followers of the muses who endeavour by flattery to make their bad stale butter make amends for their stinking fish. I am pretty well acquainted with that sort of thing. I have had madmen on my hands too, and once nearly was Kotzbued by a lad of the name of Sharpe. All this gave me some curiosity but it was lost in attending to the task I was engaged in when the door opened and in walked a young woman of middling rank and rather good address, but something resembling our secretary David Laing, if dressd in female habiliments. There was the awkwardness of a moment in endeavouring to make me understand that she was the visitor to whom I had given the assignation. Then there were a few tears and sighs. "I fear, Madam, this relates to some tale of great distress." "By no means, sir"; and her countenance cleared up.

¹ Issued in 1829 as No. 33 of the Bannatyne Club Books. *Memorials of George Bannatyne, 1545-1608*, with Memoir by Sir Walter Scott.

Still there was a pause ; at last she askd if it were possible for her to see the king. I apprehended then that she was a little mad, and proceeded to assure her that the king's secretary received all such applications as were made to his Majesty, and disposed of them. Then came the mystery. She wished to relieve herself from a state of bondage, and to be renderd capable of maintaining herself by acquiring knowledge. I inquired what were her immediate circumstances, and found she resided with an uncle and aunt. Not thinking the case without hope, I preachd the old doctrine of patience and resignation, I suppose with the usual effect.

Went to the Bannatyne Club ; and on the way met Cadell out of breath, coming to say he had bought the copyrights after a smart contention. Of this to-morrow. There was little to do at the club.

Afterwards dined with Lord and Lady Abercromby, where I met my old and kind friend, Major Buchanan of Cambusmore. His father was one of those from whom I gaind most information about the old Highlanders, and at whose house I spent many merry days in my youth. The last time I saw old Cambusmore was in ——. ¹ He sat up an hour later on the occasion, though then eighty-four. I shall never forget him, and was delighted to see the Major, who comes seldom to town.

December 20.—Anent the copyrights—the pock-puds were not frightened by our high price. They came on briskly, four or five bidders abreast, and went on till the lot was knocked down to Cadell at £8400 ; a very large sum ² certainly, yet he has been offered profit on it already. For my part I think the loss would have been very great had we sufferd these copyrights to go from those which we possessd. They would have been instantly stereotyped and forced on the market to bring home the price, and by this means depreciated for ever, and all ours must have shared the same fate. Whereas, husbanded and brought out with care, they cannot fail to draw in the others in the

¹ Blank in photostat.

² "some" in photostat.

same series, and thus to be a sure and respectable source of profit. Considerd in this point of view, even if they were worth only the £8400 to others, they were worth ten thousand pounds to us. The largeness of the price arising from the activity of the contest only serves to show the value of the property. Had at the same time the agreeable intelligence that the octavo sets, which were bought¹ by Hurst and Company at a depreciated rate, are now rising in the market, and that instead of 1500 sold, they have sold upwards of two thousand copies. This mass will therefore in all probability be worn away in a few months and then our operations may commence. On the whole, I am greatly pleased with the acquisition. If this first series be worth £8400, the remaining books must be worth £10,000, and then there is *Napoleon*, which is gliding away daily, for which I would not take the same sum, which would come to £24,200 in all for copyrights ; besides £20,000 payable by insurance.² Add the value of my books and furniture, plate, etc., there would be £50,000. So this may be considered my present progress. There will still remain upwards of £35,000.

“ Heaven’s arm strike with us—’tis a fearful odds.”³

Yet with health [and] continued popularity there are chances in my favour. Called on the Ellises and lionized a little.

Dine at James Ballantyne, and happy man is he at the result of the sale ; indeed it must have been the making or marring of him. Sir Henry Steuart there, who “ foold me to the top of my bent.”

December 21.—A very sweet pretty-looking young lady, the Prima Donna of the Italian Opera, now performing here, by name Miss Ayton, came to breakfast this morning, with her father, (a bore, after the manner of all fathers, mothers, aunts, and other chaperones of pretty actresses) ! Miss Ayton talks very prettily, and I dare say sings beautifully, though too much in the Italian manner I fear to be

¹ “ bought ” seems to be a slip for “ sold.” In the next entry, Hurst and Robinson are said to have “ loaded the market.”

² On his own life.

³ See *Henry V.*, Act iv. Sc. 3.

a great favourite of mine. But I did not hear her, being calld away by the Clerk's coach. I am like Jeremy in *Love for Love*—have a reasonable good ear for a jig, but your solos and sonatas give me the spleen.

Called at Cadell's, who is still enamoured of his bargain and with good reason, as the London booksellers were offering him £1000 or £2000 to give up his bargain to them. He also ascertained that all the copies with which Hurst and Robinson loaded the market would be off in a half year. Make us thankful the weather is clearing to windward. Cadell is cautious, steady, and hears good counsel ; and Gibson quite inclined, were I too confident, to keep a good look-out ahead. Dined at home and in quiet. Wrote letters in the evening.

December 22.—Publick affairs look awkward. The present Ministry are neither Whig nor Tory, and, divested of the support of either of the great parties of the State, stand supported by the will of the sovereign alone. This is not constitutional, and though it may be a temporary augmentation of the sovereign's personal influence, yet it cannot but prove hurtful to [the] Crown upon the whole, by tending to throw that responsibility on the Sovereign of which the law has deprived him. I pray to God I may be wrong, but an attempt to govern *par bascule*—by trimming betwixt the opposite parties—is equally unsafe for the crown and detrimental to the country, and cannot do for a long time. The fact seems to be that Lord Goodriche, a well-meaning and timid man, finds himself on a precipice—that his head is grown giddy and [he] endeavours to cling to the person next him. This person is Lord Lansdowne, who he hopes may support him in the House of Lords against Lord Grey, so he proposes to bring Lord Lansdowne into the Cabinet. The move I suspect was suggested by Huskisson, the sitting part of poor Canning. But the King will not listen to the proposal. Lord G. resigns, and his resignation is accepted. Lord Harrowby is then asked to place himself at the head of a new Administration,—declines. The tried abilities of Marquis Wellesley are next applied [to] ; it seems he also declines, and then Lord

Goodriche comes back, his point about Lord Lansdowne having faild, and his threatend resignation goes for nothing. This must lower the Premier in the eyes of every one. It is plain the K. will not accept the Whigs ; it is equally plain that he has not made a move towards the Tories, and that with a neutral administration, this country, hard ruled at any time, can be long governd, I, for one, cannot believe. God send the good King, to whom I owe so much, as safe and honourable [an] extrication as the circumstances render possible.¹

After Court Anne set out for Abbotsford with the Miss Kerrs. I came off at three o'clock to Arnistoun, where I found Lord Register and lady, R. Dundas and lady, Robt. Adam Dundas, Durham Calderwood and lady, old and young friends. Charles came with me.

December 23.—Went to church to Borthwick with the family, and heard a well-composed, well-deliverd, sensible discourse from Mr. Wright, the clergyman—a different sort of person, I wot, from my old half-mad, half-drunken, little hump-back acquaintance Clunie,² renownd for singing "The Auld Man's Mear's dead," and from the circumstance of his being once interrupted in his minstrelsy by the information that his own horse had died in the stable.

After sermon we lookd at the old castle, which made me an old man. The castle was not a bit older for the twenty-five years which had past away, but the ruins of the visitor were very apparent. To climb up ruind³ staircases, to creep through vaults and into dungeons, were not the easy labours but the positive sports of my younger years ; but that time is gone by, and I thought it convenient to

¹ The Duke of Wellington became Prime Minister early in January 1828. (See entry of January 11.)

² In sending a new version of *Ca' the Towes to the Knowes* to George Thomson in September 1794, Burns wrote : " I am flattered at your adopting (the song) as it was owing to me that it ever saw the light. About seven years ago, I was well acquainted with a worthy little fellow, a Mr. Clunie, who sang it charmingly ; and at my request Mr. Clarke took it down from his singing." (*The Poetry of Robert Burns*, ed. by Henley and Henderson, iii. p. 351.)

³ Douglas printed "round."

attempt no more than the access to the large and beautiful hall in which, as it is somewhere described, an armed horseman might brandish his lance. The feeling of growing and increasing inability is painful to one like me, who boasted, in spite of my infirmity, great boldness and dexterity in such feats ; the boldness remains, but hand and foot, gripe and accuracy of step, have altogether failed me ; the spirit is willing but the flesh is weak, and so I must retreat into the invalided corps and tell stories¹ of my former exploits, which may very likely pass for lies. We drove to Dalhousie Castle, where the gallant Earl, who has done so much to distinguish the British name in all and every quarter of the globe, is repairing the castle of his ancestors, which of yore stood a siege against John of Gaunt. I was Lord Dalhousie's companion at school, where he was as much beloved by his companions as he has been ever respected by his companions-in-arms and the people over whom he has been deputed to exercise the authority of his sovereign. He was always steady, wise, and generous. His old Castle of Dalhousie — *potius* Dalwolsey — was mangled by a fellow call'd, I believe, Douglas, who destroyed, as far as in him lay, its military and baronial character, and roof'd it after the fashion of a Poor's House. His architect, Burn, is now restoring and repairing in the old taste, and I think creditably to his own feeling. God bless the roof-tree !

We return'd home through the Temple banks by the side of the South Esk, where I had the pleasure to see that Robert Dundas is laying out his woods with taste, and managing them with care. His father and uncle took notice of me when I was a "fellow of no mark or likelihood," and I am always happy in finding myself in the old oak room at Arniston, where I have drunk many a merry bottle, and in the fields where I have seen many a hare killd.

December 24.—Left Arniston after breakfast and arrived to dinner at Abbotsford.

¹ Douglas printed "them."

My reflections at ent[e]ring my own gate were of a very different and more pleasing cast than those with which I left my house about six weeks ago. I was then in doubt whether I should fly my country or become avowedly bankrupt, and surrender up my library and household furniture, with the liferent of my estate, to sale. A man of the world will say I had better done so. No doubt had I taken this course at once, I might have employed the £25,000 which I made since the insolvency of Constable and Robinson's house in compounding my debts—But I could not have slept sound as I now can, under the comfortable impression of receiving the thanks of my creditors and the conscious feeling of discharging my duty like a man of honour and honesty. I see before me a long tedious and dark path, but it leads to true Fame and stainless reputation. If I die in the harrows, as is very likely, I shall die with honour ; if I achieve my task I shall have the thanks of all concern'd, and the approbation of my own conscience. And so I think I can fairly face the return of Christmas Day.

December 25.—I drove over to Huntly Burn, and saw the plantation which is to be called Janeswood, in honour of my daughter-in-law. All looking well and in order. Before dinner arrived Mrs. George Ellis and her nephew and niece, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Ellis, whom I was delighted to see, as there are a thousand kind recollections of old days. Mrs. George Ellis is less changed in manner and appearance than any one I know. The gay and light-hearted have in that respect superiority over those who are of a deeper mould and a heavier. There is something even in the slightness and elasticity of person which outlasts the ponderous strength which is born[e] down by its own weight. Colonel Ellis is an enthusiastic soldier : and, though young, served in Spain and at Waterloo.

“ And so we held our Christmastide
With mirth and bu[i]r[d]ly cheer.”

December 26.—Colonel Ellis and I took a pretty long walk round by the glen, et caetera, where I had an extra-

ordinary escape by the breaking down of a foot-bridge as I put my foot upon it. I luckily escaped either breaking my leg by its passing through the bridge in so awkward a manner, or tearing it by some one of the hundred rusty nails through which it fell. However, I was not, thanks to Heaven, hurt in the slightest degree. Tom Purdie who had orders to repair the bridge long since was so scandalized at the consequence of his negligence that it passed and ¹ the bridge is repaired by the time I am writing this. But how the noiseless step of Fate dogs us in our most seeming safe and innocent sports.

On returning home we were joined by the Lord Chief-Commissioner, the Lord Chief Baron, and William Clerk, of gentlemen; and of ladies, Miss Adam and young Miss Thomson of Charlton. Also the two Miss Kerrs, Lord Robert's daughters, and so behold us a gallant Christmas party, full of mirth and harmony. Moreover, Captain John Ferguson came over from Huntly Burn, so we spent the day jocundly. I intend to take a holiday or two while these friends are about us. I have worked hard enough to merit it, and

“ Maggie will not sleep
For that, ere summer.”

December 27—This morning we took a drive up the Yarrow in great force, and perambulated the Duchess's Walk with all the force of our company. The weather was delightful, the season being considered; and Newark Castle, amid its leafless trees, resembled a cheer[ful] old man who smiles upon the ruins which time has spread around him. It is looking more venerable than formerly, for the repairs judiciously undertaken have now assumed colouring congenial with the old walls—formerly, they had a raw and patchy appearance. I have seldom seen the scene look better even when summer smiled upon it.

I have a letter from James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, asking me to intercede with the D. of Buccleuch about his farm. He took this burthen on himself without the

¹ Douglas omitted “it passed and.”

advice of his best friends, and certainly contrary to mine. From the badness of the times it would have been a poor speculation in any hands, especially in those of a man of letters, whose occupation, as well as the society in which it involves him,¹—— But I hope this great family will be kind to them²; if not, *cela ne tiendra pas à moi*. But I cannot and ought not to look for having the same interest with this gentleman which I exercised in the days of Duke Charles.

December 28.—A demand from Cadell to prepare a revised copy of the *Tales of my*³ *Grandfather* for the press. I received it with great pleasure, for I always had private hopes of that work. If I have a knack for anything it is for selecting the striking and interesting points out of dull details, and hence, I myself receive so much pleasure and instruction from volumes which are generally reputed dull and uninteresting. Give me facts, I will find fancy for myself. The two first volumes of these little tales are shorter than the third by seventy or eighty pages. Cadell proposes to equalise them by adding part of vol. II. to vol. I., and of vol. III. to vol. II. But then vol. I. ends with the reign of Robert Bruce, vol. II. with the defeat of Flodden. Happy points of pause which I cannot think of disturbing, the first in particular, for surely we ought to close one volume at least of Scottish history at a point which leaves the kingdom triumphant and happy; and, alas! where do her annals present us with such an aera excepting after Bannockburn? So I will set about to fill up the volumes which are too short with some additional matter, and so diminish at least, if we cannot altogether remove, the unsightly inequality in the size of volumes. The rest of the party went to Dryburgh—too painful a place of pilgrimage for me.⁴ I walkd with the Lord Chief Commissioner through our grounds at Huntly Burn, and by taking the carriage now and then I succeeded in giving my excellent old friend enough of exercise without any fatigue. We made

¹ The sentence is unfinished.

² A slip for "him."

³ The same slip ("mý" for "a") occurs on p. 475, l. 2, p. 512, l. 3.

⁴ See entry of May 23, 1826.

our visit at Huntly Burn. Henry and Frank Scott of Harden dined.

December 29.—Lord Chief-Baron, Lord Chief-Commissioner, Miss Adam, Miss Anstruther Thomson, and William Clerk left us. We read prayers, and afterwards walked round the terrass. Laidlaw, Steel, etc.

I had also time to work hard on the additions to the *Tales of a Grandfather*, vols. first and second. The day passd pleasantly over.

December 30.—Mrs. George Ellis is unwell, I hope not severely so, but the slightness of her figure must augur ¹ a delicacy of health and want of strength which expose her to sudden attacks. The Harden boys remaind with us. The Fergusons came over, and we wellcomd in the New Year with the usual forms of song and haggion.

Looking back to the conclusion of 1826, I observe that the last year ended in trouble and sickness, with pressures for the present and gloomy prospects for the future.² The sense of a great privation so lately sustained, together with the very doubtful and clouded nature of my private affairs, pressd hard upon my mind. I am now perfectly well in constitution ; and though I am still in troubled waters, yet I am rowing with the tide, and less than the continuation of my exertions of 1827 may, with God's blessing, carry me successfully through 1828, when we may gain a more open sea, if not exactly a safe port. Above all, my children are well. Sophia's situation excites some natural anxiety ; but it is only the accomplishment of the burthen imposed on her sex. Walter is happy in the view of his majority, on which matter we have favourable hopes from the Duke of Wellington. Anne is well and happy. Charles's entry on life under the highest patronage, and in a line for which I hope [he] is qualified, is about to take place presently.

For all these great blessings it becomes me well to be thankful to God, who in his good time and good pleasure sends us good as well as evil.

¹ Probably a slip for "argue."

² "past" in the photostat.

State of Cash

In Mr. Cadell's hands as before leaving Edinburgh
 see 14th current £160

Cash in purse then 9

£169

To Anne to pay Accts before leaving

town £35 0 0

To Charity 2 0 0

To Charles Pocket Money 2 0 0

To travelling to Abbotsford by two
 divisions with servants and sundries 5 0 0

To short reckond on Oil Gas Coy call
 and be d——d to it 12 0 0

56

£113

To Tom Purdie for cash to pay the Cottage guisards
 their pence 2

Cash in Mr. Cadell's hands £111

I may here remark that though this year was a very
 expensive and though [sentence unfinished].

1828

JANUARY

“ As I walk[ed] by myself,
I talkd to myself,
And thus Myself said to me.”

January 1.—Since the 20 November 1825, for two months that is and two years, I have kept this custom of a diary. That it has made me wiser or better I dare not say, but it shows by its progress that I am capable of keeping a resolution. Perhaps I should not congratulate myself on this—perhaps it only serves to show I am more a man of method and less a man of originality, and have no longer that vivacity of fancy that is inconsistent with regular labour. Still, should this be the case, I should, having lost the one, be happy to find myself still possessed of the other.

We dined today at Huntly Burn, [the] Miss[es] Kerr going with us, Anne remaining with our guests at Home.

January 2.—*Caecae mentes hominum*.—My last entry records my punctuality in keeping up my diary hitherto. My present labour—commenced notwithstanding the date upon the 9th January—is to make up my little record betwixt the second and that latter date. In a word, I have been seven¹ days in arrear without rhyme or reason,—days too when there was so little to write down that the least jotting would have done it. This must not be in future.

The Scotts of Harden were with us and we had a pleasant day.

January 3.—Our friends begin to disperse. Mrs. Ellis, [who] has been indisposed for the last two days, will I hope bear her journey to London well. She is the relict of my dear old friend George Ellis, who had more wit, learning, and knowledge of the world than would fit out twenty *literati*. The Hardens remained to-day, and I had a long

¹ Douglas printed “several.”

walk with the Laird up the glen, and so forth. He seemed a little tired, and, with all due devotion to my Chief, I was not sorry to triumph over some one in point of activity at my time of day.

January 4.—Visited by Mr. Stewart of Dalguize, who came to collect materials for a description of Abbotsford, to be given with a drawing in a large work, *Views of Gentlemen's Seats*. Mr. Stewart [is] a well-informed gentleman-like young man, grave and quiet, yet possessd of a sense of humour. I must take care he does not in civility over-puff my little assemblage of curiosities. Scarce anything can be meaner than the vanity which details the contents of China closets,—basins, ewers, and chamberpots. Horace Walpole with all his talents makes a silly figure when he gives an upholsterer's catalogue of his goods and chattels at Strawberry Hill.

January 5.—This day I began to review Taschereau's *Life of Molière* for Mr. Gillies, who is crying help for God's sake. Messrs. Treuttel and Wurtz offer guerdon. I shall accept, because it is doing Gillies no good to let him have my labour for nothing, and an article is about £100. In my pocket it may form a fund to help this poor gentleman or others at a pinch ; in his, I fear it would only encourage a neglect of sober œconomy. When in his prosperity he asked me whether there was not in my opinion something interesting in a man of genius being in embarassd circumstances. God knows he has had enough of them since, poor fellow ; and it should be rememberd that if he thus dallied with his good fortune, his benevolence to others was boundless.

We had the agreeable intelligence of Sophia's being safely delivered of a girl ; the mother and child both well, that is, doing well.¹ Praised be God !

January 6.—I have a letter from the Duke of Wellington, making no promises, but assuring me of a favourable con-

¹ Charlotte Harriet Jane Lockhart married, in August 1847, James Robert Hope (afterwards Hope-Scott), second son of General the Honourable Sir Alexander Hope, G.C.B. Their daughter, the Honourable Mrs Maxwell-Scott, entrusted the MS. *Journal* to the first editor in 1887.

sideration of Walter's case, should an opening occur for the majority. This same *step* is represented as the most important, but so in their time were the Lieutenancy and the Troop. Each in its turn was *the step par excellence*. It appears that these same steps are those of a treadmill, where the party is always ascending and never gains the top. But the same simile would suit most pursuits in life.

The Misses Kerr have left us on Friday—two charming young persons, well-lookd, well-mannerd, and well-born; above all, well-principled. They sing together in a very delightful manner, and our evenings are the duller without them.

I am annoyd beyond measure with the idle intrusion of voluntary correspondents; each man who has a pen ink sheet of foolscap and an h[our] to spare flies a' letter at me. I believe the postage costs me £100 [a year], besides innumerable franks; and all the letters regard the writer's own hopes or projects, or are filld with unaskd advice or extravagant requests. I think this evil increases rather than diminishes. On the other hand, I must fairly own that I have received many communications in this way worth all the trouble and expense that the others cost me, so I must "lay the head of the sow to the tail of the grice," as the proverb elegantly expresses itself.

News again of Sophia and Baby. Mrs. Hughes thinks the infant a beauty. Johnnie opines that it is not *very* pretty, and grandpapa supposes it like other new-born children, which are as like as a basket of oranges.

January 7.—Wrought at the review, and finishd a good lot of it. Mr. Stewart left us, amply provided with the history of Abbotsford and its contents. It is a kind of Conundrum Castle to be sure, and I have great pleasure in it, for while it pleases a fantastic person in the stile and manner of its architecture and decoration, it has all the comforts of a commodious habitation.

Besides the review, I have been for this week busily employed in revising for the press the *Tales of a Grandfather*. Cadell rather wishd to rush it out by employing three different presses, but this *I repressed* (smoke the pun). I

will not have poor James Ballantyne driven off the plank to which we are all three clinging.¹ I have made great additions to volume first and second of these *Tales*; and I care not who knows it, I think well of them. Nay, I will hash history with anybody, be he who he will. I do not know but it would be wise to let romantic composition rest, and turn my mind to the history of England, France, and Ireland, to be *da capo rota'd*, as well as that of Scotland. They would laugh at me as an author for Mr. Newberry's shop in Paul's Churchyard. I should care little for that. *Virginibus puerisque*. I would as soon compose histories for boys and girls, which may be useful, as fictions for children of a larger growth, which can at best be only idle folk's entertainment. But write what I will, or to whom I will, I am doggedly determin'd to write myself out of the present scrape by any labour that is fair and honest.

January 8.—Despatch'd my review (in part), and in the morning walk'd from Chiefswood, all about the shearing flats, and home by the new walk, which I have called the Bride's Walk, because Jane was nearly stuck fast in the bog there, just after her marriage, in the beginning of 1825.²

My post brings serious intelligence to-day, and of a very pleasing description. Longman and Company, with a reserve which marks all their proceedings, suddenly inform Mr. Gibson that they desire 1000 of the 8vo edition of *Saint Ronan's Well* and the subsequent series of Novels thereunto belonging, for that they have only *seven* remaining, and wish it to be sent to three printers and push'd out in three months. Thus this great House without giving any previous notice of the state of the sale expect all to be boot and saddle, horse and away, whenever they give the signal. In the present case this may do, because I will make neither alteration nor addition till our *grande opus*, the Improved Edition, goes to press. But ought we to go to press with this 1000 copies knowing that our project will supersede and render equivalent to waste paper such of them as may not reach the public before our plan is publickly

¹ See *Letters*, vol. x. p. 354.

² "1826" in photostat.

known and begins to operate? I have I acknowledge doubt as to this. No doubt I feel perfectly justified in letting Longman and Co. look to their own interest, since they have neither consulted me nor attended to mine. But the loss might extend to the retail booksellers; and to hurt the men through whom my works are ultimately to find their way to the public would be both unjust and impolitic. On the contrary, if the *Saint Ronan* Series be hurried out immediately, there is time enough perhaps to sell it off before the improved Edition appears. In the meantime it appears that the popularity of these works is increasing rather than diminishd, that the measure of securing the copyrights was most judicious, and that with proper management things will work themselves round. Successful first editions are good, but they require exertion and imply fresh risque of reputation. But repeated editions tell only to the agreeable part of literature.

Longman and Company have also at length open'd their oracular jaws on the subject of *Bonaparte*, and acknowledged its rapid sale, and the probable exhaustion of the present edition.¹

These tidings, with the success of the *Tales*, "speak of Africa and golden joys." But the tidings arriving after dinner rather discomposed my digestion however simple and sober my fare had been. I cannot account for the connexion betwixt my feelings and my stomach, but whatever agitates me puts the bile in motion and makes me sick. I had not however leisure to be sick beyond the moment that I needs must, and in the evening I wrote to Cadell and Ballantyne² at length, proposing a meeting at my house on Tuesday first, to hold privy council.

January 9.—I had still a touch of bile this morning though very slight. My Christmas festivities had perhaps put [it] in motion.

My first reflexion was on Napoleon. I will not be hurried in my corrections of that work; and that I may not

¹ See the entry of January 11, from which it appears that Scott had misunderstood the letters he had received.

² "Banantyne" in photostat.

be so, I will begin them the instant that I have finishd the review. It makes me tremble to think of the mass of letters I have to look through in order to select all those which affect the subject of *Napoleon*, and which, in spite of numerous excellent resolutions, I have never separated from the common file from which they are now to be selected. Confound them ! but they *are* confounded already. Indolence is a delightful indulgence, but at what a rate we purchase it ! To-day we go to Merton, and having spent some time in making up my Journal to this length, and in a chat w^t Captain John, who dropd in, I will presently set to the review—knock it off, if possible, before we start at four o'clock. To-morrow, when I return, we will begin the disagreeable task of a thorough rummage of papers, books, and documents. My character as a man of letters, and as a man of honour, depends on my making that work as correct as possible. It has succeeded, notwithstanding every effort here and in France to put it down, and it shall not lose ground for want of backing.

We went to dine and pass the night at Mertoun, where we met Sir John Pringle, Mr. and Mrs. Baillie (Mellerstane), and their daughters.

January 10.—When I rose this morning the weather was changed and the ground coverd with snow. I am sure it's winter fairly. We returnd after breakfast through an incipient snowstorm, coming on partially, and in great flakes, the sun bursting at intervals through the interval of the clouds. At last *Die Wolken laufen zusammen*. We returnd from Mertoun after breakfast and made a slow journey of it through the swollen river and heavy roads. But here we are at last.

I am rather sorry we expect friends to-day, though these friends be the good Fergussons. I have a humour for work, to which the sober, sad uniformity of a snowy day always particular[ly] disposes me, and I am sure I will get poor Gillies off my hand, at least if I had morning and evening. Then I would set to work with arranging everything for these second editions of *Napoleon*, *The Romances*, etc., which must be soon got afloat. I must say “the

wark gangs bonnily on.”¹ Well, I will ring for coals, mend my pen, and try what can be done.

I wrought accordingly on Gillies's review for the *Life of Moliere*, a gallant subject. I am only sorry I have not time to do it justice. It would have required a complete re-perusal of his works, for which, alas ! I have no leisure.

“ For long, though pleasant, is the way,
And life, alas ! allows but one ill winter's day.”

Which is too literally my own case.

January 11.—Resumd my labour, finishd the review, *talis qualis*, and sent it off. Commenced then my infernal work of putting to rights. Much cry and little woo', as the deil said when he shore the sow. But I have detected one or two things that had escaped me, and may do more to-morrow.

I observe by a letter from Mr Cadell that I had somewhat misunderstood his last. It is he, not Longmans, that wish to publish the thousand copies of *Saint Ronan's Series*, and there is no immediate call for *Napoleon*. This makes [a] little difference in my computation. The pressing necessity of correction is put off for two or three months probably, and I have time to turn myself to the *Chronicles*. I do not much like the task, but when did I ever like labour of any kind ? My hands were fully occupied to-day with writing letters and adjusting papers—both a great bore.

The news from London assure a change of Ministry. The old Tories come in play. But I hope they will compromise nothing. There is little danger since Wellington takes the lead.

January 12.—My expenses have been considerably more than I expected—what with the Christmas carousing the accumulation of bills of small amount the expence of farm and the inexperience of poor Anne who learnd her house-keeping in an extravagant school. It would require a total

¹ Said by one who looked on while prisoners taken at Philiphaugh were put to death in cold blood. John Buchan imitates the remark in the *Free Fishers*—“ On with the good work, sir, as Burley said when he stuck the Archbishop on Magus Muir.”

change in stile etc. to alter this much, and I think that having the means of assisting myself and having done so much, I need not undergo the mortification of giving up

Abbotsford and parting with my old habits
and servants. I borrowed a £100 from
Cadell.

January 13.—We had a slow and tiresome retreat from Abbotsford through the worst of weather, half-sleet, half-snow. Dined with the Royal Society Club, and being an anniversary sate till nine o'clock, instead of half-past seven.

January 14.—I read Cowper's new work, *The Red Rover*; the current of it rolls entirely upon the ocean. Something there is too much of nautical language; in fact, it overpowers everything else. But, so people once take an interest in a description, they will swallow a great deal which they do not understand. The sweet word "Mesopotamia" has its charm in other compositions as well as in sermons. He has much genius a powerful conception of character and force of execution. The same ideas, I see, recur upon him that haunt other folks. The graceful form of the spars and the tracery of the ropes and cordage against the sky is too often dwelt upon.

January 15.—This day the Court sate down. I missed my good friend Colin Mackenzie, who proposes to retire from indifferent health. A better man never lived—eager to serve every one—a safeguard over all public business which came through his hands. As Deputy-Keeper of the Signet he will be much missed. He had a patience in listening to every one which is of the [highest consequence] in the management of a public body; for many men care less to gain their point than they do to play the orator and be listened to for a certain time. This done and due quantity of personal consideration being gained, the individual orator is usually satisfied with the reasons of the civil listener who has suffered him to enjoy his hour of consequence. I attended the Court, but there was very little for me to do. The snowy weather has annoyed my fingers with chilblains, and I have a threatening of rheumatism—which Heaven avert!

James Ballantyne and Mr. Cadell dined with me to-day and talkd me into good humour with my present task, which I had laid aside in disgust. It must, however, be done, though I am loth to begin to it again.

January 16.—Again returned early, and found my way home with some difficulty. The weather—a black frost powderd with snow, my fingers suffering much and my knee very stiff. When I came home, I set to work, but not to the *Chronicles*. I found a less harassing occupation in correcting a volume or two of *Napoleon* in a rough way. My indolence, if I can call it so, is of a capricious kind. It never makes me¹ absolutely idle, but very often inclines me—as it were from mere contradiction's sake—to exchange the task of the day for something which I am not obliged to do at the moment, or perhaps not at all. This is too silly though and must be disused.

January 17.—My knee so swelld and the weather so cold that I staid from the Court. I nibbled for an hour or two at *Napoleon*, then took handsomely to my gear, and wrote with great ease and fluency six pages of the *Chronicles*. If they are but tolerable I shall be satisfied. In fact, such as they are, they must do, for I shall get warm as I work, as has happend on former occasions. The fact is, I scarce know what is to succeed or not, but this is the consequence of writing too much and too often. I must get some breathing space. But how is that to be managed? There is the rub.

January 18 & 19.—Remaind still at home and wrought hard. The fountain trickles free enough. But God knows whether the waters will be worth drinking. However, I have finishd a good deal of hard work,—that's the humour of it. Sent an apology on 19 to Hector Mc Donald.

January 20.—Wrought hard in the forenoon. At dinner we had Helen Erskine²—whom circumstances lead to go to India in search of the domestic affection which she cannot find here—Mrs. George Swinton, and two young strangers—one, a son of my old friend Dr. Stoddart, of the *Times*, a well-

¹ "be" in photostat.

² See *Letters*, vol. x. pp. 326-8.

mannerd and intelligent youth, the other that unnatural character, a tame Irishman, resembling a formal Englishman.

January 21.—This morning I sent J. B. as far as page forty-three, being completely two-thirds of the volume. The rest I will drive on, trusting that, contrary to the liberated posthorse in John Gilpin, the lumber of the wheels rattling behind me may put spirit in the poor brute who has to drag it.

Mr. and Mrs. Moschelles were here at breakfast—she a very pretty little Jewess ; he one of the greatest performers on the pianoforte of the day. Certainly most surprizing and was [what] I rather did not expect, pleasing.

Afterwards I went to the Oil Gas where we agreed to recommend a second application to parliament to be permitted to make gas from coal. Without we get this, the concern must be given up. For one I wish it were. I have been led to offer to go up to London to solicit for them, but I hope they will be refractory and break up. Still I will not withdraw my ple[d]ge.

I have this day the melancholy news of Glenga[r]ry's death, and was greatly shockdd. The eccentric parts of his character, the pretensions which he supported with violence, and [his] assumption of rank and authority, were obvious subjects of censure and ridicule, which in some points was not undeserved.¹ He playd the part of a chieftain too nigh the life to be popular among an alterd race, with whom he thought felt and acted I may say in right and wrong as a chieftain of a hundred years since would have done, while his conduct was viewd entirely by modern eyes and tried by modern rules.²

January 22.—I am, I find, in serious danger of losing the habit of my Journal and—having carried it on so long—that would be pity. But I am now on the 1st february fishing for the lost recollections of the days since the 21 January. Luckily there is not very much to remember or forget, and perhaps the best way would be to skip and go on.

¹ "underserve" in photostat.

² See entry of February 14, 1826.

By missives dated this day I sold to Cadell & Co ten thousand copies of Continuation of tales of a Grandfather to include the reigns subsequent to the Union for £800. Of which sum I received in the country £100 and in town £100.

[]	¹	£200
To receive at Whitsunday	£200
Item Lambmas	£200
Item Martinmas	£200
									£800
The cash I remitted to Mr Curle to pay									
advance for Forest's Bill	£32 16 9
Cash in purse £0 0 0									
To Tom clears off all scores,									
at Abbotsford	67 3 3
									£100 0 0

January 23.—Being a Teind day, I had a good opportunity of work. I should have said I had given breakfast on the 21st to Mrs. and Mr. Moschelles, he an excellent performer on the pianoforte, she a beautiful young creature, “and one that adores me,” as Sir Toby says,—that is, in my poetical capacity. In fact, a frank and amiable young person. I liked Mr. Moschelles’ playing better than I could have expected, considering my own bad ear. But perhaps I flatter myself, and think I understood it better than I did. Perhaps I have not done myself justice, and know more of musick than I thought I did. But it seems to me that his variations have a more decided stile of originality than those I have commonly heard, which have all the signs of a *da capo rota*.

Dined at Sir Archibald Campbell’s,² and drank rather more wine than usual in a sober way. To be sure, it was excellent, and some old acquaintances proved a good excuse for the glass.

¹ Word illegible.

² Uncle of Archibald Campbell Tait, Archbishop of Canterbury.

January 24.—I took a perverse fit to-day, and went off to write notes & caetera on *Guy Mannering*. This was perverse enough; but it was a composition between humour and duty; and as such, let it pass.

I renewed my engagement to the Oil Gas Coy to go to London to enforce their bill. It will be chargeable besides being a cursed bore and an interruption of business. To be sure I [shall] have the pleasure of seeing Lockhart and Sophia and perhaps that of settling Charles. However I will not be surprized if the necessity should blow over.

January 25.—

Drew my quarter precepts from Exchequer—

Contents	£150
To Anne House £25, Self £25	£50
Charles for accompts clothes teachers &c	50
Ross physician	10
Charity	1
	—
	111

Cash in purse £39

I went on working, sometimes at my legitimate labours, sometimes at my bye jobs of Notes, &c, but still working faithfully, in good spirits, and contented.

Huntly Gordon has disposed of the two sermons¹ to the bookseller Co[l]bourne for £250—well sold, I think—and is to go forth immediately. The man is a puffing quack; but though I would rather the thing had not gone there, and far rather that it had gone nowhere, yet, Hang it! if it makes the poor lad easy, what needs I fret about it? After all, there would be little grace² in doing a kind thing, if you did not suffer pain or inconvenience upon the score.

January 26.—Being Saturday, attended Mr. Moschelles' concert, and was amused; the more so that I had Mrs. M. herself to flirt a little with. To have so much beauty as she really possesses, and to be accomplishd and well-read, she

¹ These discourses were written for George Huntly Gordon some years before (*Life*, ch. lxxv). See also *Journal*, Feb. 29, 1828.

² Douglas printed "gain."

is an unaffected and pleasant person. Mr. Moschelles gives lessons at two guineas by the hour, and he has actually found scholars in this poor country. One of them at least (Mrs. John Murray) may derive advantage from his instructions ; for I observe his mode of fingering is very peculiar, as he seems to me to employ the fingers of the same hand in playing the melody and managing the bass at the same time, which is surely most uncommon.

I presided at the Celtic Society's dinner to-day, and proposed Glengarry's memory, which, although there had been a rough dispute with the Celts and the poor Chief, was very well received. I like to see men think and bear themselves like men. There ¹ were fewer in the tartan than usual—which was wrong.

January 27.—Wrought manfully at the *Chronicles* all this day and have nothing to jot down ; only I forgot that I lost my lawsuit some day last week or the week before. The usury was apparent, but the Court did not think our statement such as ought to interrupt the currency of a bill of exchange, and I daresay they were quite right. The rogue ² therefore gets his money, plack and bawbee. But it is always a troublesome claim settled, and there can be no other of the same kind, as every other creditor has accepted the composition of 7/- in the pound, which my exertions have enabled me to pay them. About £20,000 of the fund had been created by my own exertions since the bankruptcy took place, and I had a letter from Donald Horne, by commission of the Creditors, to express their sense of my exertions in their behalf. All this is consolatory.

January 28.—I am in the scrape of sitting to my picture, and had to repair for two hours to-day to Mr. Colvyn Smith—Lord Gillies's nephew. The Chief Baron had the kindness to sit with me great part of the time, as the Chief Commissioner had done on a late occasion. The picture is for the Chief Commissioner, and the Chief Baron desires a copy. I trust it will be a good one. At home in the evening, and wrote. I am well on before the press,

¹ "They" in photostat.

² Douglas printed "fellow."

notwithstanding late hours, lassitude, and laziness. I have read Cowper's *Prairie*—better, I think, than his *Red Rover*, in which you never get foot on shore, and to understand entirely the incidents of the story it requires too much [knowledge of] nautical language. It is very clever, though.

January 29.—Tuesday at the Court, and wrote letters at home, besides making a visit or two—rare things with me. I have an invitation from Messrs Saunders and Ottley, booksellers, offering me from £1500 to £2000 annually to conduct a journal ; but I am their humble servant. I am too indolent to stand to that sort of work, and I must reserve ¹ the undisturbed use of my leisure, and possess my soul in quiet. A large income is not my object ; I must clear my debts ; and that is to be done by writing things of which I can retain the property. Made my excuses accordingly.

January 30.—After Court hours I had a visit from Mr. Charles Heath, the engraver, accompanied by a son of Reynolds the dramatist. His object was to engage me to take charge as editor of a yearly publication call'd *The Keepsake*, of which the plates are beyond comparasion beautiful. But the letter-press indifferent enough. He proposed £800 a year if I would become editor, and £400 if I would contribute from seventy to one hundred pages. I declined both, but told him I might give him some trifling thing or other, and asked the young men to breakfast the next day. Worked away in the evening and completed, “in a way and in a manner,” the notes on *Guy Mannering*. The first volume of the *Chronicles* is now in Ballantyne's hands, all but a leaf or two. Am I satisfied with my exertions ? So so. Will the public be pleased with them ? Umph ! I doubt the bubble will burst. While it is current, however, it is clear I should stand by it. Each novel of three volumes brings £4000, and I remain proprietor of the mine when the first ore is crop'd out. This promises a good harvest, from what we have experienced. Now, to become a stipendiary editor of a New-Year Gift-Book is not to be thought of,

¹ Douglass printed “preserve”—needlessly.

nor could I agree to work for any quantity of supply to such a publication. Even the pecuniary view is not flattering, though these gentlemen meant it should be so. But one hundred of their close-printed pages, for which they offer £400, is not nearly equal to one volume of a novel, for which I get £1300, and have the reversion of the copyright. No—I may give them a trifle for nothing, or sell them an article for a round price, but no permanent engagement will I make. Being the Martyrdom, there was no Court. I wrought away with what appetite I could.

January 31.—I received the young gentlemen to breakfast and expressed my resolution, which seemed to disappoint them, as perhaps they expected I should have been glad of such an offer. However, I have since thought there are these rejected parts of the *Chronicles*, which Cadell and Ballantyne criticized so severely, which might well enough make up a trifle of this kind, and settle the few accompts which, will I nill I, have crept in upon this New Year. So I have kept the treaty open. If I give them 100 pages I should expect £500.

I was late at the Court and had little time to write any till after dinner, and then was not in the vein; so commented.

FEBRUARY

February 1.—I had my two youths again to breakfast, but I did not say more about my determination, save that I would help them if I could make it convenient. The Chief Commissioner has agreed to let Heath have his pretty picture of a Study at Abbotsford, by Edwin Landseer, in which old Maida occurs. The youth Reynolds is what one would suppose his father's son to be, smart and forward, and knows the world, I suppose.¹ I was too much fagged with sitting in the Court to-day to write hard after dinner, but I did work, however.

¹ Douglas removed the full stop which Scott placed after "I suppose," and made "I suppose" begin a new sentence.

February 2.—Corrected proofs, which are now nearly up with me. This day was [an] idle one, for I remained in Court till one, and sate for my picture till half-past three to Mr. Smith Colvin a nephew of Lord Gillies and a cousin of R. P. G. He has all the steadiness and sense in appearance which his cousin lacks. Whether he has genius or no, I am no judge. My own portrait is like, but I think too broad about the jowls, a fault which they all fall into, as I suppose, by placing their subject[s] upon a high stage and looking upwards to them, which must foreshorten the face. The Chief Baron and Chief Commissioner had the goodness to sit with me.

Dressd and went with Anne to dine at Pinkie House, where I met the President,¹ Lady Charlotte, etc.—above all, Mrs. Scott of Gala, whom I had not seen for some time. We had much fun, and I was, as Sir Andrew Aguecheek says, “in good fooling.” A lively French girl, a governess I think, but very pretty and animated, seemed much amused with the old gentleman. Home at eleven o'clock.

Bye the bye, Sir John Hope had found a Roman eagle on his estate at Fife with sundry of those pots and coffee-pots, so to speak, which are so common : but the eagle was mislaid, so I did not see it.

February 3.—I corrected proofs and wrote this morning,—but slowly, heavily, lazily. There was a mist on my mind which my exertions could not dispel. I did not get two pages finishd, but I corrected proofs and commentated. We had a party at dinner—Jemima MacDonald, W. Clerk, Charles Sharpe, Davidow & Francis Scott with a good deal of fun and laughing.

February 4.—Wrote a little and was obliged to correct the Molière affair for R. P. G. I think his plan cannot go on much longer with so much weakness at the helm. A clever fellow would make it take ² the field with a vengeance, but poor G. will run in debt with the booksellers and let all go to the devil. I sent a long letter to Lockhart, received

¹ The Right Hon. Charles Hope.

² The word is illegible in the photostat. Douglas printed “take.”

from Horace Smith, very gentlemanlike and well-written, as complaining that Mr. Leigh Hunt had mixd him up, in his *Life of Byron*, with Shelley as if he had shared his irreligious opinion[s]. Leigh Hunt afterwards at the request of Smith publishd a swaggering contradiction of the inference to be derived from the way in which he has named them together. Horatio Smith seems not to have relied upon his disclamation, as he has requested me to mention the thing to John Lockhart, and to some one influential about *Ebony*, which I have done accordingly.¹

Lady Wedderburn came in with [the] Miss Kerrs and Frank Scott to supper. We had a tune adapted by Miss Brown to Lockhart's song of Tara's earrings charmingly sung [by] the Miss Kerrs.

February 5.—Concluded the first volume before breakfast. I am but indifferently pleased ; either the kind of thing is worn out, or I am worn out myself, or, lastly, I am stupid for the time. The book must be finished, however. Cadell is greatly pleased with annotations intended for the new edition of the *Waverley* series. I believe that work must be soon sent to press, which would put a powerful wheel in motion to clear the ship. I went to the Parliament House, and in return strolld into Cadell's, being rather anxious to prolong my walk, for I fear the constant sitting for so many hours. When I returnd, the Duke of Buccleuch came in. He is looking very well, and stout, but melancholy about his sister, Lady Charlotte Stopford. He is fitting up a part of Bowhill and intends to shoot there this year. God send him life and health, for it is of immense consequence.

February 6.—This and visits wasted my time till past two, and then I slept half-an-hour from mere exhaustion. Went in the evening to the play, and saw that good old thing, an English tragedy, well got up. It was *Venice Preserved*. Mrs. H. Siddons who play[ed] *Belvidera* with much truth, feeling, and tenderness, though short of her mother-in-law's uncommon majesty, which is a thing never

¹ See *Letters*, vol. x. pp. 368-71, 373-4.

to be forgotten. Mr. Young played *Pierre* very well, and a good Jaffier was supplied by a Mr. Vandenhoff. And so the day glided by; only three pages written, which, however, is a fair ¹ task.

It was a Teind day, so no Court, but very little work.

February 7.—I wrote this morning till the boy made his appearance for proofs; then I had letters to write. Item, at five o'clock I set out with Charles for Dalkeith to present him to the young Duke. I think he looks melancholy. Perhaps his sister Lady Charlotte Stopford's infirm state of health makes him anxious. I received a present to-day of a beautiful sketch of a hunter who had by accident shot his own dog and was mourning over him, the horse standing by in mute ² sympathy. It was a very fine thing.

I askd the Duke about poor Hogg. I think he has decided to take Mr. Riddell's opinion; it is unlucky the poor fellow having taken that large and dear farm. Altogether Dalkeith was melancholy to-night, and I could not raise my spirits at all.

February 8.—I had a little work before dinner, but we are only seven pages into volume second. It is always a beginning, however; perhaps not a good one—I cannot tell. I went out to call on Gala and Jack Rutherford of Edgerstane; saw the former, not the latter. Gala is getting much better. He talkd as if the increase of his village was like to drive him over the hill to Abbotsford side, which would greatly beautify that side of the hill and certainly change his residence for the better, only that he must remain some time without any appearance of plantation. The view would be enchanting.

I was tempted to buy a picture of Nell Gwynn, which I think has merit; at least it pleases me. Seven or eight years ago Graham of Gartmore bid for it against me, and I gave it up at 25 guineas. I have now bought it for £18, 18s. Perhaps there was folly in this, but I reckoned it a token of good luck that I should succeed in a wish I had formerly harboured in vain. I love marks of good luck even in trifles.

¹ "fear" in photostat.

² "mude" in photostat.

Wrote to Jane and Walter, anxious about the health of the latter who has a cough and takes no care of it.

Dined at Sir Robert Dundas's with Calderwood Durham, his lady, Captain Henry Dundas, R. Navy and a pretty large party.

February 9.—Sent off three leaves of “copy”; this is using the press like the famishd sailor who was fed by a comrade with shell-fish by one at a time. But better anything than stop, for the devil is to get set a-going again. I know no more than my old boots whether I am right or wrong, but have no very favourable anticipations.

As I came home from the Court about twelve I stepped into the Exhibition. It makes a very good show; the portraits are better than last year; those of Colvyn Smith and Watson Gordon especially improve. Landseer's Study at Abbotsford is in a capital light, and generally admired. I particularly distinguishd John Thompson's picture of Turnberry, which is of the first rate of excellence. A picture by Scrope was also generally distinguishd. It is a view in the Calabrias.

There is a rival Exhibition which does not hurt the earlier foundation, but rather excites emulation. I am told there are good paintings there.

I came home with little good-will to work, but I will compell myself to do something. Unluckily, I have again to go out to dinner to-day, being President of the Bannatyne.

The dinner was a pleasant one; about thirty members attended. I kept the chair till near eleven, and the company were very joyous.

February 10.—I set myself doggedly to work, and turnd off six leaves before dinner. Had to dinner Sir John Pringle, my dear Gala and his lady, and young Mackenzie and Miss Jardine. I was quite pleased to see Gala so well recoverd of the consequences of his frightful fall, which hung about him so long. He is one of the kindest and best-informd men whom I know.

February 11.—I had Charles Young to breakfast with us, who gave us some striking anecdotes of Talma during

the Reign of Terror, which may figure in *Napoleon* to great advantage.

My son Charles left us this morning to take possession of his situation in the Foreign Office. He has been very lucky. Correcting sheets, etc., took up the morning hour[s]. I wrote three leaves before two o'clock and then went to the Oil Gas Coy. I was made a member with Mr. Gibson [Craig] and Mr. Cunninghame of a secret Committee which is to attempt a settlement of that affair. I fear it will be attended with no small difficulty. Home at half past three. Day bitter cold—with snow, a strong contrast to the mild weather we had last week.

Salutation of two old Scottish lairds :—"Yer maist obedient hummil servant, Tannachy Tulloh."—"Your nain man, Kilspindie."

Finishd six pages, 25 pages of print that is, or about the 13th part of a volume. That would be a volume in a fortnight, with a holiday to boot. It would be possible enough for a little while.

February 12.—I wrought hard this morning. Ballantyne blames the Ossianick monotony of my principal characters. Now they are not Ossianick. The language of the Ossianic poetry is highly figurative ; that of the knights of chivalry may be monotonous, and probably is, but it cannot be Ossianic. Sooth to say, this species of romance of chivalry is an exhaustible subject. It affords materials for splendid description for once or twice, but they are too unnatural and formal to bear repetition. We must go on with our present work, however, *valeat quantum*. Mr. Cadell, less critical than J. B., seems pleased. The world will soon decide if I get on at this rate ; for I have finishd four leaves to-day, notwithstanding my attendance on the Court.

February 13.—Mr. McIntosh Mackay, minister of Laggan, breakfasted with us this morning. This reverend gentleman is completing the Highland Dictionary, and seems very competent for the task. He left in my hands some papers of Cluny Macpherson, concerning the affair of 1745, from which I have extracted an account of the battle of Clifton for *Waverley*. He has few prejudices (for a

Highlander), and is a mild, well-mannered young man. We had much talk on Highland matters.

Cash in purse	£39	
From Mr Cadell in advance	£100	
		<hr/>
	£139	0 0
Anne for bacon hams &c	£10	
Charles to carry him to London	20	
Antiquarian Society	1	
Sundries	8	
To a picture of Nell Gwyn £18, 18 say	19	
To Tom Purdie	£20	
To William Bogie	16	36
		<hr/>
		94
		<hr/>
	£45	0 0

The Children's Tales continue in demand. Cadell expects¹ a new edition of 10,000 about next year, which may be £750 or £800 in pouch, besides constituting a fine property.

February 14.—Mr. Edwards, a candidate for the situation of Rector in the Edinburgh [Academy], a pleasant, gentlemanlike man, and recommended highly for experience and learning. But he is himself afraid of wanting bodily strength for the work, which requires all the nerve and muscle of Williams. I wish he had been three inches taller, and stout in proportion.

I had the whole of the cases on the Short Roll. None the less I got out by two o'clock and went to the Waterloo Hotel by appointment, where James Gibson Craig and Cunningham [and] I were to meet with Will Inglis Mr. Munro Mr. Trotter and Tom Burns upon a certain important transaction. We debated a long time without coming to a conclusion and adjourned till Saturday two o'clock. Mr. Craig did not come. We should have been the better of his assistance.

¹ "excepts" in photostat.

I went to Mr. John Russell's, where there was an Academical party at dinner. Home at nine, a cigar, and to bed.

February 15.—Rose this morning about seven and wrought at the desk till breakfast; finishd about a page and a half. I was fagd at Court till near two. Then called on Cadell, and so home, tired enough.

Of money matters I have to notice that I have in pouch

	£45	0	0
Received from Exchequer £71, 15 say	£71		
Paid to Mr. Langs Account County Money	54		

			17
Paid for dinner Bannatyne Club	£2	8	
Sundries		12	
			3
			— 14
			£59 0 0

February 16.—There dined with me to-day Tom Thomson, Will Clerk, Mr. Edwards, and my Celtick friend Mr. Mackay of Laggan. We resumed after the Court rose our Conferences with the Coal Gas Company Committee, dodged and debated and stickled about our bargain for three hours with little effect except my getting a little insight into the mode of driving great bargains. We parted however *re infecta*. Yet as we approached each other I think it will and must go on.

Dined at Lord Pitmilley's with Lord Justice Clerk Lord Abercromby and his wife and daughter, Mr Smyth (Methven) &c.

February 17.—A day of hard work, being I think eight pages before dinner. I cannot, I am sure, tell if it is worth marking down, that yesterday at dinner-time I was strangely haunted by what I would call the sense of pre-existence,—videlicet, a confused idea that nothing that passd was said for the first time, that the same topics had been

discussed, and the same persons had stated the same opinions on the same subjects. It is true there might have been some ground for recollections, considering that three at least of the company were old friends, and kept much company together : that is, Justice-Clerk, [Lord] Abercromby, and I. But the sensation was so strong as to resemble what is called a *mirage* in the desert, or a calenture on board of ship, when lakes are seen in the desert, and sylvan landscapes in the sea. It was very distressing yesterday, and brought to my mind the fancies of Bishop Berkeley about an ideal world. There was a vile sense of want of reality in all I did and said. It made me gloomy and out of spirits, though I flatter myself it was not observed. The bodily feeling which most resembles this unpleasing hallucination is the giddy state which follows profuse bleeding, when one feels as if they were walking on feather-beds and could not find a secure footing. I think the stomach has something to do with it. I drank several glasses of wine, but these only augmented the disorder. I did not find the *in vino veritas* of the philosophers. Something of this insane feeling remains to-day, but a trifle only.

February 18.—I had other work to do this day. In the morning corrected proofs. After breakfast, made ¹ a visit or two, and met Sandie Buchanan, whom it joys me to see. Then despatched all my sheriff processes, save one, which hitches for want of some papers. Lastly, here I am, before dinner, with my journal. I sent all the county money to Andrew Lang. Wrote to Mr. Reynolds too ; methinks I will let them have the Tales which Jem Ballantyne and Cadell quarrelled with. I have asked £500 for them—pretty well that. I suppose they will be fools enough to give it me. In troth she'll no pc cheaper.

February 19.—A day of hard and continued work, the result being eight pages. But then I hardly ever quitted the table save at meal-time. So eight pages of my manuscript may be accounted the maximum of my literary labour. It is equal to forty printed pages of the novels. I had the whole of this day at my own disposal, by the

¹ "met" in photostat.

voluntary kindness of Sir Robert Dundas interfering¹ to take up my duty at the Court. The proofs of my Sermons are arrived, but I have had no time, saving to blot out some flummery, which poor Gordon had put into the preface.

February 20.—Another day of labour ; but not so hard. I workd from eight till three with little intermission, but only accomplishd four pages. Then I went out and made a visit or two, and looked in on Cadell. If I get two pages in the evening I will be satisfied, for volume II. may be concluded with the week, or run over to Sunday at most. Will it tell, this work ? I doubt it, but there is [no] standing still.

A certain Mr. Mackay from Ireland calld on me, an active agent, it would seem, about the reform of prisons. He exclaims, justly I have no doubt, about the state of our Lock-up House. For myself, I have some distrust of the fanaticism—even of philanthropy. A good part of [it] arises in general [out] of mere vanity and love of distinction, gilded over to others and to themselves with some show of benevolent sentiment. The philanthropy of Howard, mingled with his ill-usage of his son, seems to have risen to a pitch of insanity. Yet without such extraordinary men, who call attention to the subject by their own peculiarities, prisons would have remained the same dungeons which they were forty or fifty years ago. I do not see the propriety of making them Dandy places of detention. They should be a place of punishment, and that can hardly be if men are lodged better, and fed better, than when they are at large. The separation of ranks is an excellent distinction, and is nominally provided for in all modern prisons. But the size of most of them is inadequate to the great increase of crime, and so the pack is shuffled together again for want of room to keep them separate. There are several prisons constructed on excellent principles, the œconomy of which becomes deranged so soon as the death takes place of some keen philanthropist who had the business of a whole committee, which, having lost him, remaind like a carcass without a head. But I have never

¹ See note on Scott's use of this word (*Journal*, Feb. 1, 1826).

seen a plan for keeping in order these resorts of guilt and misery, with[out] presupposing a superintendence of a kind which might perhaps be exercised, could we turn out upon the watch a guard of angels. But, alas ! jailors and turn-keys are rather like angels of a different livery, nor do I see how it is possible to render them otherwise. Superintendence is all you can trust to, and superintendence, save in some rare cases, is hard to come by, where it is to be vigilantly and constantly exercised. *Quis custodiet ipsos custodes ?* As to reformation, I have no great belief in it, where the ordinary class of culprits, who are vicious from ignorance or habit, are the subjects of the experiment. “A shiver from a broken loaf” is thought as little of by the male set of delinquents as by the fair frail charm[er]s who offer the public the use of their charms under such an allegory. The state of society now leads so much to great accumulations of humanity, that we cannot wonder if it ferment and reek like a compost dunghill. Nature intended that population should be diffused over the soil in proportion to its extent. We have accumulated in huge cities and smothering manufacturies the numbers which should be spread over the face of a country—and what wonder that they should be corrupted ? We have turnd healthful and pleasant brooks into morasses and pestiferous lakes—what wonder the soil should be unhealthy ? A great deal, I think, might be done by executing the punishment of *death* without a chance of escape in all cases to which it should be found properly applicable—of course these occasions being diminishd to one out of twenty to which capital punishment is now assignd. Our ancestors brought the country to order by *kilting*¹ thieves and banditti with strings. So did the French when at Naples, and bandits became for the time unheard of. When once the evil habit is alterd—when men are taught a crime of a certain character is connected inseparably with death, the moral habits of a population become alterd, and you may in the next age remit the punishment which in this it has been

¹ To *kill*, *i.e.* to elevate or lift up anything quickly : then applied ludicrously to tucking up by a halter.—JAMIESON'S *Dictionary*.

necessary to inflict with stern severity. I think whoever pretends to reform a corrupted nation—or a disorderly regiment, or a[n] ill-orderd ship of war, must begin by severity, and only resort to gentleness when he has acquired the complete mastery by terror—the terror being always attached to the *law* ; and, the impression once made, he can afford to govern with mildness, and lay the iron rule aside.

Mr. McKay talkd big of the excellent state of prisons in Ireland. *J'en doute un peu*. That the warm-hearted and generous Irish would hurry eagerly into any scheme which had benevolence for its motive, I readily believe ; but that Pat should have been able to maintain that calm all-seeing all-enduring species of superintendence necessary to direct the working of the best plan of prison discipline, I greatly hesitate to believe.

Well—leaving all this, I wish Mr. Mackay good luck, with some little doubt of his success, but none of his intentions.

I am come in [my] work to that point where [like] a lady who works a stocking [I] must count my¹ threads, and bring the various loose ends of my story [together]. They are too many.

February 21.—Last night after dinner I rested from my work, and read [the] third part of *Sayings and Doings*, which shows great knowlege of life in a certain sphere, and very considerable powers of wit, which somewhat damages the effect of his tragic [parts]. But he is an able writer, and so much of his work is well said, that it will carry through what is *manqué*. I hope the same good fortune for other folks.

I am watching and waiting till I hit on some quaint and clever mode of extricating, but do not see a glimpse of any one. James B., too, discourages me a good deal by his silence, waiting, I suppose, to be invited to disgorge a full allowance of his critical bile. But he may wait long enough, for I am discouraged enough. Now here is the advantage of Edinburgh. In the country, if a sense of inability once

¹ “ by ” in photostat.

seizes me, it hangs ¹ on me from morning to night ; but in Edinburgh the time is so occupied and frittered away by official duties and chance occupation, that you have not time to play Master Stephen and be gentlemanlike and melancholy. On the other hand, you never feel in town those spirit-stirring influences—those glances of sunshine that make amends for clouds and mist. The country is said to be quieter life—not to me, I am sure. In the town the business I have to do hardly costs me more thought than just occupies my mind, and I have as much of gossip and ladylike chat as consumes the time pleasantly enough. In the country I am thrown entirely on my own resources, and there is no medium betwixt happiness and the reverse.

February 22.—Went to Court, and remained there untill one o'clock. Then to Mr. Colvin Smith's and sate to be stared at till three o'clock. This is a great bore even when you have a companion, sad when you are alone and can only disturb the painter by your chatter. After dinner I had proofs to the number of four. J. B. is outrageous about the death of Oliver Proudfoot, one of the characters. But I have a humour to be cruel.

“ His business 'tis to die.”

Received a present from a Mr. Dobie of Beith of a candlestick said to be that of the Rev. Mr. Guthrie, minister of Fenwick in the seventeenth century—very civil of a gentleman unknown, if there comes no request to look over poems, or to get made a gauger, or the like, for I have seen these kind ² of compliments made on the principle on which small balloons are sent up before a large one, to see how the wind sits. After dinner proof-sheets. My stomach something out of order.

February 23.—Morning proof-sheets galore. Then to Parliament House. After that, at one, down to Sir William MacLeod Bannatyne, who has made some discoveries con-

¹ “ hands ” in photostat. Douglas printed “ haunts ” and omitted “ on.” Scott not seldom wrote *g* for *d* and *vice versa*. See next entry, where “ king ” is written for “ kind,” and the entry of Feb. 27, where “ ang ” is written for “ and.”

² “ king ” in photostat.

cerning Bannatyne the collector of poetry and furnishd me with some notes to that purpose. He informs me that the MacLeod, alias MacCruiskin, who met Dr. Johnston on the Isle of Sky[e], was Mr. Alexander MacLeod, Advocate, a son of MacLeod of Muiravonside. He was subject to fits of insanity at times, very clever at others. Sir William mentiond the old Laird of Bernera, who, summond by his Chief to join him with all the men he could make, when the Chief was raising his men for Government, sent him a letter to this purpose :—" Dear Laird,—No man would like better to be at your back than I would. But on this occasion it cannot be. I send my men, who are at your service ; for myself, higher duties carry me elsewhere." He went off according[ly] alone, and joind Raasay as a volunteer.

I returnd by the printing-office and found J. B. in great feather. He tells me Cadell, on squaring his books and making allowance for bad debts, has made between £3000 and £4000 lodged in bank. He does nothing but with me. Thus we stand on velvet as to finance. Met Staffa,¹ who walkd with me and gave me some Gaelick words which I wanted.

I may mention that I saw at the printing-office a part of a review on Leigh Hunt's *Anecdotes of Byron* by Wilson. It is written with power apparently by Professor Wilson but with a degree of passion which rather diminishes the effect ; for nothing can more lessen the dignity of the satirist than being or seeming to be in a passion. I think it may come to a bloody arbitrament, for if L. H. should take it up as a gentleman, Wilson is the last man to flinch. I hope Lockhart will not be draggd in as second or otherwise.

Went to Jeffrey's to dinner—there was Mrs. and Miss Sydney Smith, Lord Gillies, Corehouse, etc. etc.

February 24.—I fancy I had drunk a glass or two over much last night, for I have the heart-burning this morning. But a little magnesia salves that sore. Meantime I have had an *inspiration* this morning which shows me my good angel has not left me. For this two or three days I have been

¹ Sir Reginald Steuart Seton of Staffa.

at what the *Critic* calls a dead-lock¹—all my incidents and personages run into a gordian knot of confusion, to which I could devise no possible extrication. I had thought on the subject several days with some[thing] like the despair which seized the fair princess, commanded by her ugly step-mother to assort a whole garret full of tangled silk threads of every kind and colour, when in comes Prince Percinet with wand, whisks it over the miscellaneous mass, and lo ! all the threads are as nicely arranged as in a seamstress's housewife. It has often happend to me that when I went to bed with my head as ignorant as my shoulders what I was to do next, I have waked in the morning with a distinct and accurate conception of the mode, good or bad, in which the plot might be extricated.² It seems to me that the action of the intellect, on such occasions, is rather accelerated by the little fever which an extra glass of wine produces in the system. Of course excess is out of the question. Now this may seem strange, but it is quite true ; and it is no less so that I have generally written to the middle of one of these novels, without having the least idea how it was to [end]—in short in the *Der donde diere* or *hab nab at a venture* stile of composition. So now, this hitch bein[g] over, I fold my paper, lock up my journal, and proceed to labour with good hope.

February 25.—This being Monday, I carried on my work according to the new model. Dined at home and in quiet. But I may notice that yesterday Mr. Williams, the learned Rector of our New Accademy, who now leaves us, took his dinner here. We had a long philological tête-à-tête. He is opinionative, as he has some title to be, but very learned, and with a juster view of his subject than is commonly entertained, for he traces words to the same source—not from sound but sense. He casts backwards thus to the root, while many compare the ends of the twigs without going further.

This day³ I went to the funeral of Mr. Henderson late of Eildon Hall a kind-hearted honest man, who rose to great wealth by honest means and will be missd and regretted.⁴

¹ Act iii. Sc. 1.

² See *Journal*, Feb. 12, 1826.

³ "night" in photostat.

⁴ See Capt. Basil Hall's 'count' of him (*Life*, ch. lxi).

In the evening I went to the promenade in the Exhibition of Pictures, which was splendidly lighted up and filled with fashionable company. I think there was a want of beauty—or perhaps the gas-lights were unfavourable to the ladies' looks.

February 26.—Business filled up the day till one, when I sat to Mr. Smith. Tiresome work, even though Will Clerk chaperoned me. We dined at Arch^d Swinton's. Met Lord Lothian, Lord Cringletie, etc. In this day I have wrought almost nothing. But I am nearly half a volume before the press. Lord Morton, married to a daughter of my friend Sir George Rose, is come to Edinburgh. He seems a very gentlemanlike man, and she pleasing and willing to be pleased. I had ¹ the pleasure to be of some little use to him in his election as one of the Scottish Peers. I owe Sir George Rose much for his attention to Walter when at Berlin.

February 27.—At Court till half-past two. Then to the Waterloo Tavern, where we had a final and totally infructuous meeting with the Committee of the Coal Gas people. So now my journey to London is resolved on. I shall lose at least £500 by the job, and ² get little thanks from those I make the sacrifice for. 'But the sacrifice shall be made. Anything is better than to break one's word, or desert a sinking vessel. Heartily do I wish these "Coalliers" had seen the matter in the best light for their own interest. But there is no help. One thing is certain, that I shall see my whole family once more around me, and that is worth the £500. Anne too starts at the idea of the sea. I am horribly vexed, however. Gibson [Craig] always expected they would come in, but there seemed to me little chance of it; perhaps they thought we were not serious in our proposal to push through the Act. Wrought a little in the evening, not much.

February 28.—At Court till four. When I came home I did work a little, but as we expected company it was not to much purpose. Lord Chief Commissioner dined with us with Miss Adam; Mr. Hutchison, a brother of Lord Donoughmore, and Miss Jones, Will Clerk and John Thomson made up the party, and we had a pleasant party,

¹ "have" in photostat.

² "ang" in photostat.

as such a handful always secures. Staid till wine-and-water time. Thus flew another day.

February 29.—I had my proof-sheets as usual in the morning and the Court as usual till two. Then one or two visits and corrected the discourses for Gordon. This is really a foolish scrape, but what could I do? It involved the poor lad's relief under something very like ruin. I go[t] a letter from the young man Reynolds accepting on Heath's part my terms for article to *The Keepsake*, viz. £500, —I to be at liberty to reprint the article in my works after three years. Mr. Heath to print it in *The Keepsake* as long and often as he pleases, but not in any other form. I shall close with them. If I make my proposed bargain with Murray, all pecuniary matters will be easy in an unusual degree. Dined at Robert Hamilton with Lord and Lady Belhaven, Walter Campbell, and a number of Westlanders.

MARCH

March 1.—Wrought a little this morning ; always creeping on. Looked at my cash affairs : oblige[d] to borrow £25 from Cadell.

Cash 15 febr ^y	£49
Borrowd from Cadell	25
	<hr/> 74
To Charles on leaving Edinburgh	£25
To Masters &c.	10
To House	25
To divers accompts	7
	<hr/> 67
Cash in purse	£7

We had a hard pull at the Court, and after it I walkd a little for exercize, as I fear indigestion from dining out so often.

Dined to-day with the bankers who went as delegates to London in Malachi Malagrowther's days. Sir John Hay, Kinnear and Tom Allan were my only acquaintances of the

party ; the rest seemd shrewd capable men. I particularly remarkd a Mr. Sandeman with a very intellectual head as I ever witnessd.

March 2.—A day of hard work with little interruption, and completed volume second. I am not much pleased with it. It wants what I desire it to have, and that is passion.

The two Ballantynes and Mr. Cadell dined with me quietly. Heard from them all [in] London ; all well.

March 3.—I set about clearing my desk of unanswerd letters, which I had sufferd to accumulate to an Augean heap. I dare say I wrote twenty cards that might have been written at the time without half a minute being lost. To do everything when it ought to be done is the soul of expedition. But then, if you are interrupted eternally with these petty avocations, the current of the mind is compelld to flow in shallows, and you lose the deep intensity of thought which alone can float plans of depth and magnitude. I sometimes wish I were one of those formalists who can assign each hour of the day its spe[ci]al occupations, not to be encroachd upon ; but it always returns upon my mind that I do better *à la débâdée* than I could with rules of regular study. A work begun is with me a stone turnd over with the purpose of rolling it down hill. The first revolutions are made with difficulty—but *vires acquirit eundo*. Now, were the said stone arrested in its progress, the whole labour would be to commence again. To take a less conceited simily : I am like a spavind horse, who sets out lame and stiff, but when he warms in his gear makes a pretty good trot of it, so that it is better to take a good stage of him while you can get it. Besides, after all, I have known most of those formalists, who were not men of business or of office to whom hours are prescribed as a part of duty, but who voluntarily make themselves

“ Slaves to an hour, and vassals to a bell,”—

to be what I call very poor creatures.

General Ainslie looked in and saddend me by talking of poor Don. The General is a medallist, and entertains an opinion that the bonnet-piece of James V. is the work of

some Scottish artist who died young, and never did anything else. It is far superior to anything which the Mint produced since the Roman denarii. He also told [me] that the name of Andrea de Ferrara is famous in Italy as an armourer.

Dined at home, and went to the Royal Society in the evening after sending off my processes for the Sheriff Court. Also went after the Society to Mr. James Russell's symposion.

March 4.—A letter from Italy signed J. S. with many acute remarks on inaccuracies in the life of Bonaparte.

His tone is hostile decidedly. But that shall not prevent my making use of all his corrections where just.

The wretched publication of Leigh Hunt on the subject of Byron is to bring forward Tom Moore's life of that distinguished poet, and I am honourd and flatterd by the information that he means to dedicate it to me.

A great deal of worry in the Court to-day, and I lost my spectacles, and was a dark and perplexd man—found them again though. Wrote to Lockhart and to Charles, and will do more if I can, but am sadly done up. An old friend came and pressed unmercifully on [me] some selfish request of his own to ask somebody to do something for his son. I shall be glad to be at Abbotsford to get rid of this town, where I have not, in the proper and social sense of the word, a single friend whose company pleases me. In the country I have always Tom Purdie.

Cash in purse	£7	0	0
received as a dividend on my father's Share in Douglas Heron & Co's hapless bank	40	0	0
	47	0	0
Grey accot ^d for the season	7		
	40		
remains in cash	£12	0	0
Ewart (Sadlers) accompt	3		
Gardners	5		
Anne for Sundries	20		
remains	£20	0	0

Dined at Lord Chief Commissioner's, where I met, the first time for thirty years, my old friend and boon companion, with whom I shared the wars of Bacchus, Venus, and sometimes of Mars. The past rushd on me like a flood and almost brought tears into my eyes. It is no very laudable exploit to record, but I once drank three bottles of wine with this same rogue—Sir William Forbes and Sir Alexander Wood being of the party. David Erskine of Cardross keeps his looks better than most of our contemporaries. I hope we shall meet for a longer time.

March 5.—I corrected sheets, and, being a Teind Wednesday, began the second volume and proceeded as far as page fourth. At three I went to a meeting of the Oil Gas to report the terms of composition. We agreed to reject them. But we are only negotiating for better terms for we must strike flag for want of funds. This Mem[or]-andum is only for myself.

We dined at Hector Macdonald's with several¹ Highlanders, most of whom were in their [national] garb, intending to go to a great fancy ball in the evening. There were young Cluny Macpherson, Campbell Airds, Campbell Saddell, and others of the race of Diarmid. I went for an hour to the ball, where there were many gay and some grotesque figures. A dressd ball is for the first half-hour a splendid spectacle. You see youth and beauty dressd in their gayest attire, unlimited, save by their own taste, and enjoying the conscious power of charming which gives such life and alacrity to the features. But the charm ceases in this like everything else. The want of masques takes away the audacity with which the disguisd parties conduct themselves at a masquerade, and the sullen sheepishness which mingles makes them, I suppose, the worst maskers in Europe. At the only real masquerades which I have known in Edinburgh there were many, if not most,¹ of those [present] who had determined to sustain characters, who had more ill-breeding than facetiousness. The jests were chiefly calculated to give pain, and two or three quarrells

¹ "post" in photostat.

were with difficulty prevented from ripening into duels. A fancy ball has no offence in it, therefore cannot be wrecked on this rock. But, on the other hand, it is horribly dull work when the first *coup d'oeil* is family (*sic*).

There were some good figures, and some grossly absurd. A very gay cavalier with a broad bright battle-axe was pointed out to me as an eminent distiller, and another knight as we descried armed in the black coarse armour of a cuirassier of the 17th century stalked about as if he thought himself the very mirror of chivalry. He was the son of a celebrated upholsterer, so might claim the broad axe from more titles than one.

There was some good dancing; Cluny Macpherson footed it gallantly.

March 6.—Wrote two pages this morning before breakfast. Went to the Court, where I learned that the “Coalliers” are in alarm at the determination shown by our Committee, and are willing to give better terms. I hope this is so—but *Cogan na Shie*—peace or war, I care not. I never felt less anxiety about where I went and what I did. A feather just lighted on the ground can scarce be less concerned where the next blast may carry [it]. If I go, I shall see my children—if I stay, I shall mend my fortune. Dined at home and went to the play in the evening. Lady Torphichen had commanded the play, and there were all my Swinton cousins young and old. The play was “A Bold Stroke for a Wife,”¹—Charles Kemble acting Feignall. The plot is extravagant non[s]e[n]se, but with lively acting the ludicrousness of the situation bears it through, and few comedies act better. After this came *Rob Roy*, where the Baillie played with his usual excellence. The piece was not over until near one in the morning, yet I did not feel tired—which is much.

March 7.—To-day I wrought and corrected proof-sheets; went to the Court, and had a worry at the usual trashy small wares which are presented at the end of a Session. An official predecessor of mine, the facetious Robert

¹ By Mrs. Centlivre.

Sinclair, was wont to say the three last days of the Session should be abolishd by Act of Parliament. Came home late, and was a good deal broken in upon by visitors. Amongst others, John Swinton, now of Swinton, brought me the scull of his ancestor, Sir Alan Swinton, who flourishd five hundred years ago. I will get a cast made of the stout old carle. It is rare to see a genuinc relique of the mortal frame drawing so far back.

Went to my Lord Gillies's to dinner, and witnessed a singular exhibition of personification. Miss Stirling Grame, a lady of the Duntroon family from which Clavers was descended looks like thirty years old and has a face of the Scottish cast with a good expression in point of good sense and good humour. Her conversation so far as I have had the advantage of hearing it is shrewd and sensible but no ways brilliant. She dined with us, went off as to the play, and returnd in the character of an old Scottish lady. Her dress and behaviour were admirable and the conversation unique. I was in the secret, of course, did my best to keep up the ball, but she cut me out of all feather. The prosing account she gave me of her son the antiquary who found an auld wig in a slate quarry was extremely ludicrous, and she puzzled the Professor of Agriculture with a merciless account of the succession of crops in the parks around her old mansion-house. No person to whom the secret was not intrusted had the least guess of an imposture, except one shrewd young lady present, who observed the hand narrowly and saw it was plumper than the age of the lady seemd to warrant. This lady, and Miss Bell of Coldstream, have this gift of personification to a much higher degree than any person I ever saw.

March 8.—Wrote in the morning, then to Court, where we had a sederunt till nigh two o'clock. From thence to the Coal Gas Committee, with whom we held another, and, thank God, a final meeting. Gibson [Craig] went with me. They had Mr. Munro, Trotter, Tom Burns, and Inglis. The scene put me in mind of Chichester Cheyne's story of a Shawanese India[n] and himself, dodging each other from behind trees for six or seven

hours each in hope of a successful shot. There was bullying on both sides but we bullied to best purpose, for we must have surrendered at discretion notwithstanding the bold face we put on it. On the other hand, I am convinced they have got a capital bargain. They give 1000 shares of their stock to be divided amongst the stock holders of the Oil Gas Company and take all our works off our hands. An advance of from 8/- to 10/- a share will clear off all our debts and leave us in possession of our shares of the Coal Gas, which relieved from rivalry and competition will soon rise to a great percentage. In short I think it a great thing for both parties.

Dined at Lord Justice Clerk's—nothing remarkable in the course of the evening.

March 9.—I set about arranging my papers,—a task which I always take up with the greatest possible ill-will and which makes me cruelly nervous. I don't know why it should be so, for I have nothing particularly disagreeable to look at—far from it, I am better than I was at this time last year—my hopes firmer, my health stronger, my affairs betterd and bettering. Yet I feel an inexpressible nervousness in consequence of this employment. The memory though it retains all that has passd has closed sternly over it ; and this rummaging, like a bucket dropd suddenly into a well, deranges and confuses the ideas which slumbered on the mind. I am nervous, and I am bilious, and, in a word, I am unhappy. This is wrong—very wrong—and it [is] reasonably to be apprehended that something of serious misfortune will be the deserved punishment of this pusillanimous lowness of spirits. Strange that one who, in most things, may be said to have enough of the “care na by,”¹ should be subject to such vile weakness ! Well, having written myself down an ass, I will daub it no farther, but e'en trifle till the humour of work comes.

¹ See the entry of March 10, 1826, where Scott wrote—“I have in my odd sans-souciant character a good handful of meal from the grist of the Jolly Miller on the river Dee.”

Before the humour came I had two or three long visits. Drummond Hay, the antiquary and lion-herald, came in. I do not know anything which relieves the mind so much from the sullens as trifling discussion about *antiquarian old-womanries*. It is like knitting a stocking, diverting the mind without occupying it; or it is like, by our lady, a mill-dam, which leads the attention¹ gently and imperceptibly out of the channell in which they are chafing and boiling. To be sure, it is only conducting them to turn a child's mill; what signifies that?—the diversion is a relief, though the object is of little importance. I cannot tell what we talked of but I remember we concluded with a lamentation on the unlikelihood that Government would give the Musaeum £2000—to purchase the *bronze Apollo* lately discovered in France, although the God of Delos stands six feet two in his stocking-soles, and is perfectly entire, saving that on the right side he wants half a hip, and the leg from the knee, and that on the left his heel is much damaged. Colonel Ferguson just come to town—dines with us. Miss Kerr[s] came in in the evening.

March 10.—I had [a] world of trumpery to do this morning—cards to write and business to transact visits to make etc.

We made so bold a fight with the Coal Gas Committee that though it was only gaining an honourable capitulation we have gained honour and all seem rejoiced at having been able to save so much out of the fire in which they expected to lose everything.

Received letters from the youth who is to conduct *The Keepsake*, with blarney an[d]² a £200 Bank note. No blarney in that. I must set about doing something for these worthies.

Anne is very ill of the earache and cannot stir tomorrow. I was obliged to go alone to dine at Mr Scott Gala's. Met the Sinclair family. Lady Sinclair told me a singular story of a decrepit man keeping a lonely toll at a place

¹ Douglas printed "one's thoughts."

² Douglas printed "on."

called the Rowan-tree on the frontiers as I understood between Ayrshire and Dumfriesshire.¹ It was a wild, lonely spot, and was formerly inhabited by robbers and assassins, who murdered passengers. They were discovered by a boy whom they had taken into the cottage as a menial. He had seen things which aroused his attention and was finally enlightend as to the trade of his masters by hearing one of them as he killd a goat remark that the cries of the creature resembled those of the last man they had dealt with. The boy fled from the house, lodged an information, and the whole household was seized and executed. The present inhabitants Lady Sinclair described as interesting. The man's feet and legs had been frost-bitten while herding the cattle, and never recovered the strength of natural limbs. Yet he had acquired some education, and was a country schoolmaster for some time, till the distance and loneliness of the spot prevented pupils from attending. His daughter was a reader and begd for some old magazines newspapers or any printed book that she might enjoy reading. They might have been better [off] had they been allowd to keep a cow. But if they had been in comfortable circumstances, they would have had visitors and lodgers, who might have carried guns to destroy the gentleman's creation, *i.e.* the game; and for this risque the wretches were kept in absolute and abject poverty. I would rather be Sir John himself than this brutal Earl. The daughter showed Lady Sinclair a well in the midst of a small bog of great depth into which like Thurtell and Probert they used to thrust the bodies of their victims till they had opportunity of burying them. Lady Sinclair stoopd to taste the water, but the young woman said, with a strong expression of horror, "You would not drink it?" Such an impression had the tale probably two centuries old made upon the present inhabitants of this melancholy spot. The whole legend is curious; I will try to get hold of it.²

¹ A slip for "Galloway."

² Douglas noted that this story appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine* in 1829 (vol. xxv. p. 189).

March 11.—A long morning at Court after which I walkd home and paid some things as under

In purse	£20 0 0
Ballance of old acco ^t John Stevenson viz ^t	£11
Fees at the House and sundries	1
Anne Charity	1
Glazier & Carpenter	1
	— 14

Ballance £6

Ballance in cash	£6
In English Bank note	£200
	—
	£206

It was four ere I got home and I had a great deal to do though of a puddling kind of work. Another rector started, recommended by Sir Francis Freling Sir James McIntosh and Dr Maltby. I wish the place was filld with all my heart—so it were well filld.

I sent Reynolds a sketch of two Scottish stories for subjects of art for his *Keepsake*—the death of the Laird's Jock the one, the other the adventure of Duncan Stuart with the stag.

Mr. Drummond Hay breakfasted with me—a good fellow, but a considerable bore. He brought me a beautiful bronze statue of Hercules, about ten inches or a foot in height, beautifully wrought. He bought it in France for 70 francs, and refused £300 from Payne Knight. It is certainly a most beautiful piece of art. The lion's hide which hung over the shoulders had been of silver, and, to turn it to accompt, the arm over which it hung was cut off; otherwise the statue was perfect and extremely well wrought. Allan Swinton's scull sent back to Archibald Swinton.

Poor Anne was so ill of the earache as to put travelling out of the question whether today or tomorrow.

March 12.—The boy got four leaves of “copy” to-day, and I wrote three more.

English bank bill	£200
Cash	6
							£206
To poor Nathaniel Gow in memory of many							
a night of mirth and melody	£2
Segars	£1
							—
							£3
							£203

Balanced with about £1 in silver.

When I had done writing I called on Mr Gibson to request the Trustees would not sell the Coal Gas stock without consulting me which seems reasonable as I advanced £150 and upwards.

Received by Mr. Cadell from Treuttel and Wurtz for articles in *Foreign Review* £52, 10s., which is at my credit with him. Poor Gillies has therefore kept his word so far, but it is enough to have sacrificed £100 to him already in literary labour, which I make him wellcome to. I cannot spare him more—which, besides, would do him no good.

March 13.—I wrote a little in the morning and sent off some “copy.” We came off from Edinburgh at ten o’clock, and got to Abbotsford by four, where everything looks unusually advanced—the birds singing and the hedges budding, and all other prospects of spring too premature to be rejoiced in.

I found that, like the foolish virgins, the servants had omitted to get oil for my lamp, so I was obliged to be idle all the evening. But though I had a diverting book, the *Tales of the Munster Festivals*,¹ yet an evening without writing hung heavy on my hands. The *Tales* are admirable. But they have one fault, that the crisis is in more cases than one protracted after a keen interest has been excited,

¹ Written by Gerald Griffin.

to explain and to resume parts of the story which should have been told before. Scenes of mere amusement are often introduced betwixt the crisis of the plot and the final catastrophe. This is impolitic. But the scenes and characters are traced by a firm, bold, and true pencil, and my very criticism shows that [the] catastrophe is interesting,—otherwise who would care for its being interrupted?

March 14.—Wrote from morning till one o'clock—then drove to Huntly Burn and walkd home thence, going by the new plantations which seem well laid out and planted. I returnd by four. Dined and wrote after dinner so that it was an active an[d] useful day—five leaves were the produce.

March 15.—Up and at work as usual. John Fergusson came to breakfast and staid till eleven. After this I workd untill two o'clock when I made calls with Anne on Dr. Brewster who seems much satisfied with the composition between the rival gas companics—then to Mr. Bainbridge and to honest Tom Bruce's who has just married a pretty frank-looking young woman. Asked them to dine on Thursday. This evening again there is nothing to say except that I sipt my whisky and water smoaked my segars and then went again to work for two hours. Five leaves again were the produce of the day.

March 16.—The same record applies to these three days. From seven to half-past nine writing—from half-past nine to a quarter past ten a hearty breakfast. From eleven or thereby, to one or two, write again, and from one or two ride, drive, or walk till dinner-time—for two or three hours—five till seven, dine and rest yourself—seven till nine, write two pages more, from nine to quarter past ten lounge, read the papers, and then go to bed. If your story be tolerably formed you may, I think, keep at this rate for twelve days, which would be a volume. But no brain could hold it out longer. Wrote two additional leaves in the evening.

March 17.—Sent away "copy" this morning to J. B. with proofs. I then wrote all the day till two o'clock, walkd round the thicket and by the water-side and returning

set to work again. So that I have finished five leaves before dinner, and may discuss two more if I can satisfy myself with the way of winding up the story. There are always at the end such a plaguy number of stitches to take up, which usually are never so well done but they make a botch. I will try if the segar will inspire me. Hitherto I have been pretty clear, and I see my way well enough, only doubt of making others see it with sufficient simplicity. But it is near five, and I am too hungry to write more.¹

“Ego nunquam potui scribere jejunos.”

March 18.—I was sorely² worried by the black dog this morning, that vile palpitation of the heart—that *tremor cordis*—that hysterical passion which forces unbidden sighs and tears, and falls upon a contented life like a drop of ink on white paper, which is not the less a stain because it conveys no meaning. I wrought three leaves, however, and the story goes on. I dined at the Club of the Selkirkshire yeomanry, now disbanded.

“The Eldridge knight gave up his arms
With many a sorrowful sigh.”

The dissolution of the Yeomanry was the act of the last ministry. The present did not alter the measure on account of the expense saved. I am one of the oldest if not the very oldest Yeoman in Scotland and have seen the rise progress and now the fall of this very constitutional part of the national force. Its efficacy on occasions of insurrection was sufficiently proved in the Radical time. But besides it kept up a spirit of harmony between the proprietors of land and the occupiers, and made them known to and beloved by each other and it gave to the young men a sort of military and high-spirited character which always does honour to a country. The manufacturers are in great glee on this occasion. I wish Parliament as they have turned the Yeomen adrift somewhat scornfully may not have occasion to roar them in again.³

¹ *Saint Valentine's Eve*, or *The Fair Maid of Perth*.

² “solely” in photostat.

³ *Coriolanus*, Act iv. Sc. 6.

March 19.—I applied myself again to my labour, my mind flowing in a less gloomy current than yesterday. I laboured with little intermission excepting a walk as far as Faldonside with the dogs and at night I had not finished more than three leaves. But, indeed, it is pretty fair ; I must not work my brains too hard in case of provoking the hypochondria which extreme exertion or entire indolence are equally unfavourable ¹ to.

March 20.—Thomson breakfasted. I left him soon, being desirous to finish my labours. The volume is finishd, all but one fourth or somewhat shorter ; four days should despatch it easily, but I have letters to write and things are getting into disorder. I took a drive with my daughter for exercise and calld at Huntly Burn. This evening went on with work as usual. There was not above four pages finishd, but my conscience is quiet on my exertions.

March 21.—I received young Whitebank to breakfast and talkd gencalogy which he understands well. I have not a head for it. I only value it as interspersed with anecdote. Whitebank's relationship and mine exists by the Shaws. A younger brother of Shaw of Sauchie, afterwards Greenock, chief of the name, was minister of the Kirk of Selkirk. My great-grandfather, John Rutherford, minister of the gospel at Yarrow, married one of this reverend gentleman's daughters ; and John Pringle, rector of Fogo, great-grandfather of the present Whitebank, married another. It was Christian Shaw, my grandmother, who possessed the manuscript respecting the murder of the Shaws by the Master of Sinclair.² She could not according to the reckoning of that age be a distant relation. Whitebank parted, agreeing to return to dinner to meet the bride and bridegroom. I had little time to write, for Colonel Russell, my cousin, called between one and two, and he also agreed to stay dinner ; so I had a walk of three hours with him in the plantations. At dinner we had Mr. and Mrs. Bruce, Mr. Scrope, Mrs. and Dr. Brewster,

¹ If extreme exertion and entire indolence alike bring on hypochondria (the "black dog"), they should rather be described as "favourable" to it.

² See *Journal*, Sept. 30, 1827.

Whitebank, Russell, and young Nicol Milne, who will be a pleasant lad if he had a little polish. I was glad of the society, as I had rather felt the *besoin de parler*, which was perhaps one cause of my recent dumps. Scrope and Colonel Russell staid all night. The rest went home.

March 22.—Ha'd a packet fr[om] James—low about the novel but I had another from Cadell equall[y] uppish. He proposes for threc novels in eighteen months, which would be £12,600. Well—I like the bookseller's predictions better than the printer's. Neither are bad judges but James who is the best is not sensible of historical descriptions and likes your novel stile out and out.

Cadell's letter also contained a state of cash matters—since much improved. I will arrange these a day or two hence. I wrote to-day and took a long walk. The thought more than once pressd on me, Why go to London? I shall but throw away £150 or £200 which were better saved. Then on the other hand it is such a gratification to see all the children that I must be tempted. If I were alone, I could scrub it, but there is no doing that with Anne.

March 23.—I wrought regularly till one, and then took the wood and marked out to Tom the places I would have thind, particularly at the Carlin's hole, which will require much thinning. I had a letter from Cadell stating that 3000 *Tales of a Grandfather* must go to press, hence a return to me of £240, the price being £80 per thousand. This is snug enough, and will prettily cover my London journey, and I really think ought in fairness to silence my prudential remorse. With my usual delight in catching an apology for escaping the regular task of the day, I threw by the novel of *Saint Valentine's Eve* and began to run through and correct the *Grandfather's Tales* for the press. If I live to finish them, they will be a good thing for my younger children. If I work to the amount of £10,000 a year for the creditors, I think I may gain a few hundreds for my own family at bye hours.

March 24.—Sent "copy" and proofs to J. B. I

continued my revision of the *Tales of [a] Grandfather* till half-past one. Then went to Torwoodlee to wait on George Pringle and his bride. We did not see the young people, but the old Laird and Miss Pringle gave us a warm reception and seemd very happy on the occasion. We had friends to dinner, Mr. and Mrs. Theobauld, Charles Ker and his wife, my old acquaintance Magdalen Hepburn, whose whole [kin] was known to me and mine. I have now seen the fifth generation of the family in Mrs. Kerr's little girl who travels with them. Well—I partly wish we had been alone. Yet it is perhaps better. We made our day out tolerably well, having the advantage of Mr. Davidoff and his friend Mr. Colyar to assist us.

March 25.—Mr. and Mrs. Kerr left us—Mr. Davidoff and Mr. Colyar also. Mr. Davidoff showed himself a good [deal] affected. I hope well of this young nobleman and trust the result will justify my expectations, but it may be doubted if his happiness be well considered by those who sent a young person, destined to spend his life under a despotic government, to receive the ideas and opinions of such a people so popular as we are :

“ where ignorance is bliss,
’Tis folly to be wise.”

We drove as far as Yair with Mr. and Mrs. Theobauld. The lady read after dinner—and read well.

March 26.—The Theobaulds left us, giving me time to work a little. A walk of two hours diversified my day. I received Cadell's scheme for the new edition. I fear the trustees will think Cadell's plan expensive in the execution. Yet he is right ; for, to ensure a return of speedy sale, the new edition should [be] both handsome and cheap. He proposes size at a Royal 12mo, with a capital engraving to each volume from a design by the best artists in [the] land. This infers a monstrous expense, but in the present humour of the public ensures the sale. [The] price will be 5/- per volume, and the whole set, 32 volumes, from *Waverley* to *Woodstock* included, will be eight pound.

March 27.—This also was a day of labour, affording only my usual interval of a walk. Five or six sheets was the result. We now appropinque an end. My story has unhappily a divided interest. There are three distinct strands of the rope, and they are not well twisted together. "Ah, Sirs, a foul fawt," as Captain Jamy says.

March 28.—The days have little to distinguish each other—very little—the morning study, the noontide walk, all monotonous and inclined to be melancholy—God help me! But I have not had any nervous attack. Read *Tales of an Antiquary*, one of the chime of bells which I have some hand in setting a-ringing. He is really entitled to the name of an antiquary; but he has too much description in proportion to the action. There is a capital wardrobe of properties, but the performers do not act up to their character.

March 29.—Finishd Vol. 3rd this morning. I have let no grass grow beneath my heels this bout.

Mr. Cadell with J. and A. Ballantyne came to dinner. Mr. and Mrs. George Pringle, new married, dined with us with old Torwoodlee. Sandie's musick made the evening go sweetly down.

March 30.—A long discourse with Cadell, canvassing his scheme. He proposes I should go on immediatly with the new novel. This will furnish a fund from which may be supplied the advances necessary for the new work, which are considerable, and may reach from £4000 to £8000—the last sum quite improbable—before it makes returns. Thus we can face the expenditure necessary to set on foot our great work. I have written to recommend the plan to John Gibson. This theme renewed from time to time during the forenoon. Dr. Clarkson¹ dined with us. We smoked and had whisky and water after.

March 31.—Settled with Mr. Cadell in the morning. Our accompt stood as under—

¹ "In Mr. Gideon Gray, in *The Surgeon's Daughter*, Sir Walter's neighbours on Tweedside saw a true picture—a portrait from life of Scott's hard-riding and sagacious old friend to all the country dear."—*Life*, ch. lxxiv.

Mr. Cadell receivd from Treuttel and Wurz .	£52 10 0
By receipt Salary	250
By profit on 5000 <i>Tales of My Grandfather</i> .	400

Mr. Cadell has paid—

To Anne housekeeping	£50
To taxes Jedburgh	33
To Potts & Co. London	34
To my acct. Hay & Corn, Thompson .	37
Remitted to Mr. Lang	147
Stamps, &c.	1
	<hr/> 302

Cash in gold & notes for Journey . . .	400
	50
Remains with Cadell at my credit . . .	<hr/> 350
Left receipts for cash in Exchequer . . .	150

Total credit with Mr. Cadell . . . £500

Cash remitted to Mr. Lang as on opposite side	£147
Cash in purse	3

Total cash . . . £150

Tom Purdie	£25
To Lochend rent	£34
On coal account	23 15
On corn account	23 9
Oil for Gas &c.	

	£105
Again Clarkson's Acct ^t	10
Miss Scott	5
Charity & incidents	2

147

Ballance	3
Cash for travelling—from Cadell . . .	50
English Bank Note	200
In Coutts' by revi[e]w	100

Total Cash . . . £353

Such being the state of my finance I left with Cadell orders to discharge about £300 of bills and remit £40 to Mrs. Macdonald the housekeeper. So that his fund can only be reckoned at £500 *minus* £340 or £160 ballance.

The Ballantynes and Cadell left us in high spirits, expecting much from the new undertaking, and I believe they are not wrong. As for me, I became torpid after a great influx of morning visitors.

“ I grew vapourish and odd,
And would [not] do the least right thing,
Neither for goddess nor for god—
Nor paint nor jest nor laugh, nor sing.”

I was quite reluctant to write letters, or do anything whatsoever, and yet I should surely write to Sir Cuthbert Sharpe and Surtees. We dined alone. I was main stupid, indeed, and much disposed to sleep, though my dinner was very moderate.

APRIL

April 1.—All Fools' day, the only Saint that keeps up some degree of credit in the world, for fools we are with a vengeance. On this memorable festival we played the fool with great decorum at Colone^l Fergusson's, going to visit them in a cold morning. In the evening I had a distressing letter from Mrs. MacBarnet, or some such name, the daughter of Captain Macpherson, smothered in a great snow storm. They are very angry at the *Review* for telling a rawhead and bloody bones story about him. I have given the right version of the tale willingly, but this does not satisfy. I almost wish they would turn out a clansman to be free of the cumber. The vexation of having to do with ladies, who on such a point must be unreasonable, is very great. With a man it would be soon ended or mended. It really hurts my sleep.

April 2.—I wrote the lady as civilly as I could, explaining why I made no further apology, which may do some good. Then a cursed morning of putting to rights, which drives

me well-nigh mad. At two or three I must go to a funeral—a happy and interesting relief from my employment. It is a man I am sorry for, who married my old servant, Bell Ormiston. He was an excellent person in his way—a capital mason—a great curler.

April 3.—Set off at eight o'clock, and fought forward to Carlisle—a sad place in my domestic remembrances, since here I married my poor Charlotte. She is gone, and I am following faster, perhaps, than I wott of. It is something to have lived and loved; and our poor children are so hopeful and affectionate, that it chastens the sadness attending the thoughts of our separation. We slept at Carlisle. I have not forgiven them for destroying their quiet old walls, and building two lumpy things like mad-houses. The old gates had such a respectable appearance even,

“When Scotsmen’s heads did guard the wall.”

Come, I’ll write down the whole stanza, which is all that was known to exist of David Hume’s poetry and was written on a pane of glass in the inn:—

“Here chicks in eggs for breakfast sprawl,
Here godless boys God’s glories squall,
Here Scotsmen’s heads do guard the wall,
But Corby’s walks attone for all.”

The poetical works of David Hume, Esq., might, as book-makers know how, be *driven out* to a hands[ome] quarto. Line 1st admits of a descant upon eggs roasted, boild or poachd—Second, a history of the Carlisle Cathedral with some reasons why the choir there has been proverbially execrable—Third, the whole history of 1745 with minute memoirs of such as mounted guard on the Scotch gate. I remember the spikes the heads stood upon. Lastly, a description of Corby Castle with a plan and the genealogy of the Howards. Gad, the booksellers would give me five hundred for it. I have a mind to print it for the Bannatynians.

April 4.—In our stage to Penrith I introduced Anne to the ancient Petreia, calld Old Penrith, and also to the

grave of Sir Ewain Cæsarias, that knight with the puzzling name who has got more indistinct. We breakfasted at Buchanan's Inn Penrith one of the best on the road and a fine staunch fellow ownd it. He refused passage to some of [the] delegates who traversed the country during the Radical row, and when the worthies threatend him with popular vengeance, answerd gallantly that he had not lived so long by the Crown to desert [it] at a pinch. The Crown is the sign of his inn. Slept at Garstang, an indifferent house. As a petty grievance, my ink-holder broke loose in the case, and spilt some of the ink on Anne's pelisse. Misfortunes seldom come single.

“ 'Tis not alone the inky cloak, good daughter,”

but I forgot at Garstang my two breastpins ; one with Walter and Jane's hair, another a harp of pure Irish gold, the gift of the ladies of Llangollen.¹

April 5.—Breakfasted at Chorley, and slept at Leek. We were in the neighbourhood of some fine rock scenery, but the day was unfavourable ; besides, I did not come from Scotland to see rocks, I trow.

April 6.—Easter Sunday. We breakfasted at Ashbourne and went from thence to Derby ; and set off from thence to Draycot Hall (five miles) to visit Hugh Scott. But honest Hugh was, like ourselves, on the ramble ; so we had nothing to do but to drive back to Derby, and from thence to Tamworth. where we slept.

April 7.—We visited the Castle in the morning. It is inhabited by a brother-in-law of the proprietor ; and who is the proprietor ? “ Why, Mr. Robins,” said the fat housekeeper. This was not a name quite according with the fine chivalrous old hall, in which there was no small quantity [of] armour, and odds and ends, which I would have been glad to possess. “ Well, but madam, before Mr. Robins bought the place, who was the proprietor ? ” “ Lord Charles Townshend, sir.” This would not do neither—But a genealogy hanging above the chimney-piece informd me that the Ferrars were the ancient possessors

¹ Scott paid a visit to these ladies in the autumn of 1825 (*Life*, ch. lxiii).

of the mansion, which indeed the horseshoes in the shield over the Castle gate might have intimated. Tamworth is a fine old place—neglected but therefore more like hoar antiquity. The keep is round. The apartments appear to have been modernized *tempore Jacⁱ Imⁱ*. There was a fine demipique saddle, said to have been that of James 2^d. The pommel rose, and finished off in the form of a swan's crest, capital for a bad horseman to hold on by.

To show Anne what was well worth seeing we visited Kenilworth. The relentless rain only allowed us a glimpse of these memorable ruins. Well! the last time I was here, in 1815, these trophies of time were quite neglected. Now they approach so much nearer the splendour of Thunder-ten-tronck, as to have a door at least, if not windows.¹ They are, in short, preserved and protected. So much for the Novels. I observed decent children begging here, a thing uncommon in England: and I recollect the same unseemly practice formerly.

We went to Warwick Castle. The neighbourhood of Leamington, a watering-place of some celebrity, has obliged the family to decline showing the Castle after ten o'clock. I tried the virtue of an old acquaintance with Lord Warwick and wrote to him, he [being] busy in the Courthouse where the assizes were sitting. After some delay we were admitted and I found my old friend Mrs. Hume in the most perfect preservation though as she tells me now 88. She went through her duty wonderfully, though now and then she complained of her memory. She has laid aside a mass of black plumes which she wore on her head, and which resembled the casque in the Castle of Otranto. Warwick Castle is still the noblest sight in England. Lord and Lady Warwick came home from the Court, and received us most kindly. We lunched with them, but declined further hospitality. When I was last here and for many years before, the unfortunate circumstances of the late Lord W. threw an air of neglect about

¹ Monsieur le baron était un des plus puissants seigneurs de la Vestphalie, car son château avait une porte et des fenêtres (*Candide*, ch. 1).

everything. I believe the fine collection of pictures would have been sold by distress, if Mrs. Hume, my friend, had not redeemed them at her own cost. I was pleas'd to see Lord Warwick show my old friend kindness and attention. We visited the monuments of the Nevilles and Beauchamps, names which make the heart thrill. The monuments are highly preserved. We concluded the day at Stratford-upon-Avon.

April 8.—We visited the tomb of the mighty wizzard. It is in the bad taste of James Ist's reign; but what a magic does the locality possess! There are stately monuments of forgotten families; but when you have seen Shakspeare['s] what care we for the rest. All around is Shakspeare['s] exclusive property. I noticed the monument of his friend John a Combe immortalized as drawing forth a brief satirical notice of four lines.

After breakfast I ask'd after Mrs. Ormsby, the old mad woman who was for some time tenant of Shakspeare's house, and conceived herself to be descended from the immortal poet. I learn'd she was dying. I thought to send her a sovereign; but this extension of our tour has left me no more than will carry me through my journey, and I do not like to run short upon the road. So I take credit for my good intention, and—keep my sovereign—a cheap and not unusual mode of giving charity.

Learning from Washington Irving's description of Stratford that the hall of Sir Thomas Lucy, the justice who render'd Warwickshire too hot for Shakspeare and drove him to London, was still extant, we went in quest of it.

Charlecote is in high preservation and inhabited by Mr. Lucy, descendant of the worshipful Sir Thomas. The Hall is about three hundred years old, an old brick structure with a gate-house in advance. It is surrounded by venerable oaks, realising the imagery which Shakespeare loved so well to dwell upon; rich verdant pastures extend on every side, and numerous herds of deer were reposing in the shade. All show'd that the Lucy family had retain'd their "land and beeves." While we were surveying the antler'd old hall, with its painted glass and family pictures, Mr. Lucy

came to wellcome us in person, and to show the house, with the collection of paintings, which seems valuable, and to which he has made many valuable additions.

He told me the park from which Shakspeare stole the buck was not that which surrounds Charlecote, but belonged to a mansion at some distance where Sir Thomas Lucy resided at the time of the trespass. The tradition went that they hid the buck in a barn, part of which was standing a few years ago but now totally decayd. This park no longer belongs to the Lucys. The house bears no marks of decay, but seems the abode of ease and opulence. There were some fine old books, and I was told of many more which were not in order. How odd if a folio Shakspeare could be found amongst them ! Our early breakfast did not prevent my taking advantage of an excellent repast offered by the kindness of Mr. and Mrs. Lucy, the last a lively Welshwoman. This visit gave me great pleasure ; it really brought Justice Shallow freshly before my eyes ; the luces in his arms “ which do become an old coat well ” were not more plainly pourtrayed in his own armorials in the hall-window than was his person in my mind’s eye. There is a picture shown as that of the old Sir Thomas, but Mr. Lucy conjectures it represents his son. There were three descents of the same name of Thomas. The party hath “ the eye severe, and beard of formal cutt,” which fills up with judicial austerity the otherwise social physiognomy of the worshipful presence, with his “ fair round belly with fat capon lined.”

We resumed our journey. I may mention among the pictures at Charlecote one called a Roman Knight, which seemd to me very fine—Teniers’ marriage, in which, contrary to the painter’s wont, only persons of distinction are represented, but much in the attitude in which he delights to present his boors ; two hawking pieces by Wouvermans, very fine specimens, *cum aliis*.

We took our way by Edgehill, and looked over the splendid richness of the fine prospect from a sort of gazebo or modern antique tower, the place of a Mr. Miller. It is not easy to conceive a richer and more peaceful scene

than ¹ that which stretchd before us, and strife, or the memory of strife, seems to have nothing to do [with it].

“ But man records his own disgrace,
And Edgehill lives in history.”

We got on to Buckingham, an ugly though I suppose an ancient town. Thence to Aylesbury through the wealth of England,—the scene of the old ballad—

“ Neither drunk nor sober, but neighbour to both,
I met with a man in Aylesbury vale ;
I saw by his face that he was in good case,
To speak no great harm of a pot of good ale.”

We slept at Aylesbury. The landlord, who seemd sensible, told me that the land round the town, being the richest in England, lets at £3, or £3, 10s. and some so high as £4 per acre. *But* the poors rates are 13s. to the pound. Now, my Whitehaugh at Huntly Burn yielded at last set £4 per acre.

April 9.—We got to town about mid-day, and found Sophia, Lockhart, and the babies quite well—delighted with their companion Charles,² and he enchanted with his occupation in the Foreign Office. I looked into my cash and found £53 had diminishd on the journey down to about £3. In former days a journey to London cost about £30 or thirty guineas. It may now cost one-fourth more. But I own I like to pay postilions and waiters rather more liberally than perhaps is right. I hate grumbling and sour faces ; and the whole saving will not exceed a guinea or two for being cursd and damnd from Dan to Beersheba. We had a joyful meeting, I promise you.

April 10.—I spent the morning in bringing up my journal ; interrupted by two of those most sedulous visitants who had objects of their own to serve, and smelld out my arrival as the raven scents carrion—a vile comparaison, though what better is an old fellow, mauld with rheumatism and other deplorables ? Went out at two and saw Miss Dumergue and other old friends—Sotheby in particular

¹ “ that ” in photostat.

² “ Walter ” in photostat.

less changed than any one I have seen. Looked in at Murray's and ren[c]wd old habits. This great city seems almost a waste to me, so many of my friends are gone. Walter and Jane coming up, the whole family dined together and were very happy. The children joined in our festivity. My name-son, a bright and blue-eyed rogue, with flaxen hair, screams and laughs like an April morning ; and the baby is that species of dough which is called a fine baby. I care not for children till they care a little for me.

April 11.—Cash matters in London

Cash in Coutts	£300	
But by cash given to Charles by Lockhart for club, &c.	£35	
Therefore cash	—	£265
By cheque		£50
In bank		£215 0 0
In purse	£3	
John (Ballance of Acco ^t)	£2	
	£1	
By cheque on Coutts	50	
In purse		50
To Anne to account of £50 pocket money	£20	
To Charles	20	
To sundries	3	
	—	43
In purse		£7
John Balance due on his book	£5	
Do. to acct.	2	
	—	7
		£0 0 0

Made calls, walked myself tired ; saw Rogers, Sharpe, Sotheby, and other old friends. Dined.

April 12.—Dinner at home ; a little party of Sophia's in the evening. Sharpe told me that one evening being at Sheridan's house with a large party, Tom S. came to him as the night drew late, and said in a whisper, "I advise you to secure a wax-light to go to bed with," shewing him at the same time a morsel which he had stolen from a sconce. Sharpe followed his advice, and had reason to be thankful for the hint. Tired and sleepy, I make a bad night watcher.

April 13.—Amused myself by converting the *Tale of the Misterious Mirror* into *Aunt Margaret's Mirror*, designed for Heath's what-dye-call-it. Cadell will not like this, but I cannot afford to have my goods thrown back upon my hands. The tale is a good one, and is said actually to have happend to Lady Prinrose, my great-grandmother having attended her sister on the occasion. Dined with Miss Dumergue. My proofs from Edinburgh reachd to-day and occupied me all the morning.

April 14.—Laboured at proofs and got them sent off, per Mr. Freeling's cover. So there's an end of the *Chronicles*.¹ James rejoices in the conclusion, where there is battle and homicide of all kinds. Always politic to keep a trot for the avenue, like the Irish postillions. J. B. always calls to the boys to flog before the carriage gets out of the inn-yard. How we have driven the stage I know not and care not—except with a view to extricating my difficulties. I have lost no time in beginning the second series of *Grandfather's Tales*, being determined to write as much as I can even here, and deserve by industry the soft pillow I sleep on for the moment.

There is a good scene supposed to have happend between Sam Rogers and a lady of fashion—the reporter, Lord Dudley. Sam enters, takes a stool, creeps close to the lady's side who asks his opinion of the last new poem or novel—In a pathetic voice the spectre replies—"My opinion? I like it very much—but the world don't like it—But, indeed, I begin to think the world wrong in everything—except with regard [to] *you*." Now, Rogers either

¹ *Saint Valentine's Eve, or The Fair Maid of Perth.*

must have said this somewhere, or he has it yet to say. We dined at Lord Melville's.

April 15.—Got the lamentable news that Terry is totally bankrupt. This is a most unexpected blow, though his carelessness about money matters was very great. Old debts it seems. God help the poor fellow! He has been ill-advised to go abroad, but now returns to stand the storm—Old debts, it seems, with principal and interest accumulated, and all the items which load a falling man. And wife such a good and kind creature, and children. Alack! alack! I sought out his solicitor. There are £7000 or more to pay, and the only fund his share in the Adelphi Theatre, worth £5000 and upwards, and then so fine a chance of independence lost. That comes of not being explicit with his affairs. The theatre was a most flourishing concern. I went down to his solicitors and looked at the books and since have seen Yates. The ruin is inevitable, but I think they will not keep him in prison, but let him earn his bread by his very considerable talents. I shall lose the whole or part of £500 which I lent him, but that is the least of my concern. I hope the theatre is quite good for guaranteeing certain payments in 1829 and 1830. I judge they are in no danger.

I should have gone to the Club to-day, but Sir James Mackintosh had mistaken the day. I was glad of it, so staid at home and smoked with Lockhart.

It is written that nothing shall flourish under my shadow—the Ballantynes, Terry, Nelson, Weber, all came to distress. Nature has written on my brow, “Your shade shall be broad, but there shall be no protection derived from it to aught you favour.”

Sate and smoked and grumbled with Lockhart. I brought him to a point though—on which I am to touch up S[ir] W[illiam] Knighton.

Another vexation. Lord Minto is disposed to quarrel with my tie¹ with Sir William Scott about the contest

¹ Douglas did not print this paragraph. The *O.E.D.* which quotes an instance of the verb “tie” (“pair”) quotes no instance of the substantive so used.

between Oliver and young Elliot for the Collectorship of the cess. This is very illiberal for I had even refused to influence my own friends against Elliot. I will if this be adhered to do him as much harm as I can & I will go down to vote though I should travel day and night.

April 16.—We dined at Dr. Young's; saw Captain Parry, a handsome and pleasant man. In the evening at Mrs. Cunliffe, where I met sundry old friends—grown older——

April 17.—Made up my "Gurnal," which had fallen something behind. In this phantasmagorical place the objects of the day come and depart like shadows. Made calls. Gave Harper's ¹ Memorial to Lord Leveson Gower. Went to Murray, where I met a Mr. Jacob, a great oeconomist. He is proposing a mode of supporting the poor by compelling them to labour by military force and under a species of military discipline. I see no objection to it, only it will make a rebellion to a certainty; and the tribes of Jacob will certainly cut Jacob's throat.

Had an interesting interview with S. W. K. who is leaving the country on a secret mission. He seems impressed with the importance of the facts I stated and refers me to Peele. His communication of the purpose respecting L. is perfectly reasonable and satisfactory. If my journey do no more, thus far [it] has been well done.

Sir Frederick Watson——²

Canning's conversion from popular opinions was strangely brought round. While he was studying at the Temple and rather en[ter]taining revolutionary opinions Godwin sent to say that he was coming to breakfast with him to speak on a subject of the highest importance. Canning knew little of him, but received his visit and learned to his astonishment that in expectation of a new order of things the English Jacobins desired to place him (Canning) at the head of their expected revolution. He was much struck, and asked time to think what course

¹ Probably the donor of the enus (see entry of July 17, 1827). Douglas printed "[C. K.] Sharpe's."

² Sentence unfinished.

he should take—and having thought the matter over he went to Mr. Pitt and made the Anti-Jacobin confession of faith in which he persevered untill——¹ Canning himself mentioned this to Sir W. [Knighton], upon occasion of giving a place in the Charter-house, of some ten pound a year, to Godwin's brother. He could scarce do less for one who had offerd him the dictator's curule chair.

Dined with Rogers with all my own family, and met Sharpe, Lord John Russell, Jekyll, and others. The conversation flaggd as usual, and jokes were fired like minute guns, producing an effect not much less melancholy. A wit should always have an atmosphere congenial to him, otherwise he will not shine. Went to Lady Davy's, where I saw the kind face, and heard the no less friendly greeting, of Lady Selkirk, who introduced all her children to me.

April 18.—Breakfasted with Joanna Baillie, and found that gifted person extremely well, and in the display of all her native knowlege of character and benevolence. She looks more aged, however. I would give as much to have a capital picture of her as for any portrait in the world. She gave me a manuscript play to read upon Witchcraft.² Dined with the Dean of Chester, Dr. Philpot.

“Where all above us was a solemn row
Of priests and deacons, so were all below.”

There were the amiable Bishop of London (Howley), Copplestone,³ whom I remember a first man at Oxford, now Bishop of Chester,⁴ and Dean of St Paul's, and other dignities of whom I knew less. It was a very pleasant day—the wiggs against the wits for a guinea in point of conversation. Anne looked queer and much disposed to laugh at finding herself placed betwixt two prelates.

April 19.—Breakfasted with Sir George Philips. Had his receipt against the blossoms being injured by frost. It consists in watering them plentifully before sunrise. This is like the mode of thawing beef. We had a pleasant morning, much the better that Morritt was with us. He has agreed to go to Hampton Court with us to-morrow.

¹ Sentence unfinished.

² See entry of July 22, 1827.

³ Copleston.

⁴ An error for Llandaff.

Mr. Reynolds called on me about the drawing of the Laird's Jock ; he is assiduous and attentive, but a little forward. Poor Gillies also call'd. Both ask'd me to dinner, but I refused. I do not incline to make what is call'd literary acquaintances ; and as for poor G., it is wild to talk about his giving dinner to others, when he can hardly get credit for his own.

Dined with Sir Robert Henry Inglis and met Sir Thomas Ackland my old and kind friend. I was happy to see him. He may be consider'd now as the head of the religious party in the House of Commons, a powerful body which Wilberforce long commanded. It is a difficult situation, for the adaptation of religious motives to earthly policy is apt—among the infinite delusions of the human heart—to be a snare. But I could confide much in Sir T. Ackland's honour and integrity. Bishop Bloomfield of [Chester], one of the most learned prelates of the church, also dined.

Coming home, an Irish coachman drove us into a *cul de sac*, near Battersca Bridge. We were obliged to get out in the rain. The people admitted us into their houses, where they were having their bit of supper, assisted with lights, etc., and, to the honour of London, neither ask'd nor expected gratification. I grieve to say poor little Johnie is very ill again. It will not perhaps be unlucky if we are obliged to return, to give Sophia an opportunity of going to Brighton.

April 20.—We went to Walter's quarters in a body, and saw Hampton Court, with which I was more struck than when I saw it for the first time, about 1806. The pictures are not very excellent, but they are curious, which is as interesting, except to connoisseurs. Two I particularly remarked, of James I. and Charles I. eating in public. The old part of the palace, built by Wolsey, is extremely fine. Two handsome halls are still preserved : one, the ceiling of which is garnished, at the crossing and combining of the arches, with the recurring heads of Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn—great stinginess in Henry, for these ornaments must have been put up after Wolsey's fall. He could surely afford a diversity of this species of ornament if any

man could. Formerly, when the palace was complete, a fishing-house extended into, or rather over, the river. We had a good dinner from Walter, and wended merrily home. Miss Dumergue was of the party and was well amused.

I had a private and satisfactory interview with Mr Peele.

April 21.—Dining is the principal act of the day in London. We took ours at Kensington with Croker. There was Theodore Hooke and other witty men. He looks unhealthy and bloated. There was something, I know not what, wanting to the cheerfulness of the party—

“And silence like a heavy cloud,
O'er all the warriors hung.”

If the general report of Croker's retiring be accurate, it may account for this.

April 22.—Sophia left this to take down poor Johnnie to Brighton. I fear—I fear—but we must hope the best. Anne went with her sister.

Lockhart and I dined with Sotheby, where we met a large dining party, the orator of which was that extraordinary man Coleridge. After eating a hearty [dinner,] during which he spoke not a word, he began a most learned harangue on the Samo-thracian Misteries—which he considered as affording the germ of all tales about fairies past, present, and to come. He then diverged to Homer, whose Iliad he considered as a collection of poems by different authors at different times during a century. There was, he said, the individuality of an age, but not of a country. Morritt a zealous worshipper of the old bard was incensed at a system which would turn him into a polytheist, gave battle with keenness, and was joined by Sotheby, our host. Mr. Coleridge behaved with the utmost complaisance and temper, but relaxed not from his exertions. “Zounds! I was never so bethumped with words.” Morritt's impatience must have cost him an extra sixpence worth of snuff.

We went to Lady Davy's in the evening, where there was a fashionable party.

April 23.—Dined at Lady Davy's with Lord and Lady Lansdowne and several other fashionable folks. My keys were sent to Bramah's with my desk, so I have not had the mean of putting matters down regularly for several days; but who cares for the whipd cream of London society? Our poor little Johnnie is extremely ill and his mother has taken him down to Brighton—my fears have been uniform for this engaging child—We are in God's hands. But the comfortable and happy object of my journey is ended,—Seged Emperor of Ethiopia¹ was right after all.

April 24.—Spent the day in rectifying a road bill which drew a turnpike road through all the Darnickers' cottages, and a good field of my own. I got it put to rights.² I was in some apprehension of being obliged to address the Committee. I did not fear them, for I suppose they are no wiser or better in their capacity of legislators than I find them every day at dinner. But I feared for my reputation. They would have expected something better than (*sic*) the occasion demanded or the individual could produce and there would have been a failure.

April 25.—Threatend to be carried down to vote at the election of a Collector of the Cess. Resolvd if I did go to carry my son with me, which [would have] made me a double vote. Had some disagreeable correspondence about this with Lord Minto and the Sheriff.

We had one or two persons at home in great wretchedness to dinner. Lockhart's looks showed the misery he felt. I was not able to make any fight, and the evening went off as heavily as any I ever spent in the course of my life.

Finishd my Turnpike business by getting the exceptionable clauses omitted, which will be good news to Darnick. Put all the *Mirror* in proof and corrected it. This is the contribution (part of it) to Mr. Reynolds' and Heath's *Keepsake*.

I put my copies of the *Provincial Antiquities* into Heath's hands to dispose of. They are twenty proof and one

¹ Johnson's *Rambler*.

² "writes" in photostat.

copy plain—worth I should think about £100—a fellow has offered £80.

We dined at Richardson's with the two chief Barons of England¹ and Scotland¹—Odd enough, the one being a Scotsman and the latter an Englishman—Far the pleasantest day we have had²; I suppose I am partial, but I think the lawyers beat the bishops, and the bishops beat the wits.

April 26.—This morning I went to meet a remarkable man, Mr. Boyd of the house of Boyd, Benfield & Co., which broke for a very large sum at the beginning of the war. Benfield went to the devil, I believe. Boyd, a man of a very different stamp, went over to Paris to look after some large claims which his house had over the French Government. They were such as it seems they could not disavow, however they might be disposed to do so. But they used every effort by foul means and fair to induce Mr. Boyd to depart. He was reduced to poverty—he was thrown into prison—and the most flattering prospects were, on the other hand, held out to him if he would compromise his claims. His answer was uniform. It was the property, he said, of his creditors, and he would die ere he resigned it. His distresses were so great that a subscription was made among his Scottish friends, to which I was a contributor, through the request of poor Will Erskine. After the peace of Paris the money was restored, and, faithful to the last, Boyd laid the whole at his creditors' disposal (*sic*); stating, at the same time, that he was penniless unless they consented to allow him a moderate sum³ in name of percentage, in consideration of twenty years of danger, poverty, and im[prisonment], all of which evils he might have escaped by surrendering their rights to the money. Will it be believed that a muck-worm was base enough to refuse his consent to this deduction, alleging he had promised to his father on his death-bed never to compromise this debt? The wretch however was over-

¹ The Right Hon. Sir W. Alexander and Sir Samuel Shepherd.

² "heard" in photostat.

³ "some" in photostat.

powered by the execrations of all around him, and concurred with others in setting apart for Mr. Boyd a sum of £40,000 or £50,000 out of half a million of money.¹ This is a man to whom statues should be erected, and pilgrims should go to see him. He is good-lookin[g], but old and infirm. Bright dark eyes and eyebrows contrast with his snowy hair, and all his features mark vigour of principle and resolution. My [friend] Morritt dined with us, and we did as well as in the circumstances could be expected.

Released from the alarm of being summonsd down to the election by a civil letter from Lord Minto. I am glad both of the release and of the manner. I hate civil war amongst neighbours.

April 27.—Breakfasted this day with Charles Dumergue on a *poulet à la tartare*, and saw all his family, specially my godson. Calld on Lady Stafford and others, and dined at Croker's in the Admiralty, with the Duke of Wellington, Huskisson, Wilmot Horton, and others, outs and inns. No politics of course, and every man disguising serious thoughts with a light brow. The Duke alone seemd open, though not letting out a word. He is one of the few whose lips are worth watching. I heard him say to-day that the best troops would run now and then. He thought nothing of men running, he said, providing they came back again. In war he had always his reserves. Poor Terry was here when I returnd. He seems to see his matters in a delusive light.

April 28.—An attack this day or yesterday from poor Gillies, boring me hard to apply to Menzies of Pitfoddels to entreat him to lend him money. I could not get him to understand that I was decidedly averse to write to another gentleman with whom I was hardly acquainted to do that which I would not do myself. Tom Campbell is in miserable distress—his son insane—his wife on the point of becoming so. *I nunc, et versus tecum meditare* ² *canoros*.

¹ Walter Boyd at this time was M.P. for Lymington; he had been a banker in Paris and in London; was the author of several well-known tracts on finance, and died in 1837. See *D.N.B.*

² *deditary* in photostat.

We, *i.e.* Charles and I, dined at Sir Francis Freeling's with Colonel Harrison of the Board of Green Cloth, Dr. [Maltby]¹ of Lincoln's Inn, and other pleasant people. Doctor Dibdin too, and Utterson, all old Roxburghe men. Pleasant party, were it not for a bad cold, which makes me bark like a dog.

April 29.—Anne and Lockhart are off with the children this morning at seven, and Charles and I left behind; and this is the promised meeting of my household! I went to Dr. Gilly's to-day to breakfast. Met Sir Thomas Ackland, who is the youngest man of his age I ever saw. I was so much annoyd with cough that on returning I took to my bed and had a siesta, to my considerable refreshment. Dr. Fergusson calld and advisd caution in eating and drinking, which I will attend to.

Dined accordingly. Duke of Sussex had cold and did not come. A Mr. or Dr. Pettigrew made me speeches on his account and invited me to see his Royal Highness's library, which I am told is a fine one. Sir Peter Laurie, late Sheriff, and in nomination to be Lord Mayor, beset me close, and asked more questions than would have been thought warrantable at the west end of the town. I learned from him two things concerning the Jews—First, that they never even those of the lowest class get themselves drunk—Secondly, that after marriage their wives are strictly correct in their conduct. I may add that to regale a Jew you must treat him with fish of different sorts. I bought some tincture of squills and antimonial wine a tea spoonful of which will carry off the botheration. I felt as if my throat had been flayed. I took a good dose of Antimonial wine mixd with squills slept sound and waked well and hearty.

April 30.—We had Mr. Adolphus and his father, the celebrated lawyer, to breakfast, and I was greatly delighted with the information of the latter. A barrister of extended practice, if he has any talents at all, is the best companion in the world.

¹ Blank in photostat. See entry of May 11.

I went afterwards to Miss Nicolson and obtained the full facts concerning the business of Owen and Morgan which seem nearly sufficient to recover that money for my children.

Dined with Lord Alvanley and a fashionable party, Lord Fitzroy Somerset, Marquis and March^{ss} of Worcester, etc. Lord Alvanley's wit made the party very pleasant, as well as the kind reception of my friends the Misses Arden.

MAY

May 1.—Breakfasted with Lord and Lady Leveson Gower, and enjoyed the splendid treat of hearing Mrs. Arkwright sing her own music, which is of the highest order—no forced vagaries of the voice, no caprices of tone, but all telling upon and increasing the feeling the words require. This is “marrying music to immortal verse.” Most people place them on separate maintenance.

I met the Roxburghe Club, and settled to dine with them on 15 current. Lord Spencer in the chair. We voted Lord Clive a member.

I dined to-day at Mr. Burney's on Clapham Common a friend of Hugh Scott's where I met Hugh and his wife.

May 2.—I breakfasted with a Mr. Bell, Great Ormond Street, a lawyer, and narrowly escaped Mr. Irving, the celebrated preacher. The two ladies of the house seemed devoted to his opinions and quoted him at every word. Mr. Bell himself made some apologies for the Millennium. He is a smart little antiquary who thinks he ought to have been a man of letters and that his genius has been mis-directed in turning towards the law. I endeavoured to combat this idea, which his handsome house and fine family should have checkd. Compare his dwelling—his comforts—with poor Tom Campbell's!

I called on Stephen Barber went to the Bank and

sold some stock belonging to poor Lady Scott which produced by Barber's certificate	£246	11	4
Deduced expenses incurd in Letters of Administration		13	19 10

This is divisible amongst my four children	£232	11	6
Also received 5½ years dividends due by the Bank. This is my own as I had the life rent of this money	£21	12	11
Have given it to Mr C—— for poor Terry's use	£21	12	11

I dined with the Literary Society—always rather heavy work—though some excellent men were there. I saw, for the first time, Archdeacon Nares, long conductor of the *British Critic*, a gentlemanlike and pleasing man. Sir Henry Robert Inglis presided.

May 3.—Breakfasted at my old friend Gally Knight, with whom, in former days, I used to make little parties to see poor Monk Lewis. After breakfast I drove to Lee and Kennedy's, and commissiond seeds and flowers for about £10, including some specimens of the Corsican and other pines. Their collection is very splendid, but wants, I think, the neatness that I would have¹ expected in the first nursery-garden in or near London. The essentials were admirably cared for. I saw one specimen of the Norfolk Island pine, the only one, young Lee said, which has been raised from all the seed that was sent home. It is not treated conformably to its dignity, for they cut the top off every year to prevent its growing out at the top of the conservatory. Sure it were worth while to raise the house alongst with the plant.

Looked in at Murray's—wrote some letters, etc., and walked home with the Dean of Chester, who saw me to my own door. I had but a few minutes to dress, and go to the Royal Academy, to which I am attached in capacity of [Professor of] Antiquities. I was too late to see the paintings, but in perfect time to sit half-an-hour waiting for dinner, as the President, Sir Thomas Lawrence, expected

¹ "would not have" in photostat—a slip.

a prince of the blood. He came not, but there [were] enough of grandees besides. Sir Thomas Lawrence did the [honours] very well, and compliments flew about like sugar-plums at an Italian carnival. I had my share, and pleaded the immunities of a sinecure for declining to answer.

After the dinner I went to Mrs. Scott of Harden, to see and be seen by her nieces, the Herbert ladies. I don't know how their part of the entertainment turned out, but I saw two or three pretty girls.

This day I paid Charles £55 to himself and the same sum for ¹ Lockhart, so the money received from the stock stands thus

To the sum divisible	£222	11	6
To Lockhart's share paid to Charles	£55	0	0
To Charles' share do.	55		
	-----	£110	0 0

Balance in my hands £112 11 6

May 4.—I breakfasted this morning with Sir Coutts Trotter and had some Scottish talk. Visited Cowper, who kindly undertook to make my inquiries in Lyons.² I was at home afterwards for three hours, but too much tired to do the least right thing. The distances in London are so great that no exertions, excepting those which a bird might make, can contend with them. You return weary and exhausted, fitter for a siesta than anything else. In the evening I dined with Mr. Peel, a great Cabinet affair, and too dignified to be very amusing, though the landlord and the pretty landlady did all to make it easy.

May 5.—Breakfasted with Haydon, and sate for my head. I hope this artist is on his legs again. The King has given him a lift by buying his clever picture of the election in the Fleet prison, to which he is adding a second part, representing the chairing of the member at the moment when it was interrupted by the entry of the guards. Haydon was

¹ "to" in photostat.

² For the baptismal certificates of Lady Scott and her brother.

once a great admirer and companion of the champions of the Cockney school, and is now disposed to renounce them and their opinions. To this kind of conversation I did not give much way. A painter should have nothing to do with politics. He is certainly a clever fellow, but somewhat too enthusiastic, which distress seems to have cured in some degree. His wife, a pretty woman, looked happy to see me, and that is something. Yet it was very little I could do to help them.¹

Dined at Lord Bathurst's, in company with the Duke. There are better accounts of Johnnie. But, alas—

May 6.—Had a long and satisfactory discussion with Miss Nicolson, but I cannot get my hand upon Heath Mrs Carpenter's brother-in-law with whom on the part of Mrs. Carpenter I wish to go hand in hand in this business. Walter and Jane dined with me in Regent's Park and we had a comfortable evening. They left town at 8 o'clock for Hampton Court. •

May 7.—Breakfasted with Lord Francis Leweson Gower, and again enjoyed the great pleasure of meeting Mrs. Arkwright, and hearing her sing. She is, I understand, quite a heavenborn genius, having scarce skill enough in music to write down the tunes she composes. I can easily believe this. There is a pedantry among great musicians that deprives their performances of much that is graceful and beautiful. It is the same in the other fine arts, where fashion always prefers ² cant and slang to nature and simplicity.

Dined at Mr. Watson Taylor's, where plate, etc., shone in great and somewhat ostentatious quantity. C[roker] was there, and very decisive and overbearing to a great degree. Strange so clever a fellow should let his wit over[r]un his judgment! In general, the English understand conversation well. There is that ready deference for the claims of every one who wishes to speak time about,

¹ Sir Walter had shortly before been one of the contributors to a subscription for Mr. Haydon. The imprisonment from which the subscription released the artist produced, I need scarcely say, the picture mentioned in the Diary.—J. G. L.

² "preserves" in photostat. Lockhart emended.

and it is seldom now-a-days that "a la stoccata carries it away thus."

I should have gone to the Duchess of Northumberland's to hear musick to-night, but I felt completely faggd, and betook myself home to bed.

I learnd a curious thing from Emily, Lady Londonderry, namely, that in feeding all animals with your hand, you should never wear a glove, which always affronts them. She ¹ is good authority for this peculiarity.

May 8.—Breakfasted at Somerset House with Davies Gilbert, the new Praeses of the Royal Society. Tea, coffee, and bread and butter, which is poor work. Certainly a slice of ham, a plate of shrimps, some broild fish, or a mutton chop, would have been becoming so learned a body. I was most kindly received, however; by Mr. D. Gilbert, and a number of the members. I saw Sir John Sie[vw]right—a singular personage—he told me his uniform plan was to support Ministers, but he always found himself voting in Opposition. I told him his deference to Ministers was like that of the Frenchman to the enemy, who, being at his mercy, askd for his life :—"Anything in my power excepting that, sir," said Mon[sieur]. Sir John has made progress in teaching animals without severity or beating. I should have liked to [have] heard him on this topic.

I went to the City to see Mr. Heath, Mrs. Carpenter's brother-in-law to apprise him how the Chancery business stood but missd him. Called at Northumberland House and saw the Duke. According to his report I lost much by not hearing the two rival nightingales, Sontagg and Pasta, last night, but I care not for it. Called on Miss Dumergue who kindly offers her affidavit in the Chancery case.

Met Sir W. K[nighton] returnd from the Continent. He gives me to understand I will be commanded for Sunday. Sir W. K. askd me ² to sit for him to Northcote, and to meet him there at one to-morrow. I cannot refuse this, but it is a great bore.

¹ Douglas printed—"It" for "She."

² "be" in photostat.

Dined with Mrs. Alexander of Ballochmyle, Lord and Lady Meath, who were kind to us in Ireland, and a Scottish party—pleasant from hearing the broad ac[c]ents and honest thoughts of my native land. A large party in the evening. A gentleman came up to me and asked “if I [had] seen the *Casket*, a curious work, the most beautiful, the most highly ornamented—and then¹ the editor or editress—a female so interesting—Might he ask a very great favour,” and out he pulld a piece of this pic-nic. I was really angry, and said for a subscription he might command me—for a contribution, No—that I had given to a great many of these things last year, and finding the labour occupied some considerable portion of my time, I had done a considerable article for a single collection this year—taken a valuable consideration for it, and engaged not to support any other. This may be misrepresented, but I care not. Suppose this patron of the Muses gives five guineas to his distressd lady. he will think he does a great [deal], yet takes fifty from me with the calmest air in the world, for the communication is not worth [less than] that if it be worth anything. There is no equality in the proposal.

I saw to-day at Northumberland House, Bridges the jeweller having and holding a George richly ornamented with diamonds, being that which Queen Anne gave to the Duke of Marlborough, which his present representative paw[n]d or sold and which the present King bought and presented to the Duke of Wellington. His Grace seemd to think this interesting jewel was one of two which had been preserved since the first institution of that [order]. That, from the form and taste, I greatly doubt. Mr. Bridges put it again into his coat pocket and walkd through the street with £10,000 in his pocket. I wonder he is not hustled and robbd. I have sometimes e[n]vied rich citizens, but it was a mean and erroneous feeling. This man B, who I suppose must be as rich as a Jew, had a shabby look in the D.’s presence, and, though the latter

¹ “this” in photostat. Lockhart emended.

was perfectly affable, he plaid just a better sort of pedlar. Better be a poor gentleman after all.

May 9.—Grounds of Foote's farce of the Cozeners. Lady L[ouisa] Stuart. A certain Mrs. Phipps audaciously set up in a fashionable quarter of London as a person through whose influence, properly propitiated, favours¹ and situations of importance might certainly be obtained—always for a consideration. She cheated many people, and maintained the trick for many months. One trick was to get the equipage of Lord North and other persons of importance to halt before her door as if their owners were within. With respect to most of them, this was effected by bribing the drivers. But a gentleman who watched her closely observed that Charles J. Fox actually left his carriage and went into the house, and this more than once. He was then it must be noticed in the Ministry. When Mrs. Phipps was blown up, this circumstance was recollected as deserving explanation, which Fox readily gave at Brooks's and elsewhere. It seems Mrs. Phipps had the art to persuade him that she had the disposal of what was then call'd a hyæna—that is, an heiress—an immense Jamaica heiress, in whom she was willing to give or sell her interest to Charles Fox. Without having perfect confidence in the obliging proposal, the great statesman though[t] the thing worth looking after and became so earnest in it that Mrs. Phipps was desirous to back out of it for fear of discovery. With this view she made confession one fine morning, with many professions of the deepest feelings—that the hyæna had proved a frail monster, and given birth to a girl or boy—no matter which. Even this did not make Charles quit chase of the hyæna. He intimated that if the cash was plenty and certain, the circumstance might be overlook'd. Mrs. Phipps had nothing for it but to double the disgusting dose. "The poor child," she said, "was unfortunately of a mix'd colour, somewhat tinged with the blood of Africa; no doubt Mr. Fox was himself very dark, and the circumstance might not draw attention," etc. etc. This singular anecdote

¹ Barely legible in photostat.

was touchd upon by Foote, and is the cause of introducing the negress into the *Cozeners*, though no express allusion to Charles Fox was admitted. Lady L[ouisa] tells me that, in her youth, the laugh was universal so soon as the black woman appeared. It is one of the numerous hits that will be lost to posterity. Jack Fuller, celebrated for his attempt on the Speaker's wig, told me he was editing Foote, but I think he has hardly tact enough. He told me Colman was to be his assistant.

Went down in the morning to Montagu House, where I found the Duke going out to suffer a recovery.¹ I had some fancy to see the ceremony, but more to get my breakfast, which I took at a coffee House at Charing Cross.

I sat to Northcote, who is to introduce himself in the same piece in the act of painting me, like some pictures of the Venetian school. The artist is an old man, low in stature, and bent with years—fourscore at least. But the eye is quick and the countenance noble. A pleasant companion, familiar with recollections of Sir Joshua, Samuel Johnson, Burke, Goldsmith, etc. His account of the last confirms all that we have heard of his oddities.

Dined with Mr. Arbuthnot, where met Duke of Rutland, Lord and Lady Londonderry, etc. etc. Went to hear Mrs. Arkwright at Lady Charlotte Greville's. Lockhart came home to-day.

May 10.—Another long sitting to the old Wizzard Northcote. He really resembles an animated mummy. He has altered my ideas of Sir Joshua Reynolds, who[m], from the expressions used by Goldsmith, Johnson, and others, I used to think an amiable and benevolent character. But though not void of generosity he was cold unfeeling and indifferent to his family. So much so that his sister, Miss Reynolds, after expressing her wonder at the general acceptance which Sir Joshua met with in society concluded with "For me, I only see in him a dark gloomy tyrant." I own this view of his character hurt me by depriving me of the pleasing vision of the highest talents united with

¹ A fictitious suit for the purpose of getting rid of an entail. Abolished by the Fines and Recoveries Act (1833).

the kindest temper. But Northcote says his disagreeable points were rather negative than positive—more a want of feeling than any desire to hurt or tyrannize. They arose from his exclusive attachment to art.

Dined with a pleasant party at Lord Gower's. Lady Gower is a beautiful woman, and extremely courteous. Mrs. Arkwright was of the party. I am getting well acquainted with [her], and think I can see a great deal of sense mixt with her accomplishment.

May 11.—Breakfasted with Dr. Maltby, preacher in Lincoln's Inn. He was to have been the next Bishop if the Whigs had held their ground. His person manners and attainments would have suited the lawn sleeves well. I heard service in the chapel, which is a very handsome place of worship ; it is upstairs, which seems extraordinary, and the space beneath forms cloisters, in which the ancient Benchers of the Society of Lincoln's Inn are interd. I met my old friend Sir William Grant,¹ and had some conversation with him. Dr. Maltby gave us a good sermon upon the introduction of the Gospel. There was only one monument in the chapel,² being an handsome tablet to the memory of Perceval. The circumstance that it was the only monument in the chapel of a society which had produced so many men of talents and distinction was striking—it was a tribute due to the suddenness of his strange catastrophe. There is nothing very particular in the hall of Lincoln's Inn nor its parlour which are like those of a college. Indeed the whole establishment has a monastic look.

Sate to Northcote, who only requires (*Deo gratias*) another sitting. Dined with his Majesty in a very private party—five or six only being present. I was received most kindly as usual. It is impossible to conceive a more friendly manner than his Majesty used towards me. I spoke to S. W. K. about the dedication of the collected works, and he says it will be highly well taken.³

¹ Master of the Rolls from 1801 to 1817.

² "chaplet" in photostat.

³ The *Magnum Opus* was dedicated to George IV.—J. G. L.

I went after the party broke up to Mrs. Scott of Harden, where I made acquaintance with her beautiful kinswoman, Lady Sarah Ponsonby, whose countenance is really seraphic and totally devoid of affectation.

May 12.—Old George II. was, as is well known, extremely passionate. On these occasions his small stock of English totally faild him, and he used to express his indignation in the following form : “ G—d—n me, who I am? Got d—n you, who you be? ” Lockhart and I visited a Mrs. Quillinan, with whom Wordsworth and his wife have pitchd their tent. I was glad to see my old friend, whose conversation has so much that is fresh and manly in it. I do not at all acquiesce in his system of poetry, and I think he has injured his own fame by adhering to it. But a better or more sensible man I do not know than W. W.

Afterwards Lockhart and [I] called on Miss Nicolson, and from thence I wandered down into that immense hash of a city to see Heath, and fortunately caught hold on him. All this made me too late for Northcote,—who was placable, however.

Dined at Sir John Shelley's *à petit couvert*. Here were the Duke of Wellington, Duke of Rutland, and only one or two more, particularly Mr. and Mrs. Arbuthnot. The evening was very pleasant, and did not break up till twelve at night.

May 13.—Breakfasted with Sir George Philips—there was Sidney Smith, full of fun and spirits, and his daughter, who is a good-humoured agreeable girl. We had a pleasant breakfast party.

The Catholics have carried their question, which I suppose will be thrown out in the Lords. I think they had better concede this oft-disputed point, and dissolve¹ the league which binds so many people in opposition to Government. It is a matter of great consequence that men should not acquire² the habit of opposing. No earthly advantage would arise to Ireland from ceding

¹ “ dissolved ” in photostat.

² “ acquiring ” in photostat.

what is retained where so much has been already yielded up. Indeed the Catholic gentry do not pretend that the granting the immunities they require would tranquilize the country, but only that it would remove from men of honour all pretext for countenancing them.¹ This is on the principle of the solicitor of the unhappy Rajah Nundcomar, who after extorting as much money as he could, under pretence of bribing persons to procure his pardon, facilitate his escape, etc., found himself pressed by his victim for a final answer. "The preparations of death are ready," said the Rajah; "I fear, notwithstanding all you have told me, their intention is to take my life." "By G—d," replied the trusty solicitor, "if they do I will never forgive them." So if there are further disturbances after the Catholic claims are granted, I suppose those by whom they are now advocated will never forgive their friends the Pats; and that will be all John Bull will get for it. I dined with Lady Stafford, for whom I have much regard. I recollect her ever since she stood at her aunt Lady Glenorchie's window, in George's Square, reviewing her regiment of Sutherland giants. She was, as she ever is, most attentive and kind.

May 14.—I carried Lockhart to Lady Francis Gower to hear Mrs. Arkwright sing, and I think he admired her as much as his nature permits him to love anything musical, for he certainly is not quickly moved by concord of sweet sounds. I do not understand them better than him, but the *voce del petto* always affects me, and Mrs. A. has it in perfection. I have received as much pleasure from that lady's musick as sound could ever give me. Lockhart goes off for Brighton.

I had a round of men in office. I waited on the Duke at Downing St., and I think put L. right there, if he will look to himself. But I can only tee the ball; he must strike the blow with the golf club himself. I saw Mr. Planta, and he promises to look after Harper's business favourably. Good gracious, what a solicitor we are grown!

Dined with Lady Davy—a pleasant party; but I

¹ i.e. further disturbances.

was out of spirits ; I think partly on Johnie's account, partly from fatigue. There was Will He[n]ry Littleton amongst others ; much of his oddity has rubbd off, and he is an honourd courtly gentleman with a great deal of wit, and not one of the fine people who perplex¹ you by shutting their mouths if you begin to speak. I never fear quizzing, so am not afraid of this species of lying-in-wait. Lord have mercy on me if I were !

May 15.—Dined at the Roxburghe Club. Lord Spencer presided, but had a cold which limited his exertions. Lord Clive, beside whom I sate, was deaf, though intelligent and good-humourd. The Duke of Devonshire was still deafer. There were many little chirruping men who might have talkd but went into committee. There was little general conversation. I should have mentiond that I breakfasted with kind, good Mrs. Hughes, and met the Bishop of Llandaff—strongly intelligent. I do not understand his politicks about the Catholic question. •He seems disposed to concede, yet is Toryissimus. Perhaps they wish the question ended, but the personal² opinions of the Sovereign are too much interested to permit them to quit it.³

In the midst of all this racket I have got Miss Jane Nicolson's affidavit respecting the money in Chancery. If I had done nothing else in this voyage, it would have been worth taking.

May 16.—Breakfasted with Mr. Reynolds ; a miscellaneous party. Wordsworth right wellcome unto me was there. I had also a sight of Godwin the philosopher, grown old and thin—of Douglas Kinnaird, whom I asked about Byron's statue, which is going forward—of Luttrell, and others whom I knew not. Went from breakfast down to Doctors Commons and consulted Mr. Slade about the Chancery suit then to Mr. Handley and reported progress.

I staid an instant at Pickering's, a young publisher, and bought some dramatic reprints. I love them very

¹ The photostat has " not one of the fine people who do not perplex you."

² Douglas printed " present."

³ By " quit it," Scott apparently means " allow the bill to pass."

much, but I would [not] advise a young man to undertake them. They are of course dear, and as they have not the dignity of scarcity, the bibliomaniacs pass them by as if they were plated candlesticks. They may hold as good a light for all that as if they were real silver, and therefore I buy them when I can light on them. But here I am spending money when I have more need to make it. On Monday 26, it shall be Northward ho !

Dined at Lady Georgiana and Mr. Agar Ellis. There were Lord and Lady Stafford there, and others to whom I am sincerely attachd.

May 17.—A day of busy idleness. Richardson came and breakfasted with me like a good fellow. Then I went to Mr. Chantrey, and sat for an hour to finish the bust.¹ Thereafter, about twelve o'clock, I went to breakfast the second, at Lady Shelley's, where there was a great morning party. A young lady begged a lock of my hair, which was not worth refusing. I stipulated for a kiss, which I was permitted to take. From this I went to the Duke of Wellington, who gave me some hints or rather details. Afterwards I drove out to Chiswick, where I had never been before. A numerous and gay party, assembled to walk and enjoy the beauties of that Palladian demesne, made the place and highly ornamented gardens belonging to it resemble a picture of Watteau. There is some affectation in the picture, but in the *ensemble* the original looked very well. The Duke of Devonshire received every one with the best possible manners. The scene was dignified by the presence of an immense elephant who under charge of a groom wandered up and down, giving an air of Asiatick pageantry to the entertainment. I was never before sensible of the dignity which largeness of size and freedom of movement give to this otherwise very ugly animal. As I was to dine at Holland House, I did not partake in the magnificent repast which was offered to us, and took myself off about five o'clock. I contrived to make a demi-toilette at Holland House rather than drive all the way to London. Rogers came to dinner, which was very entertaining.

¹ See note, p. 569.

The Duke of Manchester was there, whom I remember having seen long ago. He had left a part of his brain in Jamaica by a terrible fracture, yet, notwithstanding [the] accident and the bad climate, was still a fine-looking man. Lady Holland pressed me to stay all night, which I did accordingly.

May 18.—The freshness of the air, the singing of the birds, the beautiful aspect of nature, the size of the venerable trees, all gave me a delightful feeling this morning. It seemed there was pleasure even in living and breathing, without anything else. We (*i.e.* Rogers and I) wandered into a green lane bordered with fine trees, which might have been twenty miles from a town. It will be a great pity when this ancient house must come down and give way to brick works and brick-houses. It is not that Holland House is fine as a building; on the contrary, it has a tumble-down look; and, although decorated with the bastard Gothick of James I.'s time, the front is heavy. But it resembles many respectable matrons, who, having been absolutely ugly during youth, acquire by age an air of dignity. But one is chiefly affected by the air of deep seclusion which is spread around the domain. I called on Mr. Peele as I returned home, and after that on Lord Melville. The latter undertook for Allan Cunningham's son's cadetship, for which I am right glad.

Dined at Mr. and Lady Sarah Ponsonby's, who called on us last year at Abbotsford. The party was very pleasant, having Lord and Lady Gower, whom I like, Mr. and Lady Georgiana Ellis, and other persons of distinction. Saw Wordsworth too, and learned that Tom Moore was come to town.

May 19.—A morning of business—Breakfasted with Dumergue and one or two friends—then went into the city—Called on Marshal[1] and Simpkin and heard a favourable report of the sale of the *Chronicles*. Thence to Doctors Commons and then to Pentonville where I trust I have arranged the evidence as well as the case will permit. It only hitches upon the death of Jean Charpentier which may be proved by a journey to France.

Dined by command with the Duchess of Kent. I was very kindly recognised by Prince Leopold. I was presented to the little Princess Victoria—I hope they will change her name—the heir apparent to the Crown as things now stand. How strange that so large and fine a family as that of his late Majesty should have died off and decayed into old age with so few descendants! Prince George of Cumberland is, they say, a fine boy about nine years old—a bit of a pickle, swears and romps like a brat that has been bred in a barrack yard. This little lady is educated with much care and watched so closely by the Duchess and the principal governess that no busy maid has a moment to whisper, “You are heir of England.” I suspect if we could dissect the little head, we should find that some pigeon or other bird of the air had carried the matter. She is fair, like the Royal Family, but does not look as if she would be pretty. The Duchess herself is very pleasing and affable in her manners. I sat by Mr. Spring Rice, a very agreeable man. He is a great leader among the Pro-Catholics. I saw also Charles Wynn and his lady, and the evening—for a Court evening—went agreeably off. I am commanded for two days by Prince Leopold, but will send excuses.

May 20.—I set out for Brighton this morning in a light coach, which performed the distance in six hours—otherwise the journey was uncomfortable. Three women, the very ¹ specimens of womankind,—I mean trumpery,—a child who was sick, but afterwards looked and smiled, and was the only thing like company. The road is pleasant enough till it gets into the Wealds of Sussex, a huge succession of green downs which sweep along the sea-coast for many miles. Brighton seems grown twice as large since 1815. It is a city of loiterers and invalids—a Vanity Fair for piping, dancing of bears, and for the feats of Mr. Punch. I found all my family well excepting the poor pale Johnie; and he is really a thing to break one's heart by looking at—yet he is better. The rest are in high kelter.

¹ After “very” Scott seems to have omitted a superlative.

My old friend Will Rose dined with us, also a Doctor Yates and his wife—the Esculapius of Brighton, who seems a sensible man. I was entertained with the empire he exerted over him as protector of his health. I was very happy to find myself at Sophia's quiet table, and am only sorry that I must quit her so soon.

May 21.—This being a fine day, we made some visits in the morning, in the course of which I waited on Mrs. Dorset, sister of Mrs. Charlotte Smith,¹ and herself the author of the *Peacock at Home*, one of the prettiest and liveliest *jeux d'esprit* in our language. She is a fine stately old lady—not a bit of a literary person,—I mean having none of the affectation of it, but like a lady of considerable rank. I am glad I have seen [her]. Renewed my acquaintance with Lady Charlotte Hamilton, *née* Lady Charlotte Hume, and talked over some stories thirty years old at least. We then took a fly, as they call the light carriages, and drove as far as the Devil's Ditch. A rampire it is of great strength and depth, enclosing, I presume, the precincts of a British town that must have held 30,000 men at least. I could not discover where they got water.

We got home at four, and dined at five, and smoked segars till eight. Will Rose came in with his man Hinvaes, who is as much a piece of Rose as Trim was of Uncle Toby. We laughed over tales “both old and new” till ten o'clock came, and then broke up.

May 22.—Left Brighton this morning with a heavy heart. Poor Johnie looks so very poorly that I cannot but regard his case as desperate, and then God help the child's parents ! Amen !

We took the whole of one of the post-coaches, and so came rapidly to town, Sophia coming along with us about a new servant. This enabled me to dine with Mr. Adolphus, the celebrated barrister, the father to my young friend who wrote so like a gentleman on my matters. I met Mr. Gurney, Archdeacon Wrangham, and a lawyer or two besides. I may be partial, but the conversation of intelligent barristers amuses me more than that of other professional persons.

¹ See entry of March 16, 1826, and *note*.

There is more of real life in it, with which in all its phases people of business get so well acquainted. Mr. Adolphus is a man of varied information, and very amusing. He told me a gipsy told him of the success he should have in life and how it would be endangered by his own heat of temper, alluding, I believe, to a quarrel betwixt him and a brother barrister.

May 23.—I breakfasted with Chantrey, and met the celebrated Coke of Norfolk,¹ a very pleasing man, who gave me some account of his plantations. I understand from him that, like every wise man, he planted land that would not let for 5s. per acre, but which now produces £3000 a year in wood. He talked of the trees which he had planted as being so thick that a man could not fathom them. Withers, he said, was never employd save upon one or two small jobs of about twenty acres on which every expense was bestowd with a view to early growth. So much for Withers. I shall have a rod in pickle for him if it [seem] worth while.² After sitting to Chantrey for the last time, I calld on Lady Shelley, p.p.c., and was sorry to find her worse than she had been. Dined with Lady Stafford, where I met the two Lochs, John and James. The former gave me his promise for a cadetship to Allan Cunningham's son; I have a similar promise from Lord Melville, and thus I am in the situation in which I have been at Gladdies Wiel, when I have caught two trouts, one with the fly, the other with the bobber. I have landed both, and so I will now. Mr. Loch also promised me to get out Shortreed as a free mariner. Tom Grenville³ was at dinner.

May 24.—This day we dined at Richmond Park with Lord Sidmouth. Before dinner his Lordship showed me letters which passed between the great Lord Chatham and Dr. Addington, Lord Sidmouth's father.⁴ There was much of that familiar friendship which arises and must

¹ Created Earl of Leicester in 1837.

² W. Withers had just published a *Letter to Sir Walter Scott exposing certain fundamental errors in his late Essay on Planting*.—Holt: Norfolk, 1828.

³ See *Journal* of November 12, 1826, and *note*.

⁴ 'The photostat has "family."'

arise between an invalid the head of an invalid family and their medical adviser, supposing the last to be a wise and well-bred man. The character of Lord Chatham's handwriting is strong and bold, and his expressions short and manly. There are intimations of his partiality for William, whose health seems to have been precarious during boyhood. He talks of William imitating him in all he did, and calling for ale because his father was recommended to drink it. "If I should smoke," he said, "William would instantly call for a pipe;" and, he wisely infers, "I must take care what I do." The letters of the late William Pitt are of great curiosity, but as, like all real letters of business, they only *allude* to matters with which his correspondent is well acquainted, and do not enter into details, they would require an ample commentary. I hope Lord Sidmouth will supply this, and have urged it as much as I can. I think, though I hate letters and abominate interference, I will write to him on this subject.

I have bought a certain quantity of reprints from a bookseller in Chancery Lane, Pickering by name. I urged him to print the controversy between Greene and the Harveys. He wished me to write a third part to a fine edition of Cotton's *Angler*, for which I am quite incompetent.

I met at Richmond my old and much esteemed friend Lord Stowell, looking very frail and even comatose. *Quantum mutatus!* He was one of the pleasantest men I ever knew.

Respecting the letters, I pickd up from those of Pitt that he was always extremely desirous of peace with France, and even reckond upon it at [a] moment when he ought to have despaird. I suspect this false view of the state of France (for such it was) which induced the British Minister to look for peace when there was no chance of it damped his ardour in maintaining the war. He wanted the lofty ideas of his father—you read it in his handwriting, great statesman as he was. I saw a letter or two of Burke's in which there is an *épanchement de cœur* not visible in those of Pitt, who writes like a Premier to his colleague. Burke

was under the strange hallucination that his son who predeceased him was a man of greater talents than himself. On the contrary, he had little talent and no resolution. On moving some resolutions in favour of the Catholics, which were ill-received by the House of Commons, young Burke actually ran away, which an Orangeman compared to a cross-reading in the newspapers :—Yesterday the Catholic resolutions were moved, etc.—But, the pistol missing fire, the villains ran off !

May 25.—After a morning of letter-writing leave-taking papers-destroying, and God knows what trumpery, Sophia and I set out for Hampton Court, carrying with us the following lions and lionesses—Samuel Rogers, Tom Moore, Wordsworth with wife and daughter. We were very kindly and properly received by Walter and his wife, and a very pleasant party.

I learnt from Moore, that Byron actually hung up portraits of Lady Oxford and Lady Caroline Lamb on each side of his chimney piece at his lodgings in [the] Albany. Neither conquest was worth boasting, but I wonder William Lamb did not resent it—From Lord Oxford nothing was to be expected. He is a poor nincompoop.

May 26.—An awful confusion with paying of bills, writing of cards, and all species of trumpery business. Southey, who is just come to town, breakfasted with us. He looks, I think, but poorly, but it may be owing to family misfortune. One is always tempted to compare Wordsworth and Southey—The latter is unquestionably the greater scholar—I mean possesses the most extensive stock of information, but there is a freshness vivacity and spring about Wordsworth's mind, which, if we may compare two men of uncommon powers, shows more originality. I say nothing of their poetry. Wordsworth has a system which disposes him to take the bull by the horns and offend public taste, which, right or wrong, will always be the taste of the public. Yet he could be popular if he would,—witness the Feast at Brougham Castle,—Song of the Cliffords, I think, is the name.

I walked down to call, with Rogers, on Mrs. D'Arblay. She showed me some notes which she was making about her novels, which she induced me to believe had been recollected and jotted down in compliance with my suggestions on a former occasion. It is curious how she contrived to get *Evelina* printed and published without her father's knowlege. Her brother placed it in the hands of one Lowndes, who, after its success, bought it for £20 !!! and had the magnan[im]ity to add £10—the price, I think, of *Paradise Lost*. One of her sisters betrayd the secret to her father, who then eagerly lent his ears to hear what was said of the new novel, and the first opinion which saluted his delighted ears was the voice of Johnson energetically recommending it to the perusal of Mrs Thrale.¹

At parting, Rogers gave me a gold-mounted pair² of glasses, which I will not part with in a hurry. I really like Rogers, and have always found him most friendly. After many petty delays we set off at last and reach[ed] Bushey Grove to dine with my kind and worthy family friend and relative, David Haliburton. I am delighted to find him in all the enjoyment of life, with the vivacity of youth in his sentiments and enjoyments. Mr. and Mrs. Campbell Marjoribanks are the only company here, with Miss Parker.

May 27.—Well, my retreat from London is now accomplished, and I may fairly balance the advantage and loss of this London trip. It has cost me a good deal of money, and Johnie's illness has taken away much of the pleasure I had promised myself. But if I can judge from the reception I have met with, I have the pleasure to know that I stand as fair with the public and as high with my personal friends as in any period of my life. And this has enabled me to forward the following object[s] to myself and others :—

1st. I have been able to place Lockhart on the right footing in the right quarter, leaving the improvement of his place of vantage to himself as circumstances should occur.

¹ This differs in some particulars from her story as recorded by Scott in the *Journal* of November 18, 1826.

² See *Letters*, xi. 459-60.

2d. I have put the Chancery suit in the right train, which without me could not have been done.¹

3d. I have pickd up some knowlege of the state of existing matters which is interesting and may be useful.

4th. I have succeeded in helping to get a commission for James Skene.

5th. I have got two cadetships for the sons of Allan Cunningham.

6th. I have got leave to And^w Shortreed to go out to India.

7th. I have put John Eckford into correspondence with Mr. Loch, who thinks he can do something for his claim on the estate of Lithgow.

8th. I have been of material assistance to poor Terry in his affairs.

9th. I have effectually protected my Darnick neighbours and myself against the New Road Bill.

Other advantages there are, besides the great one of scouring up one's own mind a little and renewing intercourse with old friends, bringing one's-self nearer in short to the currency of the time.

All this may weigh ² against the expenditure of £200 or £250, when money is fortunately not very scarce with me.

We went out for a most agreeable drive through the Hertfordshire Lanes—a strange intricate combination of narrow roads passing through this county,³ winding and turning among oaks and other large timber, just like pathways cut through a forest. They wind and turn in so singular a manner, and resemble each other so much, that a stranger would have difficulty to make way amongst them. We visited Moor Park (not the house of Sir William Temple, but that where the Duke and Duchess of Monmouth lived). Having rather a commanding situation, you look down on the valley, which, being divided into small enclosures borderd with wood, resembles a forest when so

¹ See *Journal* for May 3, 1826.

² "way" in photostat.

³ *i.e.* Herts. Douglas printed "the country."

lookd down on. The house has a handsome entrance-hall painted by Sir James Thornhill in a very French taste yet handsome. He was Hogarth's father-in-law, and not easily reconciled to the match. Thornhill's paintings are certainly not of the first class, yet the practice of painting the walls and roof of a dwelling-house give[s] in years a warm and rich air to the apartments. Lord Grosvenor has now bought this fine place, once Lord Anson's—hence the Moor Park apricot is also called Ansoniana. After seeing Moor Park we went to the Grove, the Earl of Clarendon's country-seat. The house looks small and of little consequence, but contains many good portraits, as I was told, of the Hyde family. The park has fine views and magnificent trees.

We went to Cashiobury, belonging to the Earl of Essex, an old mansion, apparently, with a very fine park. The Colne runs through the grounds, or rather creeps through them.

“ For the Colne
Is black and swollen,
Snake-like, he wind[s] his way,
Unlike the *Burns*
From Highland urns
That dance by crag and brae.”

Borthwick-brae¹ came to dinner from town, and we had a very pleasant evening.

My excellent old friend reminded me of the old and bitter feud between the Scotts and Haliburtons, and observed it was curious I should have united the blood of two hostile clans.

May 28.—We took leave of our kind old host after breakfast, and set out for our own land. Our elegant researches carried us out of the high-road and through a labyrinth of intricate lanes—which seem made on purpose to afford strangers the full benefit of a dark night and a drunk driver—in order to visit Gill's Hill, famous for the murder of Mr. Weare.

¹ William Elliot Lockhart of Cleghorn and Borthwick-brae, long M.P. for Selkirkshire.

The place has the strongest title to the description of Wordsworth :—

“ A merry spot, 'tis said, in days of yore,
But something ails it now—the place is cursed.”

The principal part of the house has been destroyed, and only the kitchen remains standing. The garden has been dismantled, though a few laurels and garden shrubs run wild continue to mark the spot. The fatal pond is now only a green swamp, but so near the house that one cannot conceive how it was ever chosen as a place of temporary concealment of the murdered body. Indeed the whole history of the murder and the scenes which ensued are strange pictures of desperate and short-sighted wickedness. The feasting—the singing—the murderer with his hands still bloody hanging round the neck of one of the females the watch-chain of the murdered man, argue the utmost apathy. Even Probert, the most frightend of the party, fled no further for relief than to the brandy bottle, and is found in the very lane and at the spot of the murder seeking for the murderous weapon and exposing himself to the view of the passengers. Another singular mark of stupid audacity was their venturing to wear the clothes of their victim. There was a want of foresight in the whole arrangement of the deed and the attempts to conceal it which argued strange inconsideration, which a professed robber would not have exhibited. There was just one single shade of redeeming character about a business so brutal, perpetrated by men above the very lowest rank of life—it was the mixture of revenge which afforded some relief to the circumstances of treachery and premeditation which accompanied [it]. But Weare was a cheat and had no doubt pillaged Thurtell who therefore deemed he might take greater liberties with him than with others.

The dirt of the present habitation equald its wretched desolation, and a truculent-looking hag who showed us the place and received half-a-crown looked not unlike the natural inmate of such a mansion. She indicated as much herself, saying the landlord had dismantled the place because

no respectable person would live there. She seems to live entirely alone, and fears no ghosts, she says.

One thing about this mysterious tragedy was never explained. It is said that Weare as is the habit of such men always carried about his person and between his flannel waistcoat and shirt a sum of ready money equal to £1500 or £2000. No such money was ever recovered, and as the sum divided by Thurtell among his accomplices was only about £20, he must, in slang phrase, have *bucketed his palls*.

We came on as far as Alconburyhill, where we slept comfortably.

May 29.—We travelled from Alconbury Hill to Ferry Bridge, upwards of a hundred miles, amid all the beauties of flourish and verdure which spring awakens at her first approach in the midland counties of England, but without any variety save those of the season's making. I do believe this great north road is the dulllest in the world, as well as the most convenient for the traveller. Nothing seems to me to have been altered within twenty or thirty years, save the noses of the laudlords, which have bloomed and given place to another set of proboscises as germain as the old ones to the *very wellcome—please to light—'Orses forward, and ready out*. The skeleton at Barnby Moor has deserted his gibbet, and that is the only change I recollect.

I have amused myself to-day with reading Lockhart's *Life of Burns*, which is very well written—in fact, an admirable thing. He has judicious[ly] slurd over his vices and follies; for although Currie, I myself, and others, have not said a word more on that subject than is true, yet as the dead corpse is straightend swatht and made decent, so ought the character of such an inimitable genius as Burns to be tenderly handled after death. The knowlege of his various weaknesses or vices are only subjects of sorrow to the well-disposed, and of triumph to the profligate.

May 30.—We left Ferry Bridge at seven, and turning westwards, or rather northwestward, at Borough Bridge, we reach Rokeby at past three. A mile from the house

we met Morritt looking for us. I had great pleasure at finding myself at Rokeby, and recollecting a hundred passages of past time. Morritt looks well and easy in his mind, which I am delighted to see. He is now one of my oldest and I believe, one of my most sincere [friends], a man unequalled in the mixture of sound good sense high literary cultivation and the kindest and sweetest temper that ever guided a human bosom. His nieces are much attachd [to] him, and are deserving and elegant, as well as beautiful young women. What there is in our partiality to female beauty that commands a species of temperate homage from the aged as well as extatic admiration from the young I cannot conceive, but it is certain that a very large proportion of some other amiable quality is too little to counterbalance the absolute want of this advantage. I, to whom beauty is and shall henceforth be a picture, still look upon [it] with the quiet devotion of an old worshipper, who no longer offers incense in the shrine, but peaceably presents his inch of taper, taking special care in doing so not to burn his own fingers. Nothing in life can be more ludicrous or contemptible than an old man aping the passions of his youth.

Talking of youth, there was a certain professor at Cambridge who use[d] to keep sketches of all the youths who from their conduct at college seemd to bid fair for distinction in life. He showd these one day to an old shrewd sarcastic Master of Arts, who lookd over the collection, and then observed, "A promising nest of eggs—what a pity the great part will turn out addle—" And so they do—Looking round amongst the young men, one sees to all appearance fine flourish—but it ripens not.

May 31.—I have finishd Napier's *War in the Peninsula*.¹ It is written in the spirit of a Liberal but the narrative is distinct and clear and I should suppose accurate. He has however given a bad sample of accuracy in the case of Lord Strangford, where his pointed affirmation has been as pointedly repelld. It is evident he would require probing.

¹ The first volume had just been published in 1828. The book was completed in 6 vols. in 1840.

His defence of Moore is spirited and well argued, though it is evident he defends the statesman as much as the general. As a Liberal and a military man, Colonel Napier finds it difficult to steer his course. The former character calls on him to plead for the insurgent Spaniards ; the latter induces him to palliate the cruelties of the French. Good-even to him until next volume, which I shall long to see. This was a day of pleasure and nothing else. After breakfast I walked with Morritt in the new path he has made up the Tees. When last here, his poor nephew ¹ was of the party. It hangs on my mind, and perhaps on Morritt's. When we returned we took a short drive as far as Barnard Castle ; and the old business of eating and drinking took up the remainder of the evening, excepting a dip into the Greta Walk.

JUNE

June 1.—We took leave of our friends at Rokeby after breakfast, and pursued our well-known path over Stanmore to Brough, Appleby, Penrith, and Carlisle. As I have this road by heart, I have little amusement save the melancholy task of recalling the sensations with which I have traced [it] in former times, all of which refer to decay of animal strength and abatement if not of mental powers at least of mental energy. The *non est tanti* grows fast at my time of life. We reached Carlisle at seven o'clock, and were housed for the night. My books being exhausted, I lighted on an odd volume of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, a work in which, as in a pawnbroker's shop, much of real curiosity and value are stowed away and conceal'd amid the frippery and trumpery of those reverend old gentlewomen who were the regular correspondents of the work.

June 2.—We intended a walk to the Castle, but were baffled by rainy weather. I was obliged to wait for a certificate from the parish register—*Hei mihi ! !* I cannot have it till ten o'clock, or rather, as it chanced, till past

¹ See *Letters*, vol. x. p. 335.

eleven, when I got the paper for which I waited. We lunched at Hawick, and concluded our pilgrimage at Abbotsford about nine at night, where the joyful barking of the dogs, with the sight of the kind familiar faces of our domestics, gave us wellcome, and I enjoyed a sound repose in my own bed. I remark that in this journey I have never once experienced depression of spirits, or the *tremor cordis* of which I have sometimes such unpleasant visits. Dissipation, and a succession of trifling engagements, prevent the mind from throwing itself out in the manner calculated to exhaust the owner and to entertain other people. There is a lesson in this.

June 3, [Abbotsford].—This was a very idle day. I waked to walk about my beautiful young woods with old Tom and the dogs. The sun shone bright, and the wind fanned my cheek as if it were a welcoming. I did not do the least right thing, except packing a few books necessary for writing the continuation of the *Tales*. In this merry mood I wandered as far as Huntly Burn, where I found the Miss Fergussons well and happy; then I sauntered back to Abbotsford, sitting on every bench by the way, and thus

“It grew to dinner in conclusion.”

A good appetite made my simple meal relish better than the magnificent cheer which I have lately partaken of. I smoked a segar, slept away an hour, and read Mure of Auchendrayne's trial, and thus ended the day. I cannot afford to spend many such, nor would they seem so pleasant.

June 4.—The former part of this day was employed much as yesterday, but some packing was inevitable. Will Laidlaw came to dinner, of which we partook at three o'clock. Started at half-past four and arrived at home if we must call it so, at nine o'clock in the evening. I employed my leisure in the chaise to peruse Mure of Auchendrayne's trial, out of which something might be coopered up for the publick. It is one of the wildest stories I ever read. Something might surely be twisted out of it.

June 5.—Cadell breakfasted; in great spirits with the

success of the *Fair Maid of Perth*. A disappointment being always to be apprehended, I too am greatly pleased that the evil day is adjourned, for the time must come—and yet I can spin a tough yarn still with any one now going.

I was much distressed to find that the last of the B.M.s,¹ a fine lad of about twenty-one, is now decidedly infected by the same pulmonary complaint which carried off his four brothers in succession. This is indeed a cruel stroke, and it is melancholy to witness the undaunted Highland courage of the father.

I went to Court, and when I returned did some work upon the Tales.

“And now again, boys, to the oar.”

June 6.—I have determined to work sans intermission for lost time, and to make up at least my task every day. J. Gibson called on me with good hopes that the trustees will authorise the *grande opus* to be set afloat. They are scrupulous a little about the expense of engravings, but I fear the taste of the town will not be satisfied without them. It is time the thing² were settled. I wrought both before and after dinner, and finished five pages, which is two above bargain.

June 7.—Saturday was another working day, and nothing occurred to disturb me.

June 8.—I finished five sheets this day. Will Clerk and Francis Scott of Harden came to dinner, and we spent a pleasant evening.

June 9.—I laboured till about one, and was then obliged to go to attend a meeting [of] the Oil Gas Company,—as I devoutly hope for the last time.

After that I was obliged to go to sit to Colvin Smith, which is an atrocious bore, but cannot be helped.

Cadell rendered me report of accompts paid for me with vouchers, which very nearly puts me out of all shop debts.

¹ The sons of Hector Macdonald Buchanan. See entry of June 10-14.

² Douglas printed “these things,” imagining that he was correcting a slip in grammar.

God grant me grace to keep so ! There remaind in
Mr. Cadell's hands of ballance £40 0 0
Add cash payable at this term on the *Tales* 200 0 0

£240 0 0

Drew on him for 140

£100

In Cadell's hands
Add by Alex Ballantyne ¹ 12 10

£112

Disposed of cash drawn as follows—Sum in
purse—

£140 0 0

Shares of Oil Gas—7th install-
ment £75 0 0

To Bogie at Abbotsford 20

To Scott plumer Kelso £9, 15s
say 10

To subscription to Jedburgh
Old Church 10

115

£25

To Anne £5

To Charity Mrs. Watson 5

To subscription Bannatyne Club
five guineas say 6

To plans (?) of Scottish burghs 5 5

To coach hire parliament house 2 7

To Sundries 8

24

Ball. 1

June 10-14.—During these five days almost nothing
occured to diversify the ordinary task of the day, which, I
must own, was dull enough. I rose to my task by seven,
and, less or more, wrought it out in the course of the day, far

¹ Interest on his loan to Scott.

exceeding the ordinary average of three leaves per day. I have attended the Parliament House with the most strict regularity, and returned to dine alone with Anne. Also, I gave three sittings to Mr. Colvin Smith, who I think has improved since I saw him.

Of important intelligence nothing occurs save the termination of all suspense on the subject of poor James Macdonald Buchanan. He died at Malta. The celebrated Dugald Stuart is also dead, famous for his intimate acquaintance with the history and philosophy of the human mind. There is much of water-painting in all metaphysics, which consist rather of words than ideas. But Stuart was most impressive and eloquent. In former days I was frequently with him, but not for many years. Latterly, I am told, he had lost not the power of thinking, but the power of expressing his thoughts by speech. This is like the metamorphosis of Ovid—the bark binding in and hardening the living flesh.

June 15.—W. Clerk, Francis Scott, and Charles Sharpe dined with me, but my task had been concluded before dinner.

June 16.—Dined at Dalmahoy [with] the young Earl and Countess of Morton. I like these young noble folks particularly well. Their manners and style of living is easy and unaffected, and I should like to see them often. Came home at night. The task finishd to-day. I should mention that the plan about the new edition of [the] novels was considered at a meeting of trustees and finally approved of. I trust it will answer ; yet, who can warrant the continuance of popularity ? Old Corri, who entered into many projects, and could never sett the sails of a wind-mill so as to catch the *aura popularis*, used to say that he believed that were he to turn baker, it would put bread out of fashion. I have had the better luck to dress my sails to every wind ; and so blow on, good wind, and spin round, whirligig.

June 17.—Violent rheumatic headache all day. Wrought, however. But what difference ¹ this troublesome

¹ The photostat has " addition."

addition may make to the quality of the stuffd (*sic*) produced, truly I do not know. I finished five leaves.

June 18.—Some Italian gentlemen landed here, under the conveyance of the Misses Haigs of Bemerside. They were gentlemanlike men ; but as I did not dare to speak bad French, I had not much to say to foreigners. Gave them and their pretty guides a good breakfast, however. The scene seemd to me to resemble Sheridan's scene in the *Critic*. There are a number of very civil gentlemen trying to make themselves understood, and I do not know which is the interpreter. After all, it is not my fault. They who wish to see me should be able to speak my language. I calld on Mrs. Stuart Mackenzie. She received me with all the kindness of former days, and I was delighted to see her. I sat about an hour with her. My head aches for all that and I have heavy fits of drowsiness. Well, I have finishd my task, and have a right to sleep if I have a mind. I dine to-day with Lord Mackenzie, where I hope to meet Mrs. Stuart Mackenzie again,¹ for I love her warm heart and lively fancy. Accordingly I enjoyd this pleasure.

June 19.—Scribbled away lustily. Went to the P. H. Wrote when I came home, both before and after dinner—that's all, I think. I am become a sort of writing Automaton, and truly the joints of my knees, especially the left, are so stiff and painful in rising and sitting down, that I can hardly help screaming—I that was so robust and active—I get into a carriage with great difficulty. My head, too, is botherd with rheumatic headaches. Why not ? I got headaches by my folly when I was young, and now I am old they come uncalled. Infirmary gives what indiscretion bought.

June 20.—My course is still the same. But I have a painful letter from Lockhart, which takes away the last hope of poor Johnnie's recovery. It is no surprize to me. The poor child, so amiable in its disposition, and so promising from its talents, was not formed to be long with us, and I have long expected that it must needs come to this.² I hope I shall not outlive my children in other cases, and I think

¹ Daughter of Francis, Lord Scaforth, with whom the title died in 1815.

² "us" in photostat.

there is little chance of it. My father did not long survive the threescore and ten. It will be wonderful if I reach that goal of ordinary mortality. God send it may find me prepared ; and, whatever I may have been formerly, high spirits are not now like to carry me away.

June 21.—At Court and call'd on Ballantyne on my return. I was obliged to go to the Register Office at one, where I wasted nearly an hour without meeting my brethren. But I wrote a letter to Lockhart in the meantime. My niece Ann arrived to my great satisfaction. I am glad that Anne, my daughter, has such a sensible and clever companion.

I got in part of my Salary	£150 0 0
Anne for the house	50
	<hr/>
Ballance	100
In purse	2
Add cash with Mr. Cadell	112
In Mr. Marshalls [hands] to be paid this	
week balance of salary	100
	<hr/>
	£314

Dined at Baron Hume's.

June 22.—Wrought ha[r]d. A note from Ballantyne complaining of my manuscript and requesting me to read it over. I would give £1000 [if] I could ; but it would take me longer to read than to write. I cannot trace my *pieds de mouche* but with great labour and trouble. So e'en take your own share of the burden, my old friend, and since I cannot read be thankful I can write. I will look at his proof, however, and then be quiet and idle for the rest of the evening. I am come to Charles the First's trial, and though I have it by heart, I must refresh myself with a reading of Clarendon. Charles Sharpe and Francis Scott came in the evening.

June 23.—This morning the two Annes and I went to Sir Robert Liston at Milburn¹ Tower—a beautiful retreat.

¹ "Liston" in photostat.

The travels of the venerable diplomatist are indicated by the various articles of curiosity which he has picked up in different corners of the world and put together with much taste. The conservatory and gardens are very fine, and contain, I suppose, very curious plants ;—I am sure, hard names enough. But then the little Gothick [tower], embowerd among¹ trees and bushes, surrounded by these pleasant gardens, offering many a sunny walk for winter, many a shade for summer, are inexpressibly pleasing. The good old knight and his lady are worthy of it, for they enjoy it. The artificial piece of water is a failure, like most things of the kind. The offices, without being on an extravagant scale, are most substantial ; the piggery, in particular, is quite a palace, and the animals clean and comfortable. I think I have caught from them a fit of piggish obstinacy. I came [home] at one, and cannot prevail upon myself to go to work. I answer the calls of duty as Caliban does those of Prospero, “ There’s wood enough within.” To be sure, I have not got the Clarendon.

June 24.—It was my father’s own son, as John Hielandman said, who did little both yesterday and to-day—I mean little in the way of literary work, for, as to positive work, I have been writing letters about that Chancery business till I am sick of it. There was a long *hearing*, and while Jeffrey exerted his eloquence in the Inner House, I plied my eloquence *de billet* in the Library. So, on the whole, I am no bad boy. Besides, the day is not yet over.

Cash in purse	£102	0	0
To Mr. Gibson in full of his acct ^t	88		
	<hr/>		
		14	
With Mr Cadell & Marshall	212		
	<hr/>		
Ballance in cash as above	£226		

June 25.—I was surprised to hear that our Accademy Rector, Williams, has renounced the chair of Professor of

¹ “among” in photostat.

Roman learning in the new London University. His alarm was excited by the interest taken by the prelates in opposing a High Church institution to that devised by Mr. Brougham. Both the Bishops and Williams have been unwise. The former have manœuvred ill. They should, in the outset, have taken the establishment out of the hands of the Whigs, without suffering them to reinforce themselves by support from "those who should have been their[s]." And Williams was equally precipitate in joining an institution which a small degree of foresight might have assured him would be opposed by his spiritual superiors. However, there he stands, deprived of his professorship by his resignation, and of his rectorship by our having engaged with a successor. I think it very doubtful whether the Bishops will now [admit] him into their alliance. He has in that case offended both parties. But if they are wise, they will be glad to pick up the best schoolmaster in Europe, though he comes for the present *Graia ex urbe*. I accomplished more than my task to-day.

June 26.—Wrote a long letter to Lockhart¹ about Williams' situation, saying how, by sitting betwixt two stools, he

" ——— Had fallen with heavy thump
Upon his reverential rump,"

and how the Bishops should pick him up if they wanted their establishment to succeed. It is an awkward position in which Williams has placed himself. He loses the Whig chair, and has perhaps no chance of favour from [the] High Church for having been willing to accept it. Even if they now give him promotion, there will be a great outcry on his having left one institution to join another. He will be thick-skinned if he stands the clamour. Yet he has to all appearance rather sacrificed than advanced his interest. However, I say again, the Bishops ought not to omit securing him.

Mr. Macintosh Mackay breakfasted with me. Modest, intelligent, and gentle. I did my duty and more in the

¹ *Letters*, x. 466.

course of the day. John Forbes and his Lady came in for a call.

From Mr. Cadell	£20
Cash in purse	14
	<hr/>
	34
Tom by basket	£15
Anne	5
	<hr/>
	20
Cash in purse	£14
	<hr/>
Cadell	£112
To cash	20
	<hr/>
Ball. with Cadell	£90

I am vexed about MacKay missing the church of Cupar in Angus. It is in the Crown's gift, and Peele, finding that two parties in the town recommended two opposite candidates, very wisely chose to disappoint them both, and was desirous of bestowing the presentation on public grounds. I heard of this,* and applied to Mr. Peele¹ for Macintosh Mackay, whose quiet patience and learning are accompanied by a most excellent character as a preacher and a clergyman. But unhappily Mr. Peele had previously put himself into the hands of Sir George Murray, who applied to Sir Peter his brother, who naturally applied to certain leaders of the Church at Edinburgh, and these reverend gentlemen have recommended that the church which the minister desired to fill up on public grounds should be bestowed on a boy, the nephew of one of their number, of whom the best that can be said is that nothing is known, since he has only been a few months in orders. This comes of kith, kin, and ally, but Peele shall know of it, and may perhaps judge for himself another time.

June 27.—I came out after Court to Blair Adam, with our excellent friend the Rev. John Thomson of Duddingston, so modest and so accomplished,—delightful drive and passage at the ferry. We found at Blair Adam the C. C.

¹ Scott's letter to Peel is printed in *Letters*, x. 434.

and family, Admiral Adam and lady, John Thomson of Charlton, and Miss T., Will Clerk, and last, not least, Lord Chief Baron Shepherd—all in high spirits for our excursions.

Thomson described to me a fine dungeon in the old tower at Cassilis in Ayrshire. There is an outer and inner vaulted [chamber], each secured with iron doors. At the upper end of the innermost are two great stones or blocks to which the staples and chains used in securing the prisoners are still attached. Between these stone seats is an opening like the mouth of a still deeper dungeon. The entrance descends like the mouth of a draw-well or shaft of a mine, and deep below is heard the sullen roar of the river Doon, one branch of which, passing through the bottom of the shaft, has probably swept away the body of many [a] captive, whose body after death may have been thus summarily disposed of. I may find use for such a place—
Story of Kittle Clarkie.

June 28.—Off we goes to Castle Campbell after breakfast, *i.e.* Will Clerk, Admiral Adam, Jo[hn] Thomson, and myself. Tremendous hot is the day, and the steep ascent of the Castle, which rises for two miles up a rugged and broken path, was fatiguing enough, yet not so much so as the streets in London. Castle Campbell is unaltered; the window, of which the disjointed stone form¹ projects at an angle from the wall, and seems at the point of falling, has still found power to resist the laws of gravitation. Whoever built that tottering piece of masonry has been long in a forgotten grave, and yet what he has made seems to survive in spite of nature itself. The curious cleft called Kemp's Score, which gave the garrison access to the water in case of siege, is obviously natural, but had been improved by steps, now choked up. A girl who came with us recollected she had shown me the way down to the bottom of this terrible gulph seven years ago. I am not able for it now.

“Wont to do's awa frae me,
Frae silly auld John Ochiltree.”

¹ A correspondent suggests with great probability that we should read “frame.”

June 29.—Being Sunday we kept about the doors, and after two took the drosky and drove over the hill and round by the Kiery Craggs. I should have said Williams came out in the morning to ask my advice about staying another year in Edinburgh. I advised him if possible to gain a few days' time till I should hear from Lockhart. He has made a pretty mess for himself, but if the Bishops are wise, they may profit by it. The sound, practical advice of Williams at the first concoction would be of [the] last consequence. I suspect their¹ systems of eating-houses are the most objectionable part of the college discipline. When their attentions are to be given to the departments of the cook and the butler, all zeal in the nobler paths of education is apt to decay.

Well, to return to the woods. I think, notwithstanding Lord Chief Commissioner's assiduity, the[y] are in some places too thick. I saw a fine larch felled, seventy-two years old, value about five pounds.

Hereditary descent in the Highlands. A clergyman showed J. T. the island of Inch Mahome in the Port of Montcith, and pointed out the boatman as a remarkable person, the representative of the hereditary gardeners of the Earls of Monteith, while these Earls existed. His son, a priggish boy, follows up the theme—"Feyther, when Donald MacCorkindale dees will not the *family* be extinct?" Father after re[flection]—"No; I believe there is a man in Balquhiddie who takes up the *succession*."

June 30.—We made our pleasant excursion to-day round the hill of Bennarty *par terre*, and returned *par mer*. Our route by land led us past Lochore, where we made a pause for a few moments. Then proceeded to Ballingray or Bingray, and so by Kirkness, where late ravages are supplied by the force of vegetation down to the shores of the Lochleven. We embarked and went upon Saint Serf's Island, supposed to have been anciently a cell of the Culdees. An ancient pinfold, or rather a modern pinfold constructed out of the ancient chapel, is all that attests its former sanctity. We landed on Queen Mary's Island, a miserable scene,

¹ "they" in photostat.

considering the purpose for which the Castle was appointed. And yet the captivity and surrender of the Piercy was even a worse tale, since it was an eternal blight on the name of Douglas. Well, we got to Blair Adam in due time, and our fine company began to separate, Lord Chief Baron going off after dinner. We had wine and wassail, and John Thomson's delightful flute to help us through the evening.

Thus end the delectations of the Blair Adam Club for this year. Mrs. Thomson of Charlton talks of Bethune's house, and other fife wonders for the next year, but who knows what one year may bring forth? Our Club has been hitherto fortunate. It has subsisted twelve years.

JULY

"Up in the morning's no for me." ¹

Yet here I am up at five—no horses come from the North Ferry yet.

"O Mr. Mitchell, [Mr.] Mitchell,
Your promises and time keep stitch ill."

July 1, [Edinburgh].—Got home, however, by nine, and went to the Parliament House, where we were detained till four o'clock. Miss D—— dined with us, a professed lion-huntress, who travels the country to rouse the peaceful beasts out of their lair, and insists on being hand and glove with all [the] leonine race. She is very plain, besides frightfully red-haired, and out-Lydia-ing even my poor friend Lydia White. An awful visitation! I think I see her with javelin raised and buskind foot, a second Diana, rousing the hills of Westmoreland in quest of the lakers. Would to God she were there or anywhere but here! Affectation is a painful thing to witness, and this poor woman has the bad taste to think direct flattery is the way to make her advances to friendship and intimacy.

July 2.—I believe I was cross yesterday. I am at any rate very ill to-day with a rheumatic headache and a still

¹ Burns's song.

more vile hypochondriachal affection which fill my head with pain my heart with sadness and my eyes with tears. I do not wonder at the awful feelings which visited men less educated and less firm than I may call myself. It is a most hang-dog cast of feeling, but it may be chased away by study or by exercise. The last I have always found most successful, but the first is most convenient. I wrought therefore and endured all this forenoon, being a Teind Wednesday. I am now in such a state that I would hardly be surprized at the worst news which could be brought to me. And all this without any rational cause why to-day should be sadder than yesterday.

Two things to lighten my spirits—First, Cadell comes to assure me that the stock of 12mo novels is diminished from 3800, which was the quantity in the publisher's hands in March 1827, to 600 or 700. This argues gallant room for the publication of the New Series. Secondly, said Cadell is setting off straight for London to set affairs a-going. If I have success in this, it will greatly assist in extricating my affairs.

Cash from Mr Cadell	£22
To sent Bogie	22
	<hr/>
Ball. remains with Cadell	£68
	<hr/>
To cash in purse	£14
Marshal . £100	Grass for horses and []
Cadell . 68	for carriage . £5
Purse . 1	To John to Blair Adam
----	expences . 3
£169	To subscription to Horti-
	cultural Garden . 3
	Bust carriage from London ¹ 1
	Sundries 1
	<hr/>
	13
	<hr/>
In purse	£1

¹ Allan Cunningham wrote on 20th June that Chantrey's marble bust of Scott had been sent off. See *Letters*, x. 450.

My aches of the heart terminated in a cruel aching of the head—rheumatic, I suppose. But Sir Adam and Clerk came to dinner, and laughed and talked the sense of pain and oppression away. One cannot at times work themselves into a gay humour, any more than we can tickle ourselves into a fit of laughter; foreign agency is necessary. My huntress of lions again dined with us. I have subscribed to her Album, and done [all] that was civil.

July 3.—Corrected proofs in the morning, and wrote a little. I was forced to crop vol. i. as thirty pages too long; there is the less to write behind. We were kept late at the Court, and when I came out I bethought me, like Christian in the Castle of Giant Despair, “Wherefore should I walk along the broiling and stifling streets when I have a little key in my bosom which can open any lock in Princes Street Walks, and be thus on the Castle banks, rocks, and trees in a few minutes?” I made use of my key accordingly, and walked from the Castle Hill down to Wallace’s Tower,¹ and thence to the west end of Princes Street, through a scene of grandeur and beauty perhaps unequalled, whether the foreground or distant view is considered—all down hill, too. Foolish never to think of this before. I chatted with the girls a good while after dinner, but wrote a trifle when we had tea.

July 4.—The two Annes went off to Abbotsford, though the weather was somewhat louring for an open carriage, but the day cleared up finely. Hamilton is unwell, so we had a long hearing of his on our hands. It was four ere I got home, but I had taken my newly discovered path by rock, bush, and ruin. I question if Europe has such another path. We owe this to the taste of James Skene. But I must dress to go to Dr. Hope’s, who makes *chère exquise*, and does not understand being kept late.

July 5.—Saturday, corrected proofs and wrought hard. Went out to dinner at Oxenfoord Castle, and returned in even^g in the company of Lord Alloway, Chief Baron, Clerk etc., and Mr. Bouverie, the English Commissioner or Solicitor.

¹ Now called Wellhouse Tower.

July 6.—A day of hard work. The second volume is now well advanced—wellnigh one half. Dined alone, and pursued my course after dinner. Seven pages were finished. Solitude's a fine thing for work, but then you must lie bye like a spider, till you collect materials to continue your web. Began Simond's Switzerland—clever and intelligent, but rather conceited, as [is] the manner of an American Frenchman. I hope to knock something out of him though.

July 7.—Williams seems in uncertainty again, and I can't guess what he will do. Surely it is a misery to be so indecisive; he will certainly gain the ill word of both parties and might have had the good word of all; and, indeed, deserves it. We received his resignation to-day, but if the King's College are disposed to thrive, they will keep [their] eyes on this very able man.

July 8.—Hard work in the Court, the sederunts turn long and burthensome. I fear they will require some abridgment of vacation.

[From July 8, 1828, to January 10, 1829, there are no entries in the Journal.]

JANUARY

HAVING omitted to carry on my diary for two or three days, I lost heart to make it up, and left it unfilled for many a month and day. During this period nothing has happened worth particular notice. The same occupations, the same amusements, the same occasional alternations of spirits, gay or depressed, the same absence of all sensible or rational cause for the one or the other. I half grieve to take up my pen, and doubt if it is worth while to record such an infinite quantity of nothing. But hang it! I hate to be beat, so here goes for better behaviour.

January 10.—I resume my task at Abbotsford. We are here alone except Lockhart on a flying visit. Morritt, his Niece, Sir James Stewart, Skene, and an occasional friend or two, have been my guests since 31 December. I cannot say I have been happy, for the feeling of increasing weakness in my lame leg is a great offset.¹ I walk now with pain and difficulty at all times, and it sinks my soul to think how soon I may be altogether a disabled cripple. I am tedious to my friends, and I doubt the sense of it makes me fretful.

Every thing else goes off well enough. My cash affairs are clearing and though last year was an expensive one I have been paying debt. Yet I have a dull contest before me which will probably outlast my life. If well maintained, however, it will be an honourable one, and if the *Magnum opus* succeed, it will afford me some repose.

January 11.—I did not write above a page yesterday; most weary, stale, and unprofitable have been my labours----

¹ Douglas printed "affliction."

received a letter I suppose from Mad^e T——, proposing a string of historical subjects not proper for my purpose. People will not consider that a thing may already be so well told in history, that Romance ought not in prudence to meddle with it. The ground covered with snow which by slipperiness & the pain occasioned by my lameness renders walking unpleasant.

I settled cash matters thus

From Mr. Cadell to account	£150
Cash to Tom	£30
— to Bogie for accompts	100
— to Do. present	5
— to Anne for letters (d—n them) ¹	10
— to Swanston for his cut hand	1
	—
	146
	£4

January 12.—This is the third day I have not walked out pain and lameness being the cause. This bodes very ill for my future life. I made a [great] search ² yesterday and to day for letters of Lord Byron to send to Tom Moore, but I could only find two. I had several others, & am shocked at missing them. The one which he sent me with a silver cup I regret particularly. It was stolen [out] of the Cup itself by some vile inhospitable scoundrel, for a servant would not have thought such a theft worth while.

My spirits are low, yet I wot not why. I have been writing to my sons. Walter's Majority was like to be reduced, but is spared for the present. Charles is going on well I trust at his foreign office. So I hope all is well.

Loitered out an useless day, half arranging half disarranging books and papers, and packing the things I shall want.

January 13.—Der abschied's tag ist da. The day of return

¹ See the entry of 6th January 1828, where Scott reckons that the "idle intrusion of voluntary correspondents" costs him £100 a year.

² "grearch" in photostat (great search?).

to Edinburgh is come. I dont know why, but I am more happy at the change than usual. I am not working hard, and it is what I ought to do, and must do. Every hour of laziness cries fic upon me. But there is a perplexing sinking of the heart which one cannot always overcome. At such times I have wishd myself a clerk, quill driving for twopence per page. You have at least application, and that is all that is necessary, whereas unless your lively faculties are awake and propitious, your application will do you as little good as if you straind your sinews to lift Arthurs Seat.

January 14, [Edinburgh].—Got home last night after a freezing journey. This morning I got back some of the last copy, and tugd as hard as ever did sutor to make ends meet. Then I will be reconciled to my task again, which at present disgusts me. Visited Lady Jane, who tells me Sir W. Forbes died wo[r]th much less than could be expected and that the present Sir John is inconvenienced. I then calld on Mr. Robison and instructed him to call a meeting of the Council of the Royal Society, as Mr. Knox proposes to read an essay on some dissections A bold proposal truly from one who has had so lately the boldness of trading so deep in human flesh. I will oppose his reading in the present circumstances if I should stand alone, but I hope he will be wrought upon to withdraw his essay or postpone it at least. It is very bad taste to push himself forward just now. Lockhart dined with us, which made the evening a pleasant but idle one. Well ! I must rouse myself

Awake, arise, or be for ever fallen !

January 15.—Day began with beggars as usual, and John Nicolson has not sense to keep them out. I never yield, however, to this importunity, thinking it wrong that what I can spare to meritorious poverty, of which I hear & see too much should be diverted by impudent importunity. I was detain'd at the parliament house till nearly three by the great case concerning prescription, *Maule v. Maule*. This was made up to me by hearing

an excellent opinion from Lord Corehouse, with a curious discussion *in apicibus juris*. I disappointed Grahame of a sitting for my picture.¹ I went to the Council of the Royal Society, which was convened at my request, to consider whether we ought to hear a paper on anatomical subjects read by Mr. Knox, whose name has of late been deeply implicated in a criminal prosecution against certain wretches, who had murderd many persons & sold their bodies to professors of the anatomical science. Some thought that our declining to receive the paper would be a declaration unfavourable to Dr. Knox. I think hearing it before Mr. Knox has made any defence (as he is stated to have in view) would be an intimation of our preference of the cause of Science to those of Morality and Common Humanity. Mr. Knox's friends undertook to deal with him about suffering the paper to be omitted for the present, while *adhuc coram judice lis est*.

January 16.—Nothing on the roll to day, so I did not go to the Parliament House, but faggd at my desk till two. Dr. Ross calld to relieve me of a corn, which, though my lameness needs^d no addition, had tormented me vilely. I again met the Royal Society's council. Dr. Knox consents to withdraw his paper, or rather suffers the reading to be postponed. There is some great error in the law of the subject. If it was left to itself many bodies would be imported from France & Ireland, & doubtless many would be found in our hospitals for the service of the anatomical science. But the total and severe exclusion of foreign supplies of this kind raises the price of the Subjects, as they are calld technically, to such a height, that wretches are found willing to break into "the bloody house of life," merely to supply the anatomists table. The law which, as a deeper sentence on the guilt of murder, [enacts] that the body of the convi[c]ted criminal should be given up to anatomy, is certainly not without effect, for criminals have been known to shrink from that part of the sentence which seem[s] to afflict them more than the doom of death itself,

¹ Graham Gilbert's picture of Scott is in the Royal Society's House, 22 George Street, Edinburgh.

with all its terrors here and hereafter. On the other hand, while this idea of the infamy attending the exposition of the person is thus recognized by the laws, it is impossible to adopt regulations which would effectually prevent such horrid crimes as the murder of vagrant wretches who can be snatchd from society without their being misssd, as in the case of the late conspiracy. For instance, if it was now to be enacted, as seems reasonable, that persons dying in hospitals and almshouses, who die without their friends claiming their remains, should be given up to the men of science, this would be subjecting poverty to the penalty of these atrocious criminals whom Law distinguishes by the heaviest posthumous disgrace which it can inflict. Even cultivated minds revolt from the exposure on an anatomical table, when the case is supposed to be that of one who is dear to them. I should, I am conscious, be willing that I myself should be dissected in publick, if doing so could produce any advantage to Society, but when I think on relations and friends being rent from the grave the case is very different, and I would fight knee deep to prevent or punish such an exposure. So inconsistent we are all upon matters of this nature.

I dined quietly at home with the girls, & wrote after dinner.

January 17.—Nothing on the roll, corrected proofs, and went off at 12 o'clock in the Hamilton stage to William Lockhart's of Auchinrait[h]. My companions, Mr. Livingstone, a clergyman of Camnethan, a Baillie Hamilton, the King of trumps, I am told, in the Burgh of Hamilton, and a Mr. Davie Martin *qui gaudet equis et canibus*. Got to Auchinrait[h] by six, and met Lord Douglas¹ & his brother, Captain Douglas, R.N. John G. Lockhart also, who had had a large communication from Duke of W. upon the subject of the bullion. The Duke scouts the oeconomists' ideas about paper credit, after the leading proposition that all men shall be entitled to require gold.

January 18.—We went, the two Lockharts and I, to William's new purchase of Milton. We found on his

¹ Archibald, second Lord Douglas.

ground a cottage, where a man call'd Greenshiel[d]s,¹ a sensible, powerful mind[ed] person, had a[t] 28 (rather too late a week) taken up the art of sculpture. He had disposed of the person of the King most admirably, according to my poor thoughts, and had attained a wonderful expression [of] ease & majesty at the same time. He was desirous of engaging on Burns' jolly beggars, which I dissuaded. Caricature is not the object of Sculpture.

We went to Milton on as fine a day as could consist with snow on the ground. The situation is eminently beautiful; a fine promontory round which the Clyde makes a magnificent bend. We fixd on a situation where the sitting room should command the upper view, and, with an ornamental garden, I think it may be made the prettiest place in Scotland.

January 19.—Posted to Edinburgh with John Lockhart. We stopped [at] Allanton to see a tree transplanted, which was performd with great ease. Sir Henry is a sad coxcomb, and lifted beyond the solid earth by the effect of his book's success. But the book well deserves it.² He is in practice particularly anxious to keep the roots of the tree near the surface, and only covers them with about a foot of earth.

Nota.—Lime rubbish dug in among the roots of ivy encourages it much.

The operation delayd us three hours, so it was seven o'clock before we reach[ed] our dinner & a good fire in shandwick place, and we were well nigh frozen to death. During this excursion I walkd very ill—with more pain, in fact, than I ever remember to have felt—and, even leaning on John Lockhart, could hardly get on. *Baad that, vara baad*—it might be the severe weather though, and the numbing effect of the sitting in the carriage. Be [it] what it will, I can't help myself.

January 20.—I had little to do at the court, and returnd home soon. Hon[e]st old Mr. Ferriar is dead, at

¹ John Greenshields, self-taught sculptor. See *Life*, ch. lxxvii.

² Sir Henry Seton Stuart's work on *Planting* was reviewed by Scott in the *Quarterly*.—See *Misc. Prose Works*, vol. xxi

extreme old age. I confess I should not wish to live so long. He was a man with strong passions and strong prejudices, but with generous and manly sentiments at the same time. We used to call him Uncle Adam, after that character in his gifted daughter's novel of the *Heiress*.¹

I wrote a long letter after I came home to my Lord Elgin about Gree[n]shields, the sculptor.² I am afraid he is going into the burlesque lin[e], to which sculpture is peculiarly ill adapted. So I have expressd my veto to his patron, *valeat quantum*.

Also [I answered] a letter from Mrs. Professor Sandford at Glas[g]ow about reprinting MacCaulay's *history of Saint Kilda*, advising them to insert the history of Lady Grange who was kidnapd and banishd thither.³

I corrected my proofs, moreover, and prepare[d] to dine. After dinner we go to Euphemia Erskine's marriage. Mr. Dallas came in & presented me with an old pedigree of the M'Intoshes. The wedding took place with the usual April weather of smiles and tears. The bridegroom's name is Dawson. As he, as well as the bride, is very tall, they have every chance of bringing up a family of giants. The bridegroom has an excellent character. He is only a captain, but oeconomy does wonders in the army, where there are many facilities for practizing it. I sincerely wish them happiness.

January 21.—Anne has sufferd her accounts to get wrong again. It is hopeless to argue with her. She professes a purpose of amendment with the purpose I suppose of keeping her word, but always fails. I must try to get her into better training. Went out to Dalkeith House to dine and stay all night. Found Marq of Lothian and a family party. I liked the sense and spirit displayd by this young nobleman,⁴ who reminds me so strongly of his parents, whom I valued so highly.

¹ Miss Ferrier's *Inheritance* is meant.

² See *Letters*, xi, 96-101.

³ For the story of Lady Grange, see the *Autobiography* of "Jupiter" Carlyle, p. 4. She was the daughter of Chiesley of Dalry.

⁴ Walter Francis, fifth Duke of Buccleuch.

January 22.—Left Dalkeith after breakfast, and gained the Parl. House, where there was almost nothing to do, at eleven o'clock. Afterwards sate to Grahame, who is making a good thing of it. Mr. Colville Smith has made a better in one sense, having sold ten or twelve copies of the portrait to different friends.¹ The Solicitor came to dine with me—we drank a bottle of Champagne, and two bottles of claret, which, in former days, I should have thought a very sober allowance, since, Lockhart included, there were three persons to drink it. But I felt I had drunk too much, and was uncomfortable. The young men stood it like young men. Skene and his wife and daughter lookd in in the evening. I suppose I am turning to my second childhood, for not only am I filld drunk, or made stupid at least, with one bottle of wine, but I am disabled from writing by chillblains on my fingers—a most babyish complaint. They say that the character is indicated by the hand writing. If so, min[e] is crabbed enough.

January 23.—Still severe frost, annoying to sore fingers. Nothing on the roll. I sate at home and wrote letters to Wilkie, Landseer, Mrs. Hughes, Charles, etc. Went out to old Mr. Ferriar's funeral, & saw the last duty rendered to my old friend, whose age was

——like a lusty winter
Frosty, but kindly

I mean in a moral as well as physical sense. I then went to Cadell's for some few minutes.

By the way Sir John Sinclair is provided with a substitute to continue the trade of *boring*. When he is calld to be a bore like some oid classick amongst the heavenly constellations *haud deficiat alter*. I saw with a sick & sorry heart his eldest son² tall and ungainly like the knight himself with cheek as sleek as Oil and a wit

¹ For Colvin Smith's portraits of Scott, see *Journal*, Jan. 28, 1828, and Feb. 2, 1828.

² Afterwards second Baronet of Ulbster.

as thick as mustard. Young hopeful's business with me was to invite me to be one of a committee who were to sit as Mr. Knox's friends in a Committee of enquiry on his late traffick with the West port. In other words to lend a hand to whitewash this much to be suspected individual. But he shall ride off on no back of mine, & I feel no call to mix myself in the business at all. The rest of the committee are to be doctors & surgeons (ask my fellow &c.) and I suppose the doughty Sir John at the head of them all and this young boar pig to swell the cry. I will travell in no such boat.¹ I carri[e]d out Lockhart to Dalkeith, wher[c] we dined, supd, and returnd through a clinking frost, with snow on the ground. Lord Ramsay and the Miss Kerrs were at Dalkeith. The Duke shews, for [so] young a man, a great deal of character, and seems to have a proper feeling of the part he has to play. The evening was pleasant, but the thought that I was now the visitor and friend of the family in the third generation lay somewhat heavy on me. Every thing around me seemd to say that Beauty, power, wealth, honour were but things of a day.

January 24.—Heavy fall of snow. Lockhart is off in the mail. I hope he will not be blockaded. The day bitter cold. I went to the court, and with great difficulty returnd along the slipp[c]ry street. I ought to have taken the carriage, but I have a superstitious dread of giving up the habit of walking, and would willingly stick to the last by my old hardy customs. Little but trifles to do at the court. I wrote to Lord Register and Lord Melville about the situation of Keeper of Record of Entails.² I suppose they will give it me as they proposed. It does not exceed £150, but that is always worth something. My hands are so coverd with Chillblains that I can hardly use a pen. My feet ditto.

We bould away at 6 o'clock to Mr. Wardlaw Ramsay

¹ This paragraph was omitted in the 1890 edition. The report of the proposed committee is reprinted in Roughhead's *Burke and Hare* (1921).

² It appears from Scott's letters that he sought this place to help the family of his brother Tom.

[and] found we were a week too early, and went back as if our noses had been bleeding.

January 25.—Worked seriously all morning, expecting the Fergussons to dinner. Alas instead of that, I learn that my poor innocent friend Mary is no mor[e]. She was a person of some odd & peculiar habits, wore a singular dress, and affected wild and solitary haunts, but she was, at the same time, a woman of talents, and even genius. She used often to take long walks with me up through the glens; and I believe her sincere good wishes attended me, as I was always glad of an opportunity to shew her kindness. I shall long think of her when at Abbotsford. This sad event breaks up our little party. Will Clerk came, however, and his *tête à tête* was, of course, interesting and amusing in the highest degree. We drank some whisky & water, and smoked a cigar or two, till nine at night.

No after friendship ere can raise
The endearments of our early days.

January 26.—I muzzd on—I can call it little better—with *Anne of Geierstein*. The materials are excellent, but the power of using them is failing. Yet I wrote out about three pages, sleeping at intervals. My cash affairs stand thus

To advanced by Mr. Caddel	£10
Expences of journey to Lanarkshire	6
In cash	4
Cash in purse	£4
received by Mr. Cadell at Exchch[equ]er	150
Cash remitted by Miss Arden for expence of Lady Alvanl[e]y's monument	42

Cash to Mr. Lang by receipt	£100	
Of the above pub[li]ck money		
Pror fiscal	£42	5 6
Sheriff Clerk	34	11
	76	16 6
	£76	16 6
To draw[n] for T. Purdie & Bogie		
Ball	23	3 6
		£100
Altogether deduce		96
For Lady Alvanley's monument		38
		£58
Four pounds the balance lies to answer Braid's fees		4
therefore in cash		54

I have to receive the above £76, 16s. 6d. from Government with my own appointments for circuit.

I will need to raise £200 or £300 to put by this Bill season. Anne has hardly used me kindly or fairly after declaiming so much against debt.¹ It must be more closely looked after.

January 27.—A great and gen[er]all thaw, the streets afloat, the snow descending on one's head from the roofs. Went to the Court. There was little to do. Left about twelve, and took a sitting with Grahame, who begs for another. Sir James Stewart stood bottle holder on this occasion. Had rather an unfavourable account of the pictures of James Stewart of Dunearn, which are to be sold. I had promised to pick up one or two for the Duke of Buccleuch. Came home and wrote a leaf or two. I shall be soon done with the 2d Volume of *Anne of Geierstein*. I cannot persuade myself of the obvious risk of [not] satisfying the publick, although I cannot so well satisfy myself. I am like Beaumont & Fletcher's Old Merryman

¹ "Date" in photostat.

who could not be persuaded that there was a chance of his wanting meat. "I never came into my parlour, said he, but I found the cloth laid and din[n]er ready. Surely it will be always thus. Use makes perfect[ness]." ¹ My reflections are of the same kind; and if they are unlogical they are perhaps not the less comfortable. Fretting and struggling does no good. Wrote to Miss Margaret Fergusson a letter of condolence. Sent Tom an order for £23 found balance of £100 sent to Mr. Lang.

January 28.—Breakfasted, for a wonder, abroad with Hay Drummond, whose wife appears a little pretty and agreeable woman. We worship[ped] his tutelar deity, the Herculas, & saw a good model of Hercules Bibax, or the drunken Hercules. Grahame and Sir James Stuart were there. Home-baked bread an[d] soldier's coffee were the treat. I came home; and Sir Robert Dundas having taken my duty at the court, I wrote for some time, but not much. Burke the Murderer hanged this morning. The mob, which was immense, demanded Knox and Hare, but though greedy for more victims, received with shouts the solitary wretch who found his way to the gallows out of five or six who seem not less guilty than He. But the story begins to be stale insomuch that ² I believe a doggrel ballad upon it would be popular, how brutal soever the wit. This is the progress of human passion. We ejaculate, exclaim, hold up to heaven our hand[s], like the rustic Phidele ³—next morning the mood changes, and we dance a jig to the tune which moved us to tears. Mr. Bell sends me a spec[i]ment of a Historical novel, but he goes not the way to write it. He is too general, & not sufficient[ly] minute. It is not easy to convey this to an author, with the necessary attention to his feelings; and yet, in good faith & sincerity, it must be done.

January 29.—I had a vacant day once more by the

¹ See Beaumont and Fletcher, *Knight of the Burning Pestle*, Act i. Sc. 3.

² The 1890 editor printed the meaningless "although" instead of "insomuch that."

³ A passage in *Woodstock*, vol. ii, ch. vi, Border ed., shows that Scott did not distinguish Shakespeare's Fidele from Morace's Phidyle.

kindness of Sir Robert, unaskd, but most kindly afforded. I have not employd it to much purpose. I wrote 6 pages to Croker,¹ who is busied with a new edition of Boswell's *life of Johnson*, to which most entertaining book he hopes to make large additions from Mrs. Piozzi, Hawkins and other sources. I am bound by many obligations to do as much for him as I can, which can only respect the Scottish tour. I wrote only two or three pages of *Anne*. I am

—as one who in a darksome way
Doth walk with fear and dread.

But walk I must, & walk forward too, [or] I shall be benighted with a vengeance. After dinner, to compromise matters with my conscience, I wrote letters to Bell, Mrs. Hughes, and so forth ; thus I concluded the day with a sort of busy idl[e]ness. This will not do. By Cock and pye it will not.

January 30.—Mr. Stuart of — regiment breakfasted with me, a grand nephew of Lady Louisa's, and a very pleasing young gentleman. The coach surprized me by not calling. *Will* it be for the Martyrdom? I trow it will, yet, strange to say, I cannot recollect if it is a regular holiday or not.

Uprouse ye then, my merry, merry men,
And use it as ye may.

I wrote in the morning, and went at one o'clock to a meeting of Country gentlemen, about bringing the direct road from London down by Jedburgh, said to be the nearest line by 50 miles. It is proposed the pleasant men of Teviotdale should pay, not only their own share,—that is, the expence of making the road through our own county, but also the expence of making the road under the Ellsdon trust in Northumberland, where the English would positively do nothing. I stated this to the meeting as an act of Quixotry. If it be an advantage, which, unless to individuals, may be doubted, it is equally one to Northumberland as to

¹ These six pages are printed in *Letters*, xi, 110-20.

Roxburgh, therefor[e] I am clear that we should go “aequals acquals.” I think I have maybe put a spoke in the wheel. The raising the statute labour of Roxburgh Shire to an oppressive extent, to make roads in England, is, I think, jimp legal, and will be much complained of by the poorer heritors.

Henry of Harden dine[s] with [me] *tête à tête*, excepting the girls.

	In cash	£54
By paid Bland's fees	£4	
By paid Cotton for Segars	5	
To Anne	40	
	—	49
In purse Ball.	£5	

January 31.—I though[t] I had opend a vein this morning and that it came freely, but the demands of art have been more than I can bear. I corrected proofs before breakfast, went to court after that meal; was busy till near one o'clock; then I went to Cadell's, where [I found] him preparing to circulate the prospectus of the *magnum*, which will have all the effect of surprize on most people. I sate to Mr. Graham till I was quite tired, then went to Lady Jane, who is getting better. Then here at four, fit for nothing but to bring up the silly Diary. The corpse of the Murderer Burke is now lying in state at the College, in the anatomical class, and all the world flock to see him. Who is he [that] says that we are not ¹ ill to please in our objects of curiosity. The strange means by which the wretch made money are scarce more disgusting than the eager curiosity with which the publick have licked up all [the] carrion details of this business.

I trifled with my work. I wonder how Johnson set himself doggedly to it—to a work of imagination it seems quite impossible, and one's brain is at times fairly addled and yet I have felt times when sudden and strong exertion

¹ The omission of this word would improve the sense.

[might] throw off all this mistiness of mind, as a north wind would disperse it.

Blow, blow, thou northern wind.

Nothing more than about two or three pages. I went to the Parliament House to day, but had little to do.

I sate to Mr. Grahame, the last time, Heaven be praised. If I be not known in another age, it will not be for want of pictures. We dined with Mrs. Ramsay Wardlaw and Lady Anne—a fine family. There was little done in the way of work except correcting proofs. The bile affects me, and makes me vilely drowsy when I should be most awake. Met at Mr. Wardlaw's several people I did not know. Lookd over *Cumnor Hall* by Mr. Usher Tighe of Oxford. I see from the inscription on Tony Forster's tomb that he was a skillful planter, amongst other fashionable accomplishments.

FEBRUARY

February 1.—*Domum mansi*,¹ *Lanam feci*,—"Staid at home *videlicet*, and labourd without interruption except from intolerable drowsiness—finishd eight leaves, however, the best day's work I have made this long time. No interruption, and I got pleased with my work, which ends the second Volume of *Anne of Geierstein*. After dinner had a letter from Lockhart, with happy tidings about the probability of the Commission on the Stewart papers being dissolved. The Duke of W. says Commissions never either did or will do any good. John will in that case be sole editor of these papers with an apartment at Saint James's *cum plurimis aliis*. It will [be] a grand coup if it takes place.

February 2.—Sent off yesterday's work with proofs. Could I do as toughly for a week—and many a day I have

¹ In one of the volumes of the Walpole Bequest there is a letter from a correspondent who told Scott that he had misquoted the epitaph on the Roman matron (*mansi for servavi*) in *The Abbot*, but he repeated the mistake in *The Surgeon's Daughter* some years later.

done more—I should be soon out of the scrape. I wrote letters, and put over the day till one, when I went down with Sir James Stuart to see Stewart of Duncarn's pictures now on sale. I did not see much which my poor taste covets. A Hobbema much admired is, I think, as tame a piece of work as I ever saw. I promised to try to get a good picture or two for the young Duke.

Dind with the old club, instituted forty years ago. There were present Lord Justice Clerk, Lord Advocate, Sir Peter Murray, John Irving, William Clerk, & I. It was a party such as the meeting of fellow scholars & fellow students alone could occasion. We told old stories; laughd and quaffd, and resolved, rashly perhaps, that we would hold the club at least once a year, if possible twice. We will see how this will fadge. Our mirth was more unexpected as Sir Adam, our first fiddle, was wanting, owing to his family loss.

February 3.—Rose at eight—felt my revel a little in my head. The court business light, returnd by Cadell, & made one or two calls. At Skene's especially where they have had* the fever. Fortunately the child has got what is calld the turn. Dinner & evening at home; laboriously employed.

February 4.—To day I was free from duty, & made good use of my leisure at home, finishing the second volume of *Anne*, & writing several letters. One to recommend Captain Pringle to Lord Beresford, which I send tomorrow through Morritt. "My mother whips me & I whip the top." The girls went to the play.

Paid to Mr. Learmont to accot	£100
to Mr. Cockburn	Do.	.	.	.	80
Ross in full	5
Anne	50
Bill at Club	2

£237

February 5.—Attended the court as usual, got dismissed about one. Finishd & sent off Vol. 2^d of *Anne*. Dined

with robert Rutherford, my cousin, and the whole clan of Swinton.

Memd^m. About Waterloo. When a heavy column of french infantry forced their way up to our first line and were about to crown the heights the heavy brigade was orderd to charge. The British horse being conceald from the enemy by the long scrambling hedge and a sudden dip of the ground on the outside of their charge had the complete effect of surprize. Dazzled with their own astonishing success — these regiments of horse having defeated at least four thousand french—they rushd on in disorder and receivd a charge on the left by a corps of lancers by which they sufferd much. The repulse of the light cavalry was occasiond by General the Marquis of Anglesea persisting in the rash attempt to charge a column of lancers formd in complete order having their flanks protected—Man and horse faulterd & faild when they came to lances points and as was to be expected about went our light cavalry. The desperate attempt was rencwd three times—at each time with as little success as before. The lancers advancing to take advantage of the confusion, their own flank became uncoverd, and a brigade of the British heavy Cavalry charging them at the same moment they were overthrown.

February 6.—Corrected proofs in the morning, then to the Court ; thence to Cadell's, where I found some business cut out for me, in the way of notes, which delayd me. Walkd home, the weary way giving my feet the ancient twinges of agony. Such a journey is a[s] severe a penance as [if I] had walkd the same length with peas in my shoes to attone for some horrible crime by beating my toes into a jelly. I wrote some and corrected a good deal. We dined alone, and I partly wrought partly slept in the Evening. It is now pretty clear that the Duke of W. intends to have a catholic bill. He probably expects to neutralize and divide the catholic body by bringing on[l]y a few into parliament, where they will probably be tractably enough, rather than [have] a large proportion of them rioting in Ireland, where they will be to a certain degree unanimous.

February 7.—Up and wrought a little. I had at breakfast a son of Sir Thomas Lauder Dick, a very quick, smart looking young fellow, who is on his way to the Continent with a tutor. Dined at Mrs. George Swinton[’s] with the whole clan an[d] alliance.

February 8.—I wrought the whole day and finishd about 6 pages of Manuscript of vol. iii. [*Anne of Geierstein*]. *Sat cito si sat bene*. The Skenes came in to supper like the olden world.

February 9.—Was up in good time (say half past seven), and employed the morning in correcting proofs. At twelve I went to Stuart of Duncarn’s sale of pictures. This poor man fell, like myself, a victim to speculation and though I had no knowlege of him personally, and disliked him as the Causer of poor Sir Alexander Boswell’s death, yet “had he been slaughterman to all my kin,” I could but pity the miserable sight of his splendid establishmen[t] broken up, and his treasures of art exposed to public and unsparing sales. I wanted a picture of the Earl of Rothes for the Duke of Buccleuch, a fine Sir Joshua, but Balfour of Balbirnie fancied it also, and having followd it to 160 Guineas [I made no further bid]. Charles Sharpe’s account is, that I may think myself in luck, for the face has been reprinted. There is, he says, a print taken from the picture at Lesley House which has quite a different countenance from the present.

This job, however, took me up the whole morning to little purpose. Capt. and Mrs. Hall dined with us, also Sir James Stuart, Charles Sharpe, John Scott (Gala), etc. Miss Kerrs came in [in] the evening.

February 10.—I was up at seven this morning, and will continue the practize, but the shoal of proofs took up all my leisure. I will not, I think, go after these second rate pictures again to day. If I could get a quiet day or two I would make a deep dint in the 3d volume. But hashd and smashd as my time is, who can make any thing of it? I read over Henry’s history of Henry VI. and Edward IV. He is but a stupid historian after all. This took me up the whole day.

February 11.—Up as usual and wrought at proofs. Mr. Hay Drummond and McIntosh Mackay dined. The last brought me his history of the *Blair Lleine* or white battle (battle of the shirts). To the court, and remained there till two, when we had some awkward business on the Council[i] of the Royal Society. A certain Mr. McV——¹ who is said formerly to have shewn great mathematical talent is a candidate for admission, and it has pleased him to publish a pamphlet calld an Apology for astronomy in which there are symptoms of insanity such [as] vague aspirations after the *perpetuum mobile* and certain other tropes of rhetoric in which Madness begins. I found out easily it was [not] sense though it might certainly have been science. But the puzzling thing is that his friends persevere in proposing him for election which the Council endeavour to prevent. Certainly the society wants enthusiasm but to bring actual insanity into it would hardly answer. We got the proposal adjourned however which is half the battle.²

Wrote in the evening.

February 12.—W. Lockhart came to breakfast, full of plans for his house, which will make a pretty and romantick habitation. After breakfast the Court claimed its vassal. As I came out Mr. Chambers introduced a pretty little romantic girl to me who possessd a laudable zeal to know a live poet. I went with my fair admirer as far as the new rooms on the Mound, where I lookd into the Royal society's rooms, then into the Exhibition, in mere unwillingness to work and desire to dawdle away time. Learnd that Lord Haddington had bought the Sir Joshua. I wrought hard today and made out five pages.

February 13.—This morning Col. Hunter Blair breakfasted here with his wife, a very pretty woman, with a good deal of pleasant conversation. She had been in India, and had looked about her to purpose. I wrote for several hours in the forenoon, but was nervous and drumbly

¹ Blank in photostat.

² This paragraph is omitted in the 1890 edition.

—also I bothered myself about geography—in short, there was trouble, as miners say when the vein of metal is interrupted. Went out at two, and walkd, thank God, better than in the winter, which gives me hopes that the failure of the unfortunate limb is only temporary, owing to severe weather. We dined at John Murray's with the Mansfield family. Lady Caroline Murray possesses, I think, the most pleasing taste for music, and is the best singer I ever heard. No temptation to display a very brilliant voice ever leads her aside from truth & simplicity, and besides, she looks beautiful when she sings.

February 14.—Wrote in the morning, which begins to be a regular act of duty. It was late ere I got home, and I did not do much. The letters I receivd were numerous and craved answers. Yet the 3d volume is getting on Hooly and Fairly. I am twenty leaves before the Printers ; but Ballantyne's wife is ill, and it is his nature to indulge apprehensions of the worst, which incapacitates him for labour. I cannot help regarding this amiable weakness of the mind with something too nearly allied to contempt : I keep the press behind me at a good distance, and I, like the

Postboy's horse, am glad to miss
The lumber of the wheels.¹

I dined & finishd my post.

February 15.—I wrought to day, but not much—rather dawdled, and took to reading Chambers'[s] beauties of Scotland, which would be admirable if they were more accurate. He is a clever young fellow, but hurts himself by too much haste. I am not making too much myself I know and I know too it is time I were making it. Unhappily there is such a thing as more haste and less speed. I can very seldom think to purpose by lying perfectly idle but when I take an idle book or a walk my mind strays back to its task out of contradiction as it were ; the things I read become mingled with those I have been writing, and something is concocted. I cannot compare

¹ *John Gilpin.*

this process of [the] mind to any thing save that of a woman to whom the mechanical operation of spinning serves as a running base to the songs she sings or the course of ideas she pursues. The phrase *hoc age*¹ often quoted by my father does not jump with my humour. I cannot nail my mind to one subject of contemplation, and it is by nourishing two trains of ideas that I can bring one into order.

Colin M[a]ckenzie came in to see me poor fellow. He looks well in his retirement. Partly I envy him—partly I am better pleased as it is.

February 16.—Stayd at home and labourd all the forenoon. Young Invernahyle calld to bid me interest myself about getting a lad of the House of Scott of Bavelaw a commission—how is this possible? The last I tried for, there was about 3000 on the list—and they say the boy is too old, being 24. I scribbled three or four pages, forbore smoking and whisky and water, and went to the Royal Society. There Sir William Hamilton read an Essay, the result of some anatomical investigations, which containd a maskd battery against the phrenologists. It seems these worthies are agreed that the cerebellum is that part of the headpiece which influences the sexual organs and according to this hypothesis that same cerebellum should be stronger in men than in women in adults than in children in old men than in youth in persons mutilated than in those who are in the natural state—and such the phrenologists aver this to be the case. But if Sir William's course of experiments are correct, the very opposite is the truth. I went to Dr. Russell's after all where I found General Dirom Baron Clerk *et caetera*.²

February 17.—In the morning I sent off copy and proof[s]. I receive[d] the melancholy news that James Ballantyn[e] has lost his wife. With his domestic habits the blow is irretrievable. What can he do, poor fellow, at the head of such a family of children. I should not be surprized if he were to give way to despair.

¹ *I.e.* concentrate on the business in hand.

² Most of this paragraph is omitted in the 1890 edition.

I was at the court, where there was little to do, but it diddled away my time till two. I went to the Library, but not a book could I get to look at. It is I think a wrong system the lending books to private houses at all and leads to immense annual losses. I calld at Skene, and borowd a volume of his journal, to get some information about Burgundy and Provence. Something may be made out of King René, but I wish I had thought of him sooner.¹ Dined alone with the Girls.

February 18.—This being teind Wednesday I had [a] holiday. Workd the whole day, interrupted by calls from Dr. Ross, Sir Hugh Palliser, Sir David Hunter Blair, and Colonel Blair. I made out about six pages before dinner, and go to Lord Gillies's to dine with a good conscience. Hay Drummond came in, and discharged a volley at me which Mons Meg could hardly have equald. I will go set to work with Skene's journal. My head aches violently, and has done so several days. It is cold, I think.

At Lord Gillies's we found Sir John Dalrymple, Lady Dalrymple, and Miss Fergusson, Mr. Hope Vere of Craigie hall, and Lady Elizabeth, a sister of Lord Tweeddale, Sir Robert O'Callaghan, Captain Cathcart, and others—a gay party.

February 19.—An execrable day—half frost, half fresh [?] half sleet, half rain, and wholly abominable. Having made up my packet for the printing House, and performd my duty at the court, I had the firmness to walk round by the North Bridge, and face the weather for two miles, by way of exercise. Calld on Skene, and saw some of his drawings of Aix. It was near two before I got home, and now I hear three strike. Part of this hour has been consumed in a sound sleep by the fireside after putting on dry things. I met Baron Hume, and we praised each other's hardihood for daring to take exercize in such weather, agreeing that if a man relaxed the custom of his exercize in Scotland for a bad day he is not like to resume it in a hurry. The other moiety of the time was employd in looking over the *Mémoires de Fauche-Borel*.

¹ Sir Walter made considerable use of Skene's journal in *Anne of Geierstein*.

February 20.—The court duty took me up from eleven till about three, but left some time for labour, which I employd to purpose, at least I hope so. I declined going to the Exhibition of paintings tonight ; neither the beauties of art nor of nature have their former charms for [me]. I finishd, however, about seven pages of manuscript, which is a fair half of volume third. I wish I could command a little more time and I would soon find you something or other. But the plague is that time is wanting when I feel an aptitude to work, and when time abounds, the will, at least the real efficient power of the faculties, is awanting. Still, however, we make way by degrees. I glanced over some romances metrical publishd by Hartshorne, several of which have not seen the light. They are considerably curious, but I was surprized to see them mingled with *Blaunchflour* and *Florice* and one or two others which might have been spared. There is no great display of notes or prolegomena, and there is, moreover, no glossary. But the work is well edited.

February 21.—Colonel Fergusson breakfasted with us. I was detaind at the parl^t House till the hour of poor Mrs. Ballantyne's funeral, then attended that melancholy ceremony. The husband was unable to appear ; the sight of the poor children was piteous enough. James Ballantyne has taken his brother Sandy into the house, I mean the firm, about which there had formerly been some misunderstanding.

I attended the Bannatyne Club. We made a very good election, bringing in Lord Dalhousie and the Lord Clerk Register. Our dinner went pretty well off, but I have seen it merrier. To be sure old Dr. J., like an immense feather bed, was *Burking* me, as the phrase now goes, during the whole time. I am sure that word will stick in the language for an while.

February 22.—Very rheumatick. I e'en turnd my table to the fire and feagued it away, as Bayes says. Neither did I so much as cast my eyes round to see what sort of a day it was. The splashing on the windows gave all information that was necessary. Yet, with all my leisure during

the whole day I finishd only four leaves of copy—some-what of the least, Mr. Matthew. There was no interruption during the whole day, though the above is a poor account of it. I reckon to have all completed before I leave town being more than half through volume 3.

February 23.—Up and at it. After breakfast Mr. Hay Drummond came in enchanted about Mons Meg, and roaring as loud as she could have done for her life when she was in perfect voice.¹

Paid Anne	£30
Weighton Silversmith	5
	<hr/>
	£35

James Ballantyne came in, to my surprize, about twelve o'clock. He was very serious, and spoke as if he had some idea of sudden and speedy death. He mentiond that he had named Caddel, Cowan, young Hughes, and his brother to be his trustees with myself & then add[ed] that in his letters to Mr. Cowan he had expressd himself unwilling that Alexander Ballantyne should be admitted as a partner to the business but that the reasons of this arrangement had ceased—I understood them to have originated then with Mrs. Ballantyne—and it was his present wish that Sandie should enjoy one fourth of the business. I mark this down in case of need. He has settled to go to the country poor fellow—to Timpandean as I think.

We dined at Skene's, where we met Mr. and Mrs. George Forbes, Col. and Mistress Blair, George Bell, &c. The party was a pleasant one. Col. Blair said, that during the battle of Waterloo there was at the commencement some trouble necessary to prevent the men from breaking their ranks. He expostulated with one man: "Why, my good fellow, you cannot propose to beat the French alone?—better keep your ranks." The man, who was one of the 71st, returnd to his ranks, saying, "I believe

¹ See entry of March 9 for Scott's account of the ceremonial of restoring Mons Meg to Edinburgh Castle.

you are very right, sir, but I am a man of a very *hot temper*." There was much *bonhomie* in the reply.

February 24.—Snowy miserable morning. I corrected my proofs, but had no time to write any thing. We, *i.e.* I myself & the two Annes, went to breakfast with Mr. Drummond Hay, where we again met Colonel & Mrs. Blair, with Thomas Thompson. We lookd over some most beautiful drawings which Mrs. Blair had made in different parts of India, exhibiting a species of architecture so gorgeous, and on a scale so extensive, as to put to shame the magnificence of Europe. And yet in most cases as little is known of the people who wrought these wonders as of the Kings who built the Pyramids.¹ Fame depends on literature, not on architecture. We are more eager to see a broken column of Cicero's villa than all those mighty labours of barbarick power. Mrs. Blair is full of enthusiasm. She told me that when she workd with her pencil she was glad to have some one read to her as a sort of sedative, otherwise her excitement made her tremble, and burst out a crying. I can understand this very well, having often found the necessity of doing' two things at once. She is a very pretty, dark woman too, and has been compared to Rebecca daughter of the Jew, Isaack of York.

Detained in the court till half past two bothering about Lady Essex Kerr's will with^t coming to a conclusion. I then got home too late to do any thing, as I must prepare to go to Dalmahoy. Mr. Gibson came in for a little while. No news.

I went to Dalmahoy, where we were most kindly received. It is a point of friendship, however, to go eight miles to dinner and return in the evening ; and my day has been cut up without a brush of work. Smoked a segar on my return, being very cold.

February 25.—This morning I corrected my proofs. *We get on*, as John Fergusson said when they put him on a hunter. I fear there is too much historical detail, and the catastrophe will be vilely huddled up. "And who can

¹ The photostat has "Periods."

help it, Dick." Visited James Ballantyne, and found him bearing his distress sensibly and like a man. I calld also in at Cadell's, and enquired after Lady Janc Stewart, who is complaining. Three o'clock placed me at home, and from that hour till ten, deduce two hours for dinner, I was feaguing it away.

February 26.—Sent off ten pages this morning, with a revise. We spy land, but how to get my catastrophe packd into the compass allotted for it—

It sticks like a pistol half out of its holster,
Or rather indeed like an obstinate bolster,
Which I think I have seen you attempting, my dear,
In vain to cram into a small pillow-beer.

There is no help for it—I must make a *tour de force*, and annihilate both time & space.¹ Dined at home; nevertheless made small progress. But I must prepare my dough before I can light my oven. I would fain think I am in the right road.

February 27.—The last post brought a letter from Mr. Heath, proposing to set off his engravings for the *magnum opus* against my contributions for the *Keepsake*. A pretty mode of accounting that would be—he be damnd—I wrote him declining his proposal; and, as he says I am still in his debt, I will send him the old drama of the *House of Aspen*, which I wrote some thirty years [ago], and offerd to the stage.² This will make up my contribution, and a good deal more, if as I recollect there are five acts. Besides, it will save me further trouble about Heath and his Annual. 2dly, There are several manuscript copies of the play abroad, and some of them will be popping out one of these days in a contraband manner. 3dly, If I am right as to the length of the piece, there [is] £100 extra work at least which will not be evil convenient at all.

Dined at Sir John Hay's with Ramsay of Barnton, his young lad[y], Sir David & Lady Hunter Blair, &c.

¹ "Ye gods, annihilate but space and time,
And make two lovers happy!"—Pope.

² Scott wrote to thank Richard Heber (5th April 1800) for submitting the play to John Kemble (*Letters*, xii. 157).

I should mention that Cadell breakfasted with me, and entirely approved of my rejecting Heath's letter. There was one funny part of it, in which he assured me that the success of the new Edition of the *waverley novels* depended entirely on the excellence of the illustrations—*vous êtes jouallier Monsr. Josse*. He touches a point which alarms me; he greatly undervalues the portrait which Wilkie has proposed to give me for this edition. If it is as little of a likeness as he says, it is a scrape. But a scrape be it. Wilkie behaved in the kindest way, considering his very bad health, in agreeing to work for me at all, and I will treat him with due delicacy, and not wound his feelings by rejecting what he has given in such kindness. And so farewell to Mr. Heath, and [the] conceited vulgar Cockney his Editor.

February 28.—Finishd my proofs this morning, and read part of a curious work, calld *Memoirs of Vidocque*—a fellow who was at the head of Bonaparte's police. It is a *picaresque* tale—in other words, a romance of roguery. The whole seems much exaggerated, and got up; but I suppose there is truth *au fond*. I came home about two o'clock, and wrought hard and fast till night.

I cannot get myself to feel at all anxious about this Catholic Question. I cannot see the use of fighting about the platter when you have let them snatch the meat off it. I hold popery to be such a mean and depriving superstition that I am not clear I could have found myself liberal enough for voting the repeal of them (*sic*) as they existed before 1780. They must and would in course of time have smotherd popery and I confess I should have seen the old Lady of Babylon's mouth stopd with pleasure. But now you have taken the plaister off her mouth and given her free respiration, I cannot see the sense of keeping up the irritation about their right to sit in parliament. Unopposed and [unpersecuted] the Catholic superstition may sink into dust with all its absurd ritual and solemnities. Still [there] is an awful risque. The world is in fact as silly as ever and a good competence of nonsense will always find believe[r]s. Animal magnetism phrenology [etc.] have

all had their believers, and why not popery? Ecod if they begin to make smithfield broils I do not know where many an honest protestant can find courage enough to be carbonadoed. I should shrink from the thoughts of tar barrel and gibbet I am afraid & make a very pusillanimous martyr. So I hope the Duke of Wellington will keep the horned beast well in hand and not let her get her leg over the harrows.¹

MARCH

March 1.—I laboured hard the whole day, and, between hands, refreshd myself with Vidocque's *Memoires*. No one calld excepting Hay Drummond, who had some thing to say about Mons Meg. So I wrote before and after dinner till no less than ten pages were finishd.

March 2.—I wrought but little today. I was not in the vein, and felt sleepy. I thought to go out, but disgust of the pavement kept me at home, *O Rus*, &c.² It is pleasant to think that the 11 March sets us on the route for Abbotsford. I shall be done long before with this confounded novel. I wish I were, for I find trouble in bringing it to a conclusion. People compliment me sometimes on the extent of my labour; but [if] I could employ to purpose the hours that indolence and lassitude steal from me, they would have cause to wonder indeed. But day must have night, vigilance must have sleep, and labour, bodily or mental, must have rest. As Edgar says, I cannot fool it further.³ Anne is gone to Hop[e]toun House for two days.

Dined at the Royal Society Club, and went to the Society in the evening. There was a paper read by

¹ This paragraph is omitted in the 1890 edition.

² Scott, longing for 'Tweedside, quotes the words in which Horace expressed his longing to escape from Rome to his Sabine farm.

*Perditur haec inter misero lux non sine votis—
O rus, quando ego te aspiciam?*

³ "I cannot daub it further"—*King Lear*.

Mr. Bauld engineer upon the Subject of the miner's compass and the variations to which it is subject from magnetic and electrical qualities in the box of the compass itself or in different substances which approach the needle. On[e] thing struck me as curious—namely, that the affection of the needle is not in proportion to the mass of the attractive substance [but] to its proximity to the implement. Thus an iron buckle placed near to the compass will occasion a greater variation than a ship's cargo of iron bars stow'd at a greater distance.¹

March 3.—Began this day with labour as usual, and made up my packet. Then to the Court, where there is a deal of business. Hamilton, having now a serious fit of the gout, is not expected to aid any more than reason.² I wrote a little both before and after dinner. Niecc Anne and I dined alone. Three poets call'd, each bauling louder than the other—subscribe, subscribe! I generally do, if the work be under 10/-; but the wares were every one so much worse than another, that I declined in the three instances before me. I got cross at the repeated demands, & could have used Richard's apology—

Thou troublest me : I am not in the vein.

March 4.—Being Teind Wednesday, I settle[d] myself at my desk and labour'd the whole forenoon. Got on to p. 72, so there cannot be more than twenty pages wanted. Mr. Drummond Hay, who has an alertness in making business out of nothing, came to call once more about Mons Meg. He is a good humour'd gentlemanlike man, but I would Meg were in his belly or he in hers.

William Laidlaw also call'd, whom I ask'd to dinner. At four o'clock arrives Mr. Cadell, with his horn charged with good news. The prospectus of the *magnum*, already issued only a week, has produced such a demand among

¹ This paragraph is omitted in the 1890 edition.

² Douglas printed "this season," but Scott had in mind *Much Ado About Nothing* (v. 4. 74) —

Bene. Do, not you love me?

Beal. Why, no; no more than reason.

the trade, that he thinks he must add a large number of copies, that the present edition of 7000 may be increased to the demand—he talks of raising it to ten or 12,000. If so, I shall have a powerful and constant income to bear on my unfortunate debts to a large amount yearly, and may fairly hope to put my debts in a secure way of payment, even if I should be cut off in life or in health and the power of labour. I hope to be able, in a year or two, to make proposals for eating with my own spoons and using my own books, which, if I can give value for them, can hardly I think be refused to me.¹ In the mean time I have enough and something [more] to bequeath to my poor children. This is a great mercy but I must prepare for disappointment and I will not be elated.

Laidlaw dined with me and poor fellow was as much elated with the news as I am, for it is not of a nature to keep it secret. I hope I shall have him once more at Kayside to debate as we use[d] to do on religion and politics. Meanwhile, Patience cousin, and shuffle the cards.

I must do what I can to get Cadell's discharge from his creditors. This I have always done, and so far effectually. But it would be most inconvenient to be at the mercy of creditors who may at any moment make an enquiry into his affairs and so stop his operations. The Old Bank of Scotland are the only parties whose consent has not been obtained to his discharge, and they must see their interest in consenting to it for the expediting of my affairs; since to what purpose oppose it, for they have not the least chance of mending their own [interest] by refusing it.

March 5.—Proofs arranged in the morning. Sir Patrick Walker, that Solomon the Second, came to propose to me that some benefit society, which he patronizes, should attend upon Mons Megg. But, hav[ing] the Celts at my disposal, I have every reason to think they would be affronted at being musterd along with Sir Peter and his tail of trades' lads. I went to the court, which detain'd

¹ The proposal came from his creditors, after the second dividend, December 1830.

me till two, then to poor old Lady Seaforth's funeral, which was numerously attended. It was near four ere I got home, bringing Skene with me. We call'd at Cadell's; the edition of the *Magnum* is raised from 7000 to 10,000. There will really be a clearance in a year or two if R. C. is not too sanguine. I never saw so much reason for indulging hope. By the bye, I am admitted a Member of the Maitland Club, a Society on the principle of the Roxburghe and Bannatync. What a tail of the Alphabet I should draw after me were I to sign with the indications of the different societies I belong to, beginning with President of the Royal society of Edinburgh, and ended with Umpire of the Six foot high Club. Dined at home & quiet with the girls.

March 6.—Made some considerable additions to the Appendix to General preface. I am in the sentiments towards the publick that the buffoon player expresses towards his patron—

Go tell my young Lord, said this modest young man,
I[f] he will but invite me to dinner,
I'll be as diverting as ever I can—
I will, on the faith of a sinner.

I will multiply the notes, therefore, where there is a chance of giving pleasure and variety. There is a stronger gleam of hope on my affairs than has yet touch'd on them. It is not steady or certain, but it is bright and conspicuous. Ten years may last with me, though I have little chance of it. At the end of this time these works will have operated a clearance of debt—Especially as Cadell offers to accommodate with such money as their House can save to pay off what presses. I hope to save, rather than other wise, and if I leave my literary property to my children, it will make a very good thing for them, and Abbotsford must in any event go to my family. So, on the whole, I have only to pray for quiet times, for how can men mind their serious business—that is, according to Cadell's views—buying Waverley novels when they are going mad about the Catholic question? Dined at Mr. Nairne's, where

there was a great meeting of Bannatynians, rather too numerous, being on the part of our host an Election dinner.

March 7.—Sent away proofs. This extrication of my affairs, though only a Pisgah prospect, occupies my mind more than is fitting ; but with[out] some such hope I must have felt like one of the victims of the wretch Burke, struggling against a smothering weight on my bosom, till nature could endure it no longer. No—I will not be sport of circumstances. Come of it what will, *I'll bend my brows*/Like highland truis and make a bold fight of it.

The best o't, the warst o't,
Is only just to die.

And die I think I shall, though I am not such a coward as *mortem conscire me ipso*.¹ But I 'gin to grow a weary of the Sun, and when the plant no longer receives nourishment from light and air, there is a speedy prospect of its withering.

Dined with the Banking Club of Scotland, in virtue of Sir Malachi Malagrowth ; splendid entertainment, of cours[e]. Sir John Hay in the chair.

March 8.—Spent the morning in reading proofs of² additions to *Magnum*. I got a note from Cadell, in which Ballantyne, by a letter inclosed, totally condemns *Anne of Geierstein*—3 volumes nearly finishd—a pretty thing, truly, for I will be expected [to write it] all over again. Great dishonour in this, as Trinculo says, besides an infinite loss. Sent for Cadell to attend me next morning that we may consult about this business. Peel has made his motion on the Catholic question, with a speech of three hours. It is almost a complete surrender to the Catholics, & so it should be, for half measures do but linger out the feud. This will or rather ought to satisfy all men who sincerely love peace and therefore all men of property. But will this satisfy Pat, who, with all his virtues, is not the most sensible person in the world? Perhaps not & if not it is but fighting them at last. I smoked away, and

¹ "*Mortem conscire mihi ipsi*" (= to commit suicide) is meant.

² "on" in photostat.

thought of ticklish politics and bad novels. Skenes supd with us.

March 9.—Cadell came to breakfast. We resolved in privy council to refer the question whether *Anne of G*—*n* be sea worthy or not to further consideration ; which, as the book cannot be publishd, at any rate, during the full rage of the Catholic question, may be easily managed. After breakfast I went to Sir William Arbuthnot's, and met there a select party of Tories, to decide whether we should act with the Whigs by owning their petition in favour of the Catholics. I was not free from apprehension that the petition might be put into such general language as I, at least, was unwilling to authenticate by my subscription. The solicitor¹ was voucher that they would keep the terms quite general². Whereupon we subscribed the requisition for [a] meeting, with a slight alteration, affirming that it was our desire³ not to have intermeddled, had not the Anti Catholics pursued that course. And so the Whigs & we are embarkd in the same boat, *vogue la galère*.

Went about one o'clock to the Castle, where we saw the Auld Murderess Mons Meg brought up there in solemn procession to re-occupy her ancient place on the Argyle Battery. Lady Hopeton was my belle. The day was cold but serene, and I think the Ladies must have been cold enough, not to mention the Celts, who turnd out upon the occasion, under the leading of Cluny-Macpherson, a fine spirited lad. Some rockets were thrown up one of which fell on my daughter's head and nearly set her on fire. We had luncheon from the mess of the 73d. Mons Meg is a monument of our pride and poverty. The size is immense, but six smaller guns would have been made at the same expence, and done six times as much execution as she could have done. There was immense interest taken in the Show by the people of the town, and the

¹ John Hope, afterwards Lord Justice-Clerk. See *Journal* of 13th December 1825.

² "Quite general" gives the opposite of the intended meaning. In the rest of this entry there is some repetition and confusion—which was cut out by the 1890 editor. ³ "desirous" in photostat.

numbers who crowded the Castle hill had a magnificent appearance. About 30 of our Celts attended in costume ; and as there was a highland regiment on duty, with dragoons & a[r]tillerymen, who (*sic*) made a splendid Show. The dexterity with which the last man'd and wrought the windlace which raised Old Megg, weighing seven or eight tons, from her temporary carriage to that which has been her basis for many years, was singularly beautiful as a combined exhibition of skill and strength. My daughter had what [might] have proved a frightful accident. Some rockets were let off, one of which lighted upon her head, & set her bonnet on fire. She neither screamed nor ran, but quietly permitted Charles K. Sharpe to extinguish the fire, which he did with great coolness & dexterity. All who saw her, especially the friendly Celts, gave her merit for her steadiness, & said she came of good blood. I was very glad & proud of her presence of mind. My own was not put to the trial. We lunch'd with the Regimt. now in the Castle. My own courage was not tried for being at some distance escorting the beautiful & lively Countess of Hopeton I did not hear of the accident till it was over. The little entertainment gave me an opportunity of observing what I have often before remarkd—the improvement in the character of our (*sic*) the young & subaltern officers in the army, which in the course of a long & bloody war had been, in point of rank & manners, something deteriorated. The number of persons now applying for commissions (3000 being now on the lists) gives an opportunity of selection, & officers should certainly be *gentlemen*, with a complete opening to all who can rise by merit. The stile in which duty & the knowlege of their profession is enforced prevents *fainéants* from long remaining in the profession.

In the evening I presided at the Celtick Club, which received me with their usual partiality. I like this Society, and willingly give myself to be excited by the sight of handsome young men with plaids & claymores, and all the alertness & spirit of highlanders in their native garb. There was the usual degree of excitation—excellent dancing,

capital songs, a general inclination to please and be pleased. A severe cold, caught on the battlements of the castle, prevented me from playing first fiddle so well as [us]ual, but what I could do was received with the usual partiality of the Celts. I got home, fatigued & *vino ciboque gravatus*, about eleven o'clock. We had many guests, some of whom, English officers, seemd both amazed and surprized at our wild ways, especially at the dancing without ladies, and the mode of drinking favourite toasts, by springing up with one foot on the bench & one on the table, and the peculiar shriek of applause so unlike English Cheering.

March 10.—This may be a short day in the diary, though a busy one to me. I arranged books and papers in the morning, and went to court after breakfast, where, as Sir Robert Dundas & I had the whole business to discharge, I remain[ed] till two or three. Then visited Cadell, & transacted some pecuni[ary] matters as follows—

Deposited with Mr. C. my receipt for next quarter's salary due 21 current	£250
On which Mr. Cadell advance[d] me	£100
in the following man[n]er—	
To domestic expences	£40
To Mr. Sinclair russian warehouse his account paid by Mr. Cadell	29
To Thomson for hay & corn	30
To Ewart sad[d]ler	5
	— 95
	£95 —
	£5 odds in

purse omitting shillings.

March 11, [Abbotsford].—I had, as usual, a sort of levée the day I was to leave town, all petty bills & petty business being reserved to the last by those who might as well have applied any one day of the present month.

But I need [not] complain of what happens to my betters, for on the last day of the Session there pours into the

court a succession of trifles which give the Court, & especially the clerks, much trouble, in so much that a *ci-devant* brother of mine proposd that the last day of the Session should be abolishd by statute. We got out of court at $\frac{1}{4}$ past one, and got to Abbotsford at $\frac{1}{2}$ past seven, cold and hungry enough to make Scots broth, English roast-beef, and a large fire very acceptable.

March 12.—I set apart this day for trifles and dawdling ; yet I meditate doing something on the popish & protestant affray. I think I could do some good, & I have the sincere wish to do it. I heard the merry birds sing, reviewd my dogs, and was chee[r]ful. I also unpackd books. Deuce take arrangement. I think it the most complete bore in the world ; but I will try a little of it. I afterwards went out and walkd till dinner time. I read Reginald Heber's journal after dinner. I spent some merry days with him at Oxford when he was writing his prize-poem. He was then a gay young fellow, a wit, and a satirist, and burning for literary fame. My laurels were beginning to bloom, and we were both mad-caps. Who would have for[e]told our future lot ?

Oh, little did my mither ken
The day she cradled me
The land I was to travel in,
Or the death I was to dee.

March 13.—Wrought at a review of Fraser Tytler's *history of Scotland*. It is somewhat saucy towards Lord Hailes. I had almost stuck myself into the controversy[ial] Slough of Despond—the controversy, that it (is), between the Gothick and Celtic sys[t]em—but cast myself, like C[h]ristian, with a strong struggle or two to the farther side of the slough ; and now will I walk on my days rejoicing—not on my article, however, but to the fields. Came home and rejoiced at dinner. After tea I workd a little more. I begin to warm in my gears, and am about to awake the whole controversy of Goth and Celt. I wish I may not make some careless blunders.

March 14.—Up at eight, rather of the latest—then faggd

at my Review, both before and after breakfast. I walkd from one o'clock till near three. I make it out, I think, rather better than of late I have been able to do in the streets of Edinburgh, where I am ashamed to walk so slow as would suit me. Indeed nothing but a certain suspicion that once drawn up on the beach I would soon break up, prevents my renounced pedestrian exercize altogether, for it is positive suffering, and of an acute kind to[o].

March 15.—Altogether like yesterday. Wrote in the morning—breakfasted—wrote again till one—Out & walkd about two hours—to the quills once more—Dinner—smoked a brace of segars and lookd on the fire, a page of writing, and so to bed.

March 16.—Day sullen and bitter cold. I fear it brings chillblains on its wings. A dusting of snow in thin flakes wandering from the horizon and threat[en]ing a serious fall. As the murderer says to Banquo, "Let it come down"—we shall have the better chance of fair weather hereafter. It cleard up, however, and I walkd from one, or thereabout, till within a quarter of four an[d] then returnd somewhat thirsting and sickish having overeat myself I suppose even at the wholesome meal of breakfast this morning. A card from Mr. Dempster of Skibo, whose uncle, George Dempster, I knew many years since, a friend of Johnson, Sir Joshua Reyno[l]ds, and all that set—a fine good humourd old gentleman. Young Mrs. Dempster is a daughter of my early friend and patron, Robt. Dundas of Arnistoun, Lord Advocate, and I like her for his sake. Mr. Dempster is hunting, and I should have liked to have given his wife and sister refuge during the time he must spend over moss and moor. But the two Annes going to Edinr. to a fancy ball makes it impossible till they return on friday night.

March 17.—The Annes went off at eight, morning. After breakfast I drove down to Melrose and waited on Mrs. and Miss Dempster, and engaged them for Saturday. Weather bitter cold ; yea, atrociously so. Naboclish—the better for work. Ladies whose husbands love foxhunting

are in a poor way. Here are two pleasant and pretty women peggd up the whole day

In the worst inn's worst room

for the whole 24 hours without interruption. They manage the matter otherwise in france, where Ladies are the Lords of the Ascendant. I returnd from my visit to my solitary work and solitary mealing. I eked out the last to two hours' length by dint of smoking, which I find a sedative without being a stimulant.

March 18.—I like the hermit life indifferent well, nor would [I], I sometimes think, break my heart, were I to be in that magick mountain where food was regularly supplied by ministering genii, and plenty of books were accessible without the least intervention of human society. But this is thinking like a fool. Solitude is only agreeable when the power of having society is removed to a short space, and can be commanded at pleasure. It is not good for man to be alone. It blunts our faculties and freezes our active virtues. And now, my watch pointing to noon, I think after four hours' work I may indulge myself with a walk. The dogs see me about to shut my desk and intimate their happiness by caresses and whining. By your leave Messrs Genii of the mountain library if I come to your retreat I'll bring my dogs with me.

The day was showry, but not unpleasant—soft dripping rain, attended by a mild atmo[s]p[he]re, that spoke of flowers in their seasons, and a chirping of bird[s] that had a touch of spring in it. I had the patience to get fully wet and the grace to be thankful for it.

Come, a leetle flourish on the trumpet. Let us raise the Genius of this same red mountain, so calld because it is all the year coverd with roses. There can be no difficulty in finding it, for it lies towards the Caspian, and is quoted in the Persian Tales. Well, I open my ephemerides, form my scheme under the suitable planet, and the Genie obeys the invocation and appears. Genie is a misshapen¹ dwarf, with a huge jolterhead like that of Boerhave on

¹ "mishaken" in photostat.²

the bridge,¹ his limbs and body marvellously shrunk and disproportioned. "Sir Dwarf," said I, undauntedly, "thy head is very large, & thy feet an[d] limbs somewhat small in proportion."

Genie. "I have cramd my head, even to the overflowing, with Knowledge and I have starved my limbs by disuse of exercise and denial of sustenance." *Author.* "Can I acquire wisdom in thy solitary library?" *G.* "Thou mayst." *A.* "On what conditions?" *G.* "Renounce all gross and fleshly pleasures—eat pulse and drink water, converse with non[e] but the wise & learned, alive and dead." *A.* "Why, this were to die in the cause of wisdom." *G.* "If you desireth to draw from our library only the advantage of seeming wise, you may have it consistent with all your favourite enjoyment[s]." *A.* "How much sleep?" *G.* "A Lapland night—eight months out of the 12." *A.* "Enough for a dormouse, most generous genius.—A bottle of wine?" *G.* "Two, if you pleasing (please); but you must not seem to care for them—Segars in loads, Whiskey in lashings; by (but) they must be taken with an air of contempt, a *floccipaucinihilipilification* of all that can gratify the outward man." *A.* "I am about to ask you a serious question. When you have stuffed your stomach, drunk your bottle, smoked your segar, how is he to keep himself [awake]?" *G.* "Either by Cephalic snuff or ca[s]tle building." *A.* "Do you approve of Castle building as a frequent exercise?"

Genie. "Life were not life without it."

Give me the joy that sickens not the heart,
Give me the wealth that has no wings to fly."

Author. "I reckon myself one of the best aerial architects now living, and *Nil me penitet hujus ausi.*"²

Genie. "*Nec est cur [te] peniteat*; most of your novels have previously been subject[s] for airy castles." *Author.*

¹ No. 100 South Bridge, Edinburgh, according to Lockhart.

² *ausi* (= imaginative flight) may be the word intended, but it is barely legible.

"You have me—and moreover a man of imagination (*sic*) derives experience from such imaginary situations. There are few situations in which I have not in fa[n]cy figured, and there are few, of course, which I am not previously prepared to take some part in." *Genie*. "True, but [I] am afraid your having fa[n]cied yourself victorious in many a fight would be of little [use] were you suddenly call'd to the field, and your personal infirmities and nervous agitations¹ both rushing upon [you] and incapacitating you." *Author*. "My nervous agitations.—Aw[a]y with thee.

Down, down to Limbo and the burning Lake !
False fiend, avoid."

So there ends the tale,
With a hey, with a hey,
So there ends the tale,
With a ho.
There 's a moral if you fail
To seize it by the tail,
Its import will exhale,
You must know.

March 19.—The above was written yesterday before dinner, though appearances are to the contrary. I only meant that the studious solitude I have sometimes dream'd of, unless practized with rare stoicism and privation, was apt to degenerate into secret sensual indulgences of coarser appetites, which, when the cares and restraints of social life are removed, are apt to make us think, with Doctor Johnson, our dinner the most important event of the day. So much in the way of explanation, a humour which I love not. Go to. My girls return from Edinburgh with full news of their *bal paré*.

March 20.—We spent this day on the same terms as formerly. I wrought, walked, dine[d], drank, and smoked upon the same pattern.

March 21.—Tomorrow brought Mrs. Dempster and her sister in life [?] Miss Dempster. To dinner came Robert Dundas of Arn[i]ston from the hunting field, and with him

¹ The photostat has "capacities."

Mr. Dempster of Skibo, both favourites of mine. Mr. Stewart, the grand nephew of my dear friend Lady Louisa, also dine[d] with [us], together with the Lyons from Gattonsid[e], and the day passd over in hospitality and social happiness.

recvd from Caddell	£110 0 0
Of which to Bogie	£52
to Tom	£35
to Ballantyne [? Writer]	9
	— 96

	£14
Add cash in purse	2

Total Ballance in purpose (purse) . £16

March 22.—Being Sunday, I read prayers to our guests, then went a long walk by the lake to Huntleyburn. It is somewhat uncomfortable to feeling difficulties increase and the strength to conq[uer them] diminish, but why should man fret with (when) iron is dissolved by rus[t], and brass corroded, and can our dreams be of flesh and blood enduring? But I will not dwell on this depressing subject. My liking to my two young guests is founded on “things that are long enough ago.” The first state[s]man of celebrity whom I personally [knew] was Mr. Dempster’s Grand Uncle, George Dempster of Dunnichen, celebrated in his time, and Dundass’s father was, when Lord Advocate, the first man of influence who took [a] kindness for me.

March 23.—Arrived to breakfast one of the Courland nobility, Baron A. von Meyersdorff, a fine, lively, spirited young man, fond of his country and incensed at its degradation under Russia. He talkd much of the Orders of Chivalry who had been feudal Lords of Livonia, especially the order of Porte Glaive, to which his own ancestors had belongd. If he report correctly, there is a deep principle of action at work in Germany, Poland, Russia, &c., which, if it does

“not die in thinking,”¹ will one day make an explosion. The Germans are a nation however apt to exhaust themselves in speculation. The Baron has enthusiasm, and is well read in English and foreign literature. I kept my state till one, & wrote notes for Croker upon Boswell’s Scottish [tour]. It was an act of friendship, for time is some thing a scarce article with me. But Croker has been at all times personally kind and actively serviceable to me, and he must always command my best assistance. Then I walkd with the Baron as far as the lake. Our sportsmen came in good time to dinner, and our afternoon was pleasant.

March 24.—This morning our Sportsmen took leave, and their *Ladykind* (to *renchérir* on Anthony A Wood and Mr. Oldbuck) followd after breakfast, and I went to my work till one, and at that hour treated the Baron to another long walk, with which he seemd highly delighted. He tells me that my old friend the Princess Galitzin² is dead. After dinner I had a passing visit of Kinnear, to bid me farewell. This very able and intelligent young [man], so able to throw a grace over commercial pursuits, by uniting them with literature, is going with his family to settle in London. I do not wonder at it. His parts are of a kind superior to the confined sphere in which he moves in Scotland. In London, he says, there is a rapid increase of business and its opportunities. Thus London licks the butter of[f] our bread, by opening a better market for ambition. Were it not for the difference of the religion & laws, poor Scotland could hardly keep a man that is worth having; & yet men will not see this. I took leave of Kinnear, with hopes for his happiness & fortune, but yet with some regret for the sake of the Country which loses him. The Baron agreed to go with Kinne[a]r to Kelso: and *exit* with the usual demonstrations of German enthusiasm.

March 25.—I worked in the morning, and think I have sent Croker a packet which may be useful, and to Lockhart

¹ “Besides ten thousand freaks that died in thinking”—Dryden, *Absalom and Achitophel*.

² See *Journal*, 2 Nov. 1826.

a critick on rather a dry topick, viz^t. the Ancient Scottish history. I remember ¹ R. Ainslie, commonly calld the Plain Man, who piqued himself on his powers of conversation, striving to strike fire from some old flinty wretch whom he found in [a] corner of a publick coach, at length addressed him : “ Friend, I have tried you on politics, literary matters, religion, fashionable news, &c. &c., and all to no purpose.” The dry old rogue, twisting his muzzle into an infernal grin, replied, “ Can you [say] ony[thing] clever about bend leather ² ? ” The man, be it understood, was a leather merchant. The early history of Caledonia is almost as hopeless a subject. But off it goes and with it a parcel of Notes for Croker’s edition of Boswell.

I walkd up the Glen with Tom for my companion. Dined. Heard Anne reading a paper of anecdotes about Cluny Macpherson, and so to bed.

March 26.—As I have been so lately John[s]onizing, I should derive, if possible, some personal use. Johnson advises Boswell to keep a diary, but to omit registers of the weather and like trumpery. I am resolved in future not to register what is yet more futile—my gleams of bright and clouded temper. Boswell—whose nervous [ailments] were one half madness, one half affectation—has thrumd upon this topick till it [is] threadbare. I have at this moment forty things to do, and a great inclination to do none of them. I ended by working till two, walking till five, writing letters, and so to bed.

March 27.—Letters again. Let me see. I have wrote to Lord Montagu about Scott of Bavelaw’s commission, in which Invernahyle interests himself—item, to a Lady who is pestering me ³ about a Miss Campbell sentenced to transportation for stealing a silver spoon—item, to John Eckford about the measures to be observing (observed) for realizing the Lithgow succession—item [to] James Loch, to get an appointment for Sandie Ballantyne’s son.⁴

¹ “ remain ” in photostat.

² This story is in *Letters*, ii. 528.

³ “ be ” in photostat.

⁴ Possibly J. R. Ballantyne, later of the Sanskrit College at Benares (see *D.N.B.*).

Not one, as Dangle says, about any business of my own. My correspondence is on a most disinterested footing. This lasts till past eleven, then enters my cousin R., and remains for two hours, till politics, family news, talk of the neighbourhood are all exhausted, and two or three reputations torn to pieces in the scouring of them. At length I walk him out about a mile, and come back from that *empêchement*. But it is only to find Mr. [Henry] C[ranstoun], my neighbour, in the parlour with the girls, and there is another sederunt of an hour. Well, such thinks (things) must be, and our friends mean them as civility, and we must take and give the currency of the country. But I am *diddled* out of a Day all the same. The ladies come from Huntlyburn, and cut off the evening. Misses Erskine of Vanelaw were included among the invaders.

March 28.—In spite of the temptation of a fine morning, I toiled manfully at the review till two o'clock, commencing at seven. I fear it will be uninteresting, but I like the muddling work of antiquities, and, besides, wish to record my sentiments with regard to the Gothick question. No one that has not laboured as I have done on imaginary topics can judge of the comfort afforded by walking on all fours, and being grave and dull. I dare say, when the clown of the pantomime escapes from his nightly task of vivacity, it is his especial com[fort] to smoke a pipe and be prosy with some goodnatured fellow, the dullest of his acquaintance. I have seen such a tendency in Sir Adam Fergusson, the gayest man I ever knew; and poor Tom Sheridan has complained to me on the fatigue of supporting the character of an agreeable companion.

Mr. Anderson son of my old friend Samuel Anderson arrived here at two o'clock on his way to London and dined and spent the day with us, but after tea I stubbornly retired to work. I am tired and stupefied with segars and their regular menstruum—*vino ciboque gravatus*—though not a bit hazy and so Good Night.

March 29.—Mr. Anderson left us this morning. I wrote, read, and walked with the most stoical regularity. This muddling among old books has the quality of a sedative,

and saves the tear and wear of an overwrought brain. I wanderd on the hills pleasantly enough and concluded a pleasant an[d] labourious day.

March 30.—I finishd the remainder of the criticism and sent it off. Pray heaven it break not the mail coach down. Lord and Lady Dalhous[i]e, & their relation, Miss Hawthorn, came to dinner, to meet whom we had Dr. and Mrs. Brewster. Lord Dalhousie has more of the Caledonian *prisca fides* than any man I know now alive. He has served his country in every quarter of the world and in every climate; yet, though my contemporary, looks ten years my junior. He laughd at the idea of rigid temperance, and held an occasional skirmish no bad thing even in the west Indies, thinking, perhaps, with Armstrong, of “the rare debauch.” In all incidents of life he has been the same steady, honest, true hearted Lord Dalhousie, tha[t] Lordie Ramsay promised to be when at the High School. How few such can I remem[ber]. And how poorly have honesty and valour been rewarded. Here, at the time when most men think of repose, he is trundled off to command in India. Would it had been the Chief Governorship. But to [hold] a [military] command without war¹ sounds like bare livelihood, and that is all. I asked him what he thought of strangling a Nabob, and rifling his jewel closet, and he answe[re]d, “No, no, an honest man!” I fear we must add, a poor one. Lad[y] Dalhousie, formerly Miss Brown of Coulston, is an amiable, intelligent, and lively woman, who does not permitt society to “cream and mantle like a standing pool.”

March 31.—The weather, drifting and surly, does not perm[i]t us to think of Melrose, and I could only fight round the thicket with Dr. Brewster and Lord [Dalhousie]. Lord Dalhousie gave me some inter[est]ing accounts of the American Indians. They are, according to his Lordship, decaying fast in numbers and in principal. Lord Selkirk's

¹ The amount of prize money in a successful campaign in India was often very large. Sir Charles Napier received £60,000 for his campaign in Sind. The 1890 editor, failing to understand the words “without war”, re-wrote the passage.

property now makes large returns, from the Stock of the North West Company and Hudson's bay Companies having united. I leard from Lord Dalhousie that he had been keeping a diary since the year 1800. Should his narrative ever see the light, what a contrast will it form to the flourishing vapouring accounts of most of the French Mar[é]chals.¹ Mr. & Mrs. Skene with their daughter Kitty, who has been indisposed, came to dinner, and the party was a wellassorted one.

APRIL

April 1.—A pretty first of April truly ; the hills white with snow, I myself as bilious as a dog. My noble guests left about noon. I wrote letters, as if I had not bile enough in my bosom already ; and did not go out to face the snow wr[e]aths till half past two, when I am resolved to make a brush for exer[c]ize. There will be fine howling among the dogs, for I am about to shut my desk. Found Mrs Skene disposed to walk, so I had the advantage of her company. The snow lay three inches thick on the ground. But we had the better appetite for dinner, after which we talkd and read without my lifting a pen.

April 2.—Begins with [the] same brilliant prospect of snow and sun shine dazzling to the eyes and chilling to the fingers, a beastly disagreeable coldness in the air. I stuck by the pen till one, then took a drive with the ladies as far as Chiefswood and walkd home. Young William Forbes came, and alongst with him a Southern, Mr. Cleasby. I hope I shall not call him Mr. Chiesley² which there is some temptation to do and some reasons against doing.

April 3.—Still the same party. I faggd at writing letters to Lockhart, to Charles, to John Gibson, to Mr. Cadell, Croker, Lord Haddington, and others. Lockhart has had an overture through Croker requesting him to communicate

¹ Douglas printed "merchants."

² It appears from *Letters*, xi. 95-6, that Scott was at this time correcting the proofs of a notice of Chiesley of Dalry for the *Archæologia Scotica*.

with some newspaper on the part of the Government, which he has wisely declined. Nothing but a th[o]rough-going Blackguard ought to attempt the daily press, unless it is some quiet country Diurnal. Lockhart has also a wicked wit which would [make] an office of this kind more dangerous to him than to downright dulness. I am heartily glad he has refused it.¹ Sir James MacIntosh and Lord Haddington have spoken very handsomely of my accession to the Catholic petition, and I think it has done some good. Yet I am not confident that the measure will disarm the Catholic spleen. And I was not entirely easy at finding myself allied to the Whigs, even in this instance, where I agree with them. This is witless prejudice, however. My walk today was up the Rhymer's Glen with Skene. Colonel Fergusson dined with us.

April 4.—Mr. Cleasby left this morning. He has travelled much, and is a young man of copious conversation and ready language, aiming I suppose at parliament. William Forbes is singing like [an] angel in the next room, but he sings only Italian music, which says nought to me. I have a letter from one David Paterson, who was Dr. Knox's jackall for buying murderd bodies, suggesting that I should write on the subject of Burke and Hare, and offering me his invaluable collection of anecdotes. "Curse him's imperance and him's damn insurance," as Mungo says in the farce. "Did ever one hear the like?" The scoundrel has been the companion and patron of such atrocious murderers and kidnappers, and he has the impudence to write to any decent man. Corrected proof sheets & dedication of the *Magnum* & sent them off.

April 5.—Read prayers to what remains of our party : being Anne, my niece Anne, the four Skenes, and William Forbes. We then walk'd, and I returnd time enough to work a little at the criticism. Thus it drew towards dinner in conclusion. After which we smokd, told stories, and drank tea.

April 6.—Workd at the Review for three or four hours ;

¹ See *Letters*, xi. 162.

yet hang it, I can't get on. I wonder if I am turning dunny in other matters. Certainly I cannot write against time as I used to do. My thoughts will not be duly regulated. My pen declares for itself, will neither write nor spell, & goes under independant colours. I went out with the child Kitty Skene on her pony. I don't much love Children, I suppose from want of habit, but this is a fine merry little girl. William Forbes sang in the evening with a feeling and taste indescribably fine, but as he had no Scottish or English songs, my ears were not much gratified. I have no sense beyond Mungo: "What signify me hear if me no understand." William Forbes leaves us. As to the rest¹ the old story—Scribble till two, then walkd for exercise till four. Deil ha'et else, for company eats up the afternoon, so nothing can be done that is not achieved in the forenoon.

April 7.—We had a gay scene this morning—the foxhounds and merry hunters in my little base-court, which rang with trampling steeds and rejoiced in Scarlet jackets and ringing horns. I have seen the day worlds would not have bribed me to stay behind them. But that is over, and I walked a sober pace up to the Abbot's knowe, from which [I] saw them draw my woods, but without finding a fox. I watchd them with that mixture of interest, affection, and compassion which old men feel at looking on the amusements of the young. I was so far interested in the chace itself as to be sorry they did not find. I had so far the advantage of the visit, that it gave me an object for the morning exercise, which I would otherwise only have been prompted to by health and habit. It is pleasant to have one's walk,—as heralds say, with a difference, Skene stretching [?] with his son to see Holidean. By the way, the fox hounds² hunted the cover far too fast. When they found a path they ran through it pele-mele without beating at all. They had hardly left the Hare hole cover, when a fox, whom they had over run stole away. This is the consequence of breeding dogs too speedy.

¹ Douglas omitted "the rest."

² The 1890 edition has "foxhunters."

April 8.—We have the news of the Catholic question being carried in the House of Lords by a majority of 105 upon the second reading. This is decisive, and the balsam of Fierabras must be swallowd. It remains to see how it will work. Since it was indubitably necessary, I am glad the d[ec]ision on the case has been complete. On these las[t] three days I have finishd my review of Tytler for Lockhart and sent it off by this post. I may have offended Peter by censuring him for a sort of petulance towards his predecessor Lord Hailes. This day visited by Mr. Carr of [Hampstead] who is a sensible, clever young man, and by his two sisters¹—beautiful singer the youngest & to my taste, and English music.

April 9.—Labourd correcting proofs and revising ; the day infinitely bad, workd till three o'clock ; then tried a late walk, and a wet one. I hear bad knews of James Ballantyne. Hypochondriack I am afraid, and religiously distressed in min[d].

I got a book from the Duke de Léviz, the same gentleman with whom I had an awkward meeting at Abbotsford, owing to his having forgot his credentials, which left me at an unpleasant doubt as to his character and identity. His book is inscribed to me with hyperbolic praises. Now I don't like to have—like the Persian poets who have the luck to please the Sun of the univers[e]—to have my mouth cramd with sugar-candy,² which politeness will not permit me to spit out, and my stomach is indisposed to swallow. The book is better than would be expected from the exaggerated nonsense of the dedication.

April 10.—Left Abbotsford at seven to attend the Circuit. *Nota Bene*—half-past six is the better hour. Waters are extremely flooded. Lord Meadowbank at the circuit. Nothing tried but a few trumpery assaults. Meadowbank announces he will breakfast with me tomorrow, so I shall return tonight. Promised to my cousin Charles Scott to interest myself about his getting the farm of Milsington

¹ For Arthur Carr and his sisters, friends of Joanna Baillie, see *Letters*, xi. 171, 174. Arthur Carr had come to Scotland as Supervisor of Excise.

² This is a reminiscence of Morier's *Hajji Baba*

upon Borthwick water & mentiond him to Colonel Riddell as a proposed offerer. The tender was well received. I saw James the piper and my cousin Anne. Sent to James Veitch the Spyglass of professor Fergusson to be repaired. Dined with the judge and returnd in the evening.

April 11.—Meadowbank breakfasted with us, and then went on to Edin^r, pressd by bad news of his family. His wife (daughter of my early patron, President Blair) is very ill ; indeed I fear fatally so. I am sorry to think it is so. When the King was here She was the finest woman I saw at Holyrood. My proofs kept me working till two ; then I had a fatiguing and watery walk. After dinner we smoked, and I talkd with Mr. Carr over criminal jurisprudence, the choicest of conversation to an old lawyer ; and the delightful musick of Miss Isabella Carr closèd the day. Still, I don't get to my task. But I will tomorrow or next day.

April 12.—Read prayers. Put my books in order and made some progress in putting papers in order which have been multiplying on my table. I have a letter from that impudent lad Reynolds about my contribution to the *Keepsake*. Sent to him the *House of Aspen*, as I had previously determined. This will Give them a lumping pennyworth in point of extent, but that is the side I would have the bargain rest upon. It shall be a warning after this to keep out of such a scrape.

April 13.—In the morning before Breakfast I corrected the proof of the critique on the life of Lord Pitsligo in Blackwood's Magaz[ine]. At breakfast to increase the confusion at the departure of Skene and his lady & family and of Mr. Carr and his sisters—Time was dawdled away till near twelve o'clock and then I could not work much. I finishd, however, a painful letter to J. Ballantyne, which I hope will have effect upon the painful nervous disorder he complains of. He must "awake, arise, or be forever fallen." I walked happily and pleasantly from two o'clock till four. And now I must look to *Anne of Geierstein*. Hang it—it is not so bad after all, though I fear it will not be popular. In fact, I am almost expended. But while I exhort

others to exertion I will not fail to exert myself. I have a letter from R. P. G[illies] proposing to subscribe to assist him from £25 to £50 pounds. It will do no good, but yet I cannot help giving him something.

A Daimen icker in a thrave
Is small request :
I'll get a blessing wi' the lave,
And never miss it.

I will try a Review for the *Foreign* and he shall have the proceeds.

April 14.—I sent off proofs of the review of Ritson ¹ for John Lockhart. Then set a stout heart to a stay brae, and took up *Anne of Geierstein*. I had five sheets standing by me, which I read with care, and satisfied myself that worse had succeeded, but it was while the fashion of the thing was new. I retrenchd a good deal about the Troubadours, which was really *hors de place*. As to King René, I retaind him as a historical character. In short, I will let the sheets go nearly as they are, for though J. B. be an excellent judge of this species of composition, he is not infallible, and has been in circumstances which may biass his mind. I might have taken this determination a month since, and I wish I had. But I thought I might strike out something better by the braes and burn sides. Alas ! I walk along them with painful and feeble steps, and invoke their influence in vain. But my health is excellent, and it were ungrateful to complain either of mental or bodily decay. We calld at Ellieston today and made up for some ill bred delay. In the evening I corrected two sheets of the *Magnum*, as we call it.

April 15.—I took up *Anne*, and wrote, with interruption of a nap (in which my readers may do well to imitate me), till two o'clock. I wrote with ease ² having digested Comines. Whether I succeed or not, it would be dastardly to give in. A bold countenance often carries off[f] an indifferent cause, but no one will defend him who

¹ See *Letters*, xi. 155 and 168 note.

² Douglas printed "care."

shows the white feather. At two I walkd till near four. Dined with the girls, smoked two cigars, and to work again till supper, then slept like a top, amount of the day's work, 3 pages—a round task.

April 16.—I wanted to go out with Bogie to plant some shrubs in front of the old quarry, but it rains cats and dogs as they say. A rare day for grinding away at the old mill of imagination, yet somehow I have no great will to the task. After all, however, the morning proved a true April one, sunshine and shower, and I both workd to some purpose, and moreover walkd and directed about planting the quarry. The post brought matter for a May or April morning—a letter from Sir James McIntosh, telling me that Moore and he were engaged as contributors to Longman's Encyclopedia, and asking me to do a volume at £1000, the subject to be the history of Scotland in one volume. This would be very easy work. I have the whole stuff in my head, and could write *currente calamo*. The size is as I compute it about one 3d larger than the *Tales of my Grandfather*. There is much to be said on both sides. Let me balance Pros and Cons after the fashion of honest Robinson Crusoe.

Pro.—It is the sum I have been wishing for, sufficient to enable [me] to break the invisible but magic circle which petty debts of myself and others have traced round me. With common prudence I need no longer go from hand¹ to mouth, or what is worse, anti[ci]pate my means. I may also pay off some sniall shop debts, &c., belonging to the trust, clear off all Anne's embarrassment, and even make some foundation of a provision for her. *N. Bene.*—I think this whacking reason is like to prove the gallon of Coniac Brandy, which a lady recommended as the foundation of a liqueur—"Stop ther[c], Madam, if you please," said my Grandfather, Dr. Rutherford, "you can [add] nothing to that; it is *flanconade*² with a thousand pounds, and a capital hit, by Gad."

¹ The photostat has "frand" (from hand).

² From Sheridan's *The Critic*, where the Governor of Tilbury Fort pronounces the bribe of a thousand pounds to outweigh all other considerations.

Contra.—It is terribly like a hack-author to make an abridgement of what I have written so lately.

Pro.—But a difference may be taken, a history may be written of the same country on a different plan, general where the other is detaild, and philosophical where it is popular. I think I can do this, and do it with unwashd hands too. For being hacked, what is it but another word for being an author. I will take care of my name doubtless, but the five lett[er]s which form it must take care of me in turn. I never [knew] name or fame burn brighter by over chary keeping of it.¹ Besides, there are two gallant hacks to pull with me.

Contra.—I have a monstrous deal on hand. Let me see. Life of Argyle, and Life of Peterborough for Lockhart. 3d Series *Tales of my Grandfather*—Review for Gillics—New Novel—End of *Anne of Geierstein*.

Pro.—But I have just finishd two long reviews for Lockhart. The third series is soon discussd. The review may be finish[ed] in three or four days, and the Novel is within a week and less of conclusion. For the rest, we must first see how this goes off. In fine, within six weeks, I am sure I can do the work and secure the independence I sigh for. Must I not make hay while the sun shines? Who can tell what leisure, health, and life may be destined to me?

Adjourned the debate till tomorrow morning.

April 17.—I resumed the discussion of the bargain about the History. The Ayes to the right, the Noes to the left. The Ayes have it. So I will write to Sir James of this date. But I will take a walk first, that I will. A little shaken with the conflict, for after all were [I] as I have been ——. “My poverty but not my will consents.”

I have been out in a most delicious real spring day. I returnd with my nerves strung and my mind determined. I will make this plunge, and with little doubt of coming off no loser in character. What is given in detail may be suppressd, general views may be enlarged upon, and a bird's eye prospect given, not the less interesting that we

¹ See *Journal* of 20 Jan. 1826, “*Hain* your reputation, and *lyne* your reputation.”

have seen its prominent points nearer and in detail. I have been of late in a great degree free from waferd letters, sums to make up, notes of hand wanted, and all the worry of an embarassd man's life. This last struggle will free me entirely, and so help me heaven It shall be made. I have written to Sir James, stating what I apprehended the terms to be—£1000, namely, for one volume containing about one 3d more than one of the volumes of *Tales of my Grand-Father*, and agreeing to do so. Certes, few men can win a £1000 so readily. We dine with the Fergusons to day at four. So off [we] went and safely returnd.

April 18.—Corrected proofs. I find J. B. has not returnd to his business, though I wrote him how necessary it was. My pity begins to give way to anger. Must he sit there and squander his thoughts and senses upon cloudy metaphysicks and abstruse theology till he addles his brains entirely, and ruins his business? I have written to him again—letter third &, I am determined, last.

Wrote also to the fop Reynolds, with preface to the *House of Aspen*. Then to honest Joseph Train desiring he would give me some notion how to serve him with Mr. Carr,¹ and to take care to make his ambition moderate and feasible. My neighbour, Mr. Karr of Kippilaw, struck with a palsy. While he was looking at the hounds his pony remaind standing by his side. A sudden call if a final one. That strang[e] desire to leave a prescribed task and set about something else seized be (me) irresistibly. I yielded to it, and sat down to try at what speed & in what manner I could execute this job of Sir James McIntosh and I wrote threc leaves before rising, well enough, I think. The girls made a round with me. We drove to Chiefswood, went from that to Jane's wood up the Rhymer's glen, and so home. This occupied from one to four. In the evening I heard Anne read Mr. Peele's excellent bill on the police of the Metropoli[s], which goes to disband the whole generation of Dogberry and Verges. Wrote after tea.

Kippilaw is recovering, fortunately he was found by a medica[l] man.

¹ See note on April 8 *supra*.

April 19.—I made this a busy day. I wrote on at the history till two o'clock. Then took a gallant walk. Then began reading for Gillies's article. James Fergusson dined with us. We smoked and I became woundy sleepy. Now I have taken collar to this arrangement, I find an open sea before me which I could not have anticipated, for though I should get through well enough with my expectations during the year, yet it is a great thing to have a certainty to be clear as a new pin of every penny of debt. There is no being obliged or asking favours or getting loan[s] from some grudging fri[e]nd who can never look at you after but with fear of losing his cash, or you at him without a humiliating sense of having extorted an obligation. Besides my large debts, I have paid since I was in trouble at least £2000 of personal incumbrances. So no wonder my nose is still under water. I really believe the sense of this apparently unending struggle, schemes for retrenchment in which I was unseconded, made me lowspirited, for the Sun seems to shine brighter upon me as a free man.

Nevertheless, Devil take the necessity which makes me drudge like a very hack of Grub-street.

May the foul fa' the gear and the blathrie o't.¹

I walkd out with Tom's assistance, came home, went through the weary work of cramming, and so forth. Wrought after tea, & then to bed.

April 20.—As yesterday till two. 16 pages of the history written, not worth less than one fifth of the whole book. What if they should be off? I were finely helpd for throwing my time away. A toy! they dare not.

Lord Buchan is dead, a person whose immense vanity, bordering upon insanity, obscured, or rather eclipsed, very considerable talents. His imagination was so fertile that he seemd really to believe the extraordinary fictions which he delighted in telling. His oeconomy, most laudable in the early part of his life, when it enabled him from a small

¹ "When I think on the world's pelf
May the shame fa' and the blethrie o't."

—burden of old Scottish song.

income to pay his father's debts, became a miserable habit, and led him to do mean things. He had a desire to be a great man, and a Mecoenas *à bon marché*. The two celebrated lawyers, his brother[s], were not more gifted by nature than I think he was, but the restraints of a profession kept the eccentricity of the family in order. Henry Erskine was the bestnatured man I ever knew, thouroughly a gentleman, & with but one fault—He could not say *no*, & thus sometimes misled those who trusted him. Tom Erskine was positively mad. I have heard him tell a cock and a bull story of having seen the ghost of his father's servant, John Burnet, with as much sincerity as if he believed every word he was saying. Both Henry and Thomas were saving¹ men, yet both died very poor. The one at one time possesd £200,000; the other had a considerable fortune. The Earl alone has [died] wealthy. It is saving, not getting, that is the mother of Riches. They all had wit. The Earl's was crack braind & sometimes caustic—Henry's was of the very kindest, best humourd, & gayest kind that ever cheerd Society—that of Lord Erskine was moody and maddish. But I never saw him in his best days.

Went to Haining. Time has at last touchd the beautiful Mrs. Pringle. I wonder he was not ashamed of himself for spoiling so fine a form. But what cares he? Corrected proofs after dinner. James B. is at last at work again.

April 21.—Spend the whole morning at writing. Still the History, such is my willful whim. Twenty pages now finishd. I suppose the clear 4th part of a volume. I went out, but the day being sulky I sate in the Conservatory, after trying a walk. I have been glancing over the works for Gillies's review, and I think on them between hand[s] while I compose the history. An odd habit of doing two things at once, but it has always answerd with me well enough.

¹ Should we not read "getting" for "saving"? The Earl of Buchan saved and died wealthy. His brothers, who were "getters" but not "savers," died poor.

April 22.—Another hard day's work at the History, now increased to the Bruce and Baliol period, and threatening to be too lengthy for the Cyclopaedia. But I will make short work with wars and battles. I wrote till two o'clock, and strolled with old Tom and my dogs till half past four, hours of pleasure and healthful exercise, and today taken with ease. A letter from J. B., stating an alarm that he may lose the printing of a part of the *Magnum*. But I shall write him he must be his own friend, set shoulder to the wheel, and remain at the head of his business. And of that I must make him aware. And so I set to my proofs. "Better to work," says the inscription on Hogarth's Bridewell, "than to stand thus."

April 23.—A cold blustering day—bad wellcome for the poor lambs. I made my walk short and my task long, my work turning entirely on the history—all on speculation. But the post brought me a letter from Dr. Lardner, the manager of the Cyclopaedia, agreeing to my terms so all is right there, and no labour thrown away. The volume is to run to 400 pages. So much the better. I love elbow room, and will have space to do something to purpose. I replied agreeing to his terms, and will send him copy so soon as I have corrected it. The Colonel and Miss Fergusson dined with us. I think I drank rather a cheerful glass with my good friend. Smoked an extra cigar, so no more at present.

April 25.—After writing to Mr. Cochrane, to Cadell and J. B., also to Mr. Pi[t]cairn: it was time to set out for Lord Buchan's funeral. The funeral letters were signed by Mr. H. David Erskine, his Lordship's natural son. His nephew, the young Earl, was present, but neither of them took the head of the coffin. His Lordship's funeral took place in a chapel amongst the ruins. His body was in the grave with its feet pointing westward. My cousin, Maxpottle, was for taking notice of it, but I assured him that a man who had been wrong in the head all his life would scarce become right-headed after death. I felt something at parting with this old man, though but a trumpery body. He gave me the first approbation I ever obtained from a

stranger. His caprice had led him to examine Dr. Adams's¹ class where [I], a boy twelve years old, and then in disgrace for some aggravated case of negligence, was calld up from a low bench, and recited my lesson with some spirit and appearance of feeling the poetry (it was the apparition of Hector's ghost in the *Æneid*) and [earned] the noble earl's applause. I was very proud of this at the time. I was sad from another account—it was the first time I had been among these ruins since I left a very valued ple[d]ge there. My next visit may be involuntary. Even [so], God's will be done. At least I have not the mortification of thinking what a deal of patronage and fuss Lord Buchan would bestow on my funeral.² Maxpopple dined and slept here with four of his family, much amused with what they heard and saw. By good fortune a ventriloquist and partial juggler came in, and we had him in the library after dinner. He was a half starved wretched looking creature, who seemd to have eat[en] more fire than bread. So I caused him to [be] well stuffd, and gave him a guinea, rather to his poverty than to [his] skill and now to finish *Anne of Geierstein*.*

April 26.—But not a finger did I lay on the jacket of *Anne*. Looking for something, I fell in with the Little drama, long amissing, calld the *Doom of Devorgoil*. I believe it was out of mere contradiction that I sate down to read and correct it, merely because I would not be bound to do aught that seemd compulsory. So I scribbled at [a] piece of nonsense till two o'clock, and then walkd to the lake. At night I flung helve after hatchet and spent the evening in reading the *Doom of Devorgoil* to the girls, who seemd considerably interested. Anne objects to the mingling the comick goblinry, which is comic, with the serious, which is tragic. After all, I could greatly improve [it], and it would [not] be a bad composition of that odd kind to [suit] some pick-nick receptacle of all things.

¹ Alexander Adam, Rector of the High School (*d.* 1805).

² Scott told Lockhart in 1819 how Lord Buchan, believing Scott to be *in extremis*, had called in Castle Street to assure his dying friend that he (Lord B.) would take charge of his funeral.

April 27.—This day must not be wasted. I breakfast with the Fergussons, & dine with the Brewsters. But, by heave[n], I will finish *Anne of Geierstein* this day betwixt the two engagements. I don't know why nor wherefore, but I hate *Anne*. I mean *Anne of Geierstein*; the other two Annes are good girls.

Accordingly I well nigh accomplishd my work, but about three o'clock my story fell into a slough, and in getting it out I lost my way, and was forced to pos[t]-pone the conclusion till tomorrow. Wrote a good day's work notwithstanding.

At Dr. Brewster's we found Mr. & Mrs. Wyburgh, the latter a daughter of Archie Tod of Dry[g]range, Mrs. Clerk and her son Captain Clerk, and I know no[t] who dined beside[s].

April 28.—I have slept upon my puzzle, and will now finish it. Jove bless my *Pia Mater*, as I see not further impediment before me. The story will end, and shall end, because it must end, & so here goes. After this doughty resolution, I went doggedly to work, and finishd five leaves by the time when they should meet the coach. But the misfortune of writing fast is that one cannot at the same time write concisely. I wrote two pages more in the evening. Stayd at home all day. Indeed, the weather—sleety, rainy, stormy—forms no tempting prospect. Bogie, too, who sees his flourish going to wreck, is looking as spiteful [as] an angry fiend towards the unpro[pi]tious heavens. So I made a day of work of it,

And yet the end was not.

April 29.—This morning I finishd and sent off three pages more, and still there is something to write; but I will take the broad axe to it, and have it ended before noon. This has proved impossible, and the task lasted me till nine, when it was finishd, *tant bien que mal*. Now, will people say this expresses very little respect for the public. In fact, I have very little respect for that dear *Publicum* whom I am doomd to amuse, like Goody Trash in *Bartholomew fair*, with rattles and gingerbread; and I

should deal very uncandidly with those [who] may read my confessions were I to say I knew a publick worth caring for or capable of distinguishing the nicer beauties of composition. They weigh good and evil qualities by the pound. Get a good name and you may write trash. Get a bad one and you may write like Homer, without pleasing a single reader. I am, perhaps, *l'enfant gâté de succès*, but I am brought to the stake perforce, and must stand the course.

Having finishd *Anne* I began and revised 15 leaves of the History, and sent them to Dr. Lardner. I think they read more trashy than I expected. But when could I ever please myself, even when I have most pleased others. Then I walkd about two hours by the thicket and river-side, watching the appearance of Spring, which, as Coleridge says

Comes slowly up this way.

After dinner & tea I resumed the task of correction, which is an odious one, but must be attempted, aye, and accomplishd too.

April 30.—Dr. Johnson enjoins Bozzy to leave out of his diary all notices of the weather as insignificant. It may be so to an inhabitant of Bolt Court in Fleet Street who need care little whether it rains or snows, except the shilling which it may cost him for a Jarvie. But when I wake and find a snow shower sweeping along destroying hundreds perhaps of young lambs and famishing their mothers I must consider it as worth noting. For my own poor share, I am as indifferent as any Grubstreeter of them all

—— and since 'tis a bad day,
Rise up, rise up, my merry men,
And use it as you may.

I have accordingly been busy. The weather did not permit [me] to go beyond the Courtyard, for it continued cold & rainy. I have employed the day in correcting the history for Cyclopoedia as far as page 35, exclusive, and have sent it off, or shall to morrow. I wish I knew how it would run out. Dr. Lardner's measure is a large one. But so much the better. I like to have ample verge and space enough,

and a mere abridgement would be discreditable. Well, Nobody can say I eat the bread of idleness. Why should I? Those who do not work from necessity take violent labour from choice, and were necessity out of [the] question I would take the same sort of literary [labour] from choice—something more leisurely though.

MAY

May 1.—Weather more tolerable. I commenced my review on the Duke of Guise's expedition for my poor correspondent Gill[ies]. Wrote six leaves. What a curious tale is that of Massaniello. I went to Huntly Burn in the Sociable, and returned on foot, to my great refreshment. Evening as usual. Eat, drank, smoked, and wrote. Cash stands thus

9th April—Bill on Cadell	.	.	.	£30	
In purse	.	.	.	16	
	.	.	.		45
				(sic) £30	
Anne at [turn ?]	.	.	.	3	
Sundries at Circuit	.	.	.	1	
To a juggler	.	.	.	5	39
Sundries	.	.	.		
Ballance	.	.	.		6
1 May—Cash from Exchequer	.	.	.		149
					155
2 „ Tom	.	.	.	£40	
3 „ Bogie	.	.	.	50	
[4] „ Anne	.	.	.	60	150
Remains	.	.	.		£5

May 2.—A pitiful day of rain and wind, labourd the whole morning at Gillies's review. It is a fine subject—the

Duke of Guise at Naples and I think not very much known, though the story of Massaniello is. I have a letter from Dr. Lardner proposing to me to publish the history in June, but I dare not undertake it in so short a space, proof sheets and all considered. It must be October—no help for it. Wrote after dinner as usual.

May 3.—The very same diary might serve this day as the last. I sent off to Gillies half his review, and I wish the other half at old Nick.

May 4.—A poor young woman came here this morning, well dress[ed] and well behaved, with a strong northern accent. She talkd incoherently [a] long story of a brother and lover both dead. I would have kept her here till I wrote to her friends, particularly to Mr. Sutherland (an Abe[r]deen bookseller), to inform them where she is. But my daughter and her maidens were frightend, as indeed there might be room for it, and so I sent her in one of Davidson's chaises to the Castle at Jedburgh, and wrought (wrote) to Mr. Shortreed to see she is humanely treated. I have written also to her brother.

Long shall I see these things forlorn,
And long again their sorrows feel.

The rest was write, walk, cat, smoke—smoke, and write again.

May 5.—A moist rainy day, mild, however, and promising good weather. I sat at my desk the whole day, and worked at Gillies's review. So was the day expended.

May 6.—I sent off the review. Received the sheets of the *Secret Tribunal*¹ from Master Reynolds. Keith Scott, a grandson of James Scott, my father's cousin german, came here, a fine lively boy with good spirits and amiable manners. Just when I had sent off the rest of Gillies's manuscript, W. Laidlaw came, so I had him for my companion in a walk which the late weather has prevented for one or two days. Col : & Misses Fergusson, and Margaret Fergusson, came to dinner, and so passd the evening.

¹ *The House of Aspen*. Lockhart (ch. ix) says that it owes its most effective scenes to the *Secret Tribunal*.

May 7.—Captain Percy, brother of Lord Louvaine, and son of Lord Beverley, came out to dinner. Dr. and Mrs. Brewster met him. He is like his brother, Lord Louvaine, an amiable, easy, and accomplished man, who has seen a great deal of service, an[d] roamd about with tribes of western Indians. He is very agreeable and I like him much. He reminds me of his biother Lord Louvaine. Keith Scott a grandson of James Scott is also here.

May 8.—Went up Yarrow with Captain Percy, which made a complete day's idleness, for which I have little apology to offer. I heard at the same time from the President ¹ that Sir Robert Dundas is very unwell, so I must be in Edinburgh on Monday 11th. Very disagreeable, now the weather is becoming pleasant.

May 9.—Captain Percy left us at one o'clock. He has a sense of humour, & aptness of comprehension which renders him an agreeable companion. I am sorry his visit has made me a little idle, but there is no help for it. I have [left undone] every think (thing) [to do²] to day previous to my going away, but—*que faut il faire?* One must see society now & then, & this is really an agreeable man. And so, *transeat ille*. I have walkd, and was so fatigued as to sleep, and now I will attack John Lockhart's proof Sheets, of which he has sent me a revise. In the evening I corrected proofs for the review.

May 10.—This must be a day of preparation, which I hate. Yet it is but laying a side of few books, and arranging a few papers. And yet my nerves are flutterd, and I make blunders, and mislay my pen and my keys, and make more confusion than I can repair. After all, I will try for once to do it steadily. Well! I have toild through it. It is like a ground swell in the sea that brings up all that is disgusting from the bottom—admonitory letters—unpaid bills—few of these, thank my modern stars—all that one would wish to forget perks itself up in your face at a thorough Redding up—Devil take it—I will get out and

¹ Right Hon. Charles Hope.

² The 1890 editor printed "I have *done* everything," but Scott surely intended to say that he had left all his preparation undone.

cool the fever that this turmoil has made in my veins. The delightful Spring weather conjured down the evil spirit. I sate a long time with my nerves shaking like a frightend child, and then laughd at it all and [walked] by the side of the river, coming back by the thicket.¹

May 11, [Edinburgh].—We passd the morning in the little arrangements previous to our departure, and then returnd at night to Edinburgh, bringing Keith Scott along. This boy's Grandfather was a cousin germain of my father, James Scott by name, very clever and particularly well acquainted with Indian customs and manners. He was one of the first settlers in P. of Wales Island. He was an active-minded man, and thought and wrote a great deal. I have seen a trunk full of his mss. Unhappily, instead of writing upon some subject on which he might have conveyd information he took to writing on metaphysics, and lost both his candles and his labour. I was consulted about publishing some part of his works ; but could not recommend [it]. They were shallow essays, with a good deal of infidelity exhibited. Yet James Scott was a very clever man. He only fell into the common mistake of supposing that arguments new to him were new to all others.

His son, when I knew him long since in this country, was an ordinary man enough. This boy seems smart and clever.

We reachd the House in the evening ; it was comfortable enough considering it had been shut up for two months. I found a letter from Cadell asserting his continued hope in the success of the *magnum*. I began to be jealous on the subject, but I will know tomorrow.

May 12.—Went to Parl^t House. Sir Robert Dundas very unwell. Poor Hamilton on his back with the gout. So was obliged to have the assistance of Rol[l]and from the second Division. Saw Cadell on the way home. I was right. He had been disappointed in his expectations from

¹ Compare the entry in *Journal* (26th April 1826) beginning—"There is an operation called putting to rights—*Scotice*, *Redding up*—which puts me into a fever."

Glasgow & other mercantile places where Trade is low at present. But

Tidings did he bring of Africa and golden joys.

The *Magnum* has taken extremely in Ireland, which was little counted on, and elsewhere. Hence he proposes a new Edition of *Tales of my G[randfather]*, first series. Also an enlargement of the 3d Series. All this drives poverty and pinch which is so like poverty, from the door.

I visited Lady J. S., & had the pleasure to find her well. I wrote a little, and got over a place that botherd me. Cadell has apprehensions of *A[nne] of G[eierstein]*, so have I. Well, the worst of it is, we must do something better.

May 13.—Attended the court, which took up a good deal of time. In my return saw Sir Robert Dundas, who is better and expects to be out on tuesday. I went to the Highland Society to present Miss Grahame Stirling's book, being a translation of Gelieu's work on bees, which was well received. Went with the girls to dine at Dalhousie Castle, where we were very kindly received. I saw the Edgewell tree, fatal, says Allan Ramsay, to the family from which he was himself descended. I also saw the fatal Coalston pear, said to have [been] preserved many hundred years and certainly a p[e]ar changed in[to]. It is certainly a pear either petrified or turned into wood, with a bit out of one side of it. It is a pity to see my old school companion, this fine true hearted nobleman of such an ancient and noble descent, after having followed the British flag through all quarters of the world, again obliged to resume his wanderings at a time of life equal, I suppose, to my own. He has not, however, a grey hair in his head.

May 14.—Left Dalhousie at eight to return here to Breakfast, where we received cold tidings. Walter has had an inflammatory attack, and I fear it will be necessary to him to return without delay to the continent. I have letters from Sophia and Sir Andrew Halliday. The last, a vulgar forward man, has been of the utmost service, by bleeding and advising active measures. How little one knows to whom they are to be obliged. I wrote to him

and to Jane, recommending the Ionian Islands, where Sir Frederick Adam would, I am sure, give Walter a post on his staff. The kind old Chief Commissioner at once interested himself in the matter. It makes me inexpressibly anxious, yet I have kept up my determination not to let the chances of fate come over me like a summer cloud.¹ I wrote four or five pages of the history today, notwithstanding the agitation of my feelings.

May 15.—Attended the court, where Mr. Rol[li]and and I had the duty of the first division, Sir Robert and Hamilton being both laid up. Spoke with the Solicitor on the subject of Skene's succeeding to the Clerkship of Session in case of a vacancy, but did not make any impression. Dined at Granton & met Lord & Lady Dalhousie, Sir John Hope, &c. I have spelled out some work this day, though I have been rather knocked about.

May 16.—After the court this day I went to vote at the Archers' hall, where some of the members had become restive. They were outvoted two to one. There had been no division in the Royal Body Guard since its commencement, but these times make divisions every where. A letter from Lockhart brings better news of Walter, but my heart is heavy on the subject. I went on with my history, however, for the point in this world is to do what we ought, and bear what we must. Dined at home & wrote in the Evening.

May 17.—I never stirred from my seat all this day. My reflections, as suggested by Walter's illness, were highly uncomfortable; and to divert it I wrought the whole day, save when I was obliged to stop and lean my head on my hand. Real affliction, however, has something in it by which it is sanctified. It is a weight which, however oppressive, may [like] a bar of iron be conveniently disposed on the sufferer's person. But the unsubstantiality of hypochondriac affections is one of its greatest torments. You have a huge feather-bed on your shoulders, which rather encumbers and oppresses you than calls forth strength and exertion to bear it. There is something like madness

¹ *Macbeth*, Act III. Sc. 4.

in that opinion, & yet it has a touch of reality. Heave[n] help me.

May 18.—I resolved to take exercise to day, so only wrought till twelve. I sent off some sheets and copy to Dr. Lardner. I find my written page goes as better than one to two of his print, so a little more than a 190 of my writing will make up the sum wanted. I sent him off as far as page 62. Went to Mr. Colvin Smith at one, & sate for my picture to three, there must be an end of this sitting. It devours my time.

Sent some remittances to the country. My cash affairs stand thus

Cash from Mr. Cadell	£300
Anne for House and wages	£125
Tom, Book & £3 borrowd	£85
Bogie for book	48
Pringle postages	25
	— £158
Ballantyne Int. and Bannatyne club together about	£18
	—
	301
Cash in purse & borrowd from Tom	8
	308
	301
Cash in purse	7
Deduce expence coming to town & sundries	4
	£3

I wrote in the evening to Walter, James MacCulloch, to Dr. Lardner, & others, and settled some other correspondence.

I am now in Mr. Cadell's debt on immediate advances no less than	£973
But there are sums coming in from various quarters to the amount of	800
<hr/>	
So the unprovided Ballance is only	£173
Besides the sums credited to me by Mr. Cadell abridging the ballance as above I ought to have from reviewing work already done & to be done	£150
The Salaries, etc., due June, July, September, October	£800
History due in August	1000
altogether	£1950

beyond which there [are] no debts and living not very considerable I will certainly become a saving man at last. Walter's wants are to be taken into consid[er]ation.

May 19.—I went to the Court, and abode there till about one, & in the Library from one to two, when I was forced to attend a publick meeting about the King's Statue. I have no turn for thes[is] committees, and yet I get always jamd into them. They take up a cruel deal of time in a way very unsatisfactory. Dined at home, and wrought hard. I shall [soon] be through [with] the Bruce's reign. It is lengthy but hang it it was our only Halcyon period. I shall be soon done with one half of the thousand pounds worth.

May 20.—Mr. Cadell breakfast[ed] with me with a youngster for whom he wants a letter to Sir Commander[-in-Chief] or Governor of Bombay. After breakfast C. and I had some talk of business. His tidings, like those of Ancient Pistol, are of Africa and Golden joys. He is sure of selling at the starting 8000 copies of the *Magnum*, at a profit of $\frac{£560}{£280}$ £70 per 1000—that is, per month. This seems $\frac{£840}{£40}$ certain. But he thinks the sale will rise to 12,000, which will be £280 more, or £840 in all. This will tell out a gross divisible profit of upwards of £25,000.

This is not unlikely, but after this comes a series of twenty volumes at least, which produce only half that quantity indeed ; but then the whole profits, save commission, are the author's. That will come to as much as the former, say £50,000 in all. This supposes I carry on the works of fiction for two or three novels more. But besides all this, Cadell entertains a plan of selling a cheaper edition by numbers and number men, on which he gives half the selling price. One man, Mr. Ireland, offers to take 10,000 copies of the *Magnum* and talks of 25,000. This allows a profit of £50 per thousand copies, not much worse than the larger copy, and Cadell thinks we [may] carry on both. I doubt this. I have great [?] apprehension that thes[c] interlopers would disgust the regular trade, with whom we are already deeply engaged. I also fear a friend's selling the worse copies at the higher price. All this must be thought [on] and cared for. In the mean time, I see a fund, from which large payments may be made to the Trustees, capable of extinguishing the debt, large as it is, in ten years or earlier, and leaving a reversi[o]n to my family of the copy rights. Sweet bodements—good.¹ But we must not reckon our chickens before they are hatchd, though they are chipping the shell now. We will see how the stream takes.

Dined at a public dinner given to the excellent Lord Dalhousie before his departure for India. An odd way of testifying respect to publick characters, by eating, drinking, & roaring. The names, however, will make a good shew in the papers. Home at ten.

Good news from Sophia and Walter. The former² has had some internal revolution and is relieved, and Walter's cough is almost gone. Still I am zealous for the Mediterranean when the season comes, which may be the beginning of September.

May 21.—This is only the 23[d] on which I write, yet I have forgotten anything that has passd on the 21st worthy of [note]. I wrote a good deal, I know, and dined at home. The step of time is noiseless as it passes over an old man. The *non est tanti* mingles itself with every thing.

¹ *Macbeth*, Act iv. Sc. 1.

² Scott wrote "latter"—a slip.

May 22.—I was detain'd long in the Court, though Ham[ilton] had return'd to his labour. We dined with Capt. Basil Hall, and met a Mr. Codman or some such name with his lady from Boston—the last a pleasant and well manner'd woman, the husband Bostonian enough. We had Sir William Arbuthnot, besides, & his lady.

By the bye, I should have remember'd that I call'd on my old friend, Lady Charlotte Campbell, and found her in her usual good humour, though *miff'd* a little—I suspect—at the history of Gillespie Grumoch in the *Legend of Montrose*. I saw Haining also, looking thin and pale. These should have gone to the memorandum of yesterday.

May 23.—Went to day to call on the commissioner,¹ and saw, at His Grace's Levee, the celebrated Divine and *soi disant* prophet, Irving.² He is a fine look'd man (bating a diabolical squint), with talent on his brow and madness in his eye. His dress and the arrangement of his hair indicated that much attention had been bestow'd on his externals, & led me to suspect a degree of self conceit consistent both with genius and insanity.

Came home by Cadell, who persists in his visions of El Dorado. He insists that I will probably bring £60,000 within six years to rub off all Constable's debts, which that sum will do with a vengeance. Cadell talks of offering for the poetry to Longman. I fear they will not listen to him. The *Napoleon* he can command when he likes by purchasing their stock on hand. The lives of the novelists may also be had. Pleasing schemes all these, but dangerous to build upon. Yet in looking at the powerful machine which we have put in motion, it must be own'd "as broken ships have come to land."

Waited on the Comr. at five o'clock, and had the pleasure to remain till eight, when the debate of the Assembly was over. The question which employ'd their eloquence was whether the celebrated Mr. Irving could sit

¹ Lord Forbes was at this time His Majesty's High Commissioner to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland.

² Rev. Edward Irving, minister of the Scottish Church in London, was deposed March 1833, and died Dec. 1834, aged forty-two. See Thomas Carlyle's *Reminiscences*.

there as a ruling elder.¹ It was settled, I think justly, that a divine, being of a different order of officers in the Kirk, cannot assume the character of a Ruling Elder, seeing he cannot discharge its duties.

Mr. Irving dined with us. I could hardly keep my eyes off him while we were at table. He put me in mind of the Devil disguised [as] an angel of light, so ill did that horrible obliquity of vision harmonize with the dark tranquil features of [his] face, resembling that of our Saviour in Italian pictures, with the hair carefully arranged in the same manner. There was much real or affected simplicity in the manner in which he spoke. He rather *made play*, and spoke much across the table [to] the solicitor, & seem[d] to be good humourd. But he spoke with that kind of unction which is nearly [allied] to cajolerie. He boasted much of the tens of thousands that attended his ministry at the town of Annan, his native place, till he well nigh provoked me to say he was a distinguishd exception to the rule that a prophet was not esteemd in his own country. But time and place were not fitting.

May 24.—I wrote or *wrought* all the morning, yea, even to dinner time. Miss Ker, and Mrs. Skene, and Will Clerk dined. Skene came from the Commissioner's at seven o'clock. We had a merry evening. Clerk exults in the miscarriage of the Bill for the augmentation of the Judges' salaries. He and the other clerks in the Jury Court had hoped to have had a share in the proposed measure, but the Court had considerd it as being *Nos poma natamus*.² I kept our own pippins quiet by declining to move in a matter which was to expose us to [the] insult of a certain refusal. Clerk, with his usual felicity of quotation, said they should have rememberd the Clown's exhortation to Lear, "good nuncle, tarry and take the fool with you."

May 25.—Wrote in the morning. Dr. MacIntosh MacKay came to breakfast, & brought with him, to show me, the young Chevalier's target, purse, and snuff box, the

¹ That is as a lay-member of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland.

² See note p. 801.

property of Cluny MacPherson. The pistols are for holsters, and no way remarkable—a good serviceable pair of weapons silver-mounted. The Targe is very handsome indeed, studded with ornaments of silver, chiefly emblematic, chosen with much taste of device and happily executed. There is a contrast betwixt the shield & purse, the targe being large and heavy, the purse, though very handsome, unusually small and light. After one o'clock I saw the Duke & Duchess of Gordon; then went to Mr. Smith's to finish a painting for the last time. The Duchess call'd with a Swiss lady, to introduce me to her friend, while I was doing penance. I was heartily glad to see her Grace once more. Call'd in at Cadell's. His orders continue so thick that he must postpone the delivery for several days, to get new engravings thrown off, &c. *Vogue la Galère!* From all that now appears, I shall be much better off in two or three years than if my misfortunes had never taken place. *Periissem ni periissem.*

Dined at a dinner given by the Antiquarian Society to Mr. Hay Drummond, Secretary to the society, now going Consul to Tangiers. It was an excellent dinner—turtle, Champagne, and all the *agréments* of a capital meal, for £1, 6s. a head. How Barry managed I can't say. The object of this compliment spoke and drank wine incessant[l]y; goodnaturedly delighted with the compliment, which he repeatedly assured me he value[d] more than a hundred pounds. I take it that after my departure, which was early, it would be nec[essary] to "carry Mr. Silence to bed."

May 26.—The business at the court heavy. Dined at Gala's, & had the pleasure to see him in amended health. Sir John & Lady Hope were there, and the evening was lively and pleasant. George's Square is always a melancholy place for me. I was dining next door to my father's former house.

May 27.—Another dinner day. But I got up the additional notes for the *Waverley novels*. They seem to be setting sail (sail) with a favourable wind. I had to day a most kind & friendly letter from the Duke of Wellington, which is

a thing to be vain of. He is a most wonderful man to have climb'd to such a height without ever slipping his foot. Who would have said in 1815 that the Duke would stand still higher in 1829. And yet it indubitably is so. We dined with Lady Charlotte Campbell, now Lady Charlotte Bury, and her husband, who is an egregious fop but a fine draughtsman. Here is another day gone without work in the evening.

May 28.—The court as usual till one o'clock. But I forgot to say Mr. MacIntosh Mackay breakfasted, and inspected my curious Irish ms., which Dr. Brinkley¹ gave me. Mr. Mackay, I should say Doctor, who well deserved the name, reads it with tolerable [ease], so I hope to knock the marrow out of the bone with his assistance. I came home and dispatch'd proof Sheets & revises for Dr. Lardner. I saw kind John Gibson, and made him happy with the fair prospects of the *Magnum*. He quite agrees in my views. A young clergyman, named M'Combich, from Aberdeen Shire, also call'd to day. I have had some consideration about the renewal or retranslation of the Psalmody.

May 29.—I had peculiar views adverse to such an undertaking. In the first place, it would be highly unpopular with the lower & more ignorant rank, many of whom have no idea of the change which those spiritual poems have suffer'd in translation, but consider their old translations as the very songs which David composed. At any rate, the wiser class think that our fathers [were] holier and better men than we, & that to abandon their old hymns of devotion, in order to grace them with newer and more modish expression, would be a kind of sacrilege. Even the best inform'd, who think on the subject, must be of opinion that even the somewhat bald and rude language and versification of the psalmody gives them an antique and venerable air, and their want of the popular graces of modish poetry shows they belong to a stile where ornaments are not required. They contain, besides, the very words which were spoken and sung by the fathers of the reformation, sometimes in the wilderness, sometimes

¹ Brindley in photostat.

in fetters, sometimes at the stake. If a Church possessed the vessells out of which the original reformers partook¹ of the Eucharist, it would be surely bad taste to melt them down and exchange them for more modern. No, no. Let them write hymns and paraphrases if they will, but let us have still.

All people on the earth that dwell.

Law and Devotion must loose (lose) some of their dignity as often as they adopt new fashions.

May 30.—The Skenes came in to Supper last night. Dr. Scott of Haslaar Hospital came to breakfast. He is a Nephew of Scott of Scalloway, who is one of the largest proprietors in Shetland. I have a warm recollection of the kindness and hospitality of these remote isles, and of this gentleman's connections in particular, who wellcomed me both as a stranger and [a] Scott, being duly tenacious of their Clan. This young gentleman is high in the medical department of the Navy. He tells me that the Ultima Thule is improving rapidly. The old clumsy plough is laid aside. They have built several stout sloops to go to the deep sea fishing, instead of going thither in open boats, which consumed so much time between the shore and the Haf or fishing spot. Pity but they would use a steam boat to tow them out. I have a real wish to hear of Ze[t]land's advantage. I often think of its long isles, its towering precipices, its capes covered with seafowl of every class and description that Ornithology can find names for, its deep caves, its smoked geecze, and its sour sillocks. I would like to see it again. After the court I came round by Cadell, who is like Jemmy² Taylor,

full of mirth and full of glee.

For which he has good reason, having raised the impression of the *Magnum* to 12,000 copies, and yet the end is not, for the only puzzle now is how to satisfy the delivery fast enough.

¹ "partake" in photostat.

² Scott wrote "Jemmy" for "Billy," the hero of the ballad *Billie Taylor*.

May 31.—We dined at Craig Crook with Jeffery. It is a most beautiful place tastefully planted with shrubs and trees & so sequestered that after turning into the little avenue all symptoms of the town ar[e] left behind you. He positively gives up the *Edinburgh Review*. A very pleasant evening. Rather a glass of wine too much, for I was heated during the night. Very good news of Walter. If the lad will but be considerate, he may do well enough, & he is so for the present.

JUNE

June 1.—Being Sunday I remained to work the whole day, and finished half of the proposed volume of history. I was not disturbed the whole day, a thing rather unusual.

June 2.—A little startled this morning at passing a quantity of blood.¹ It may be an awkward symptom and it may not. Either way I am firmly resolved. Received Mr. Rees of London and Col. Fergusson to breakfast. Mr. Rees is clear of opinion our scheme (the *magnum*) must answer. I got to letter writing after breakfast, and cleared off old scores in some degree. Dr. Ross called and would hardly hear of my going out. I was obliged, however, to attend the meeting of the trustees for the Theatre. The question to be decided was, whether we should have decided on embracing an option left to us of taking the old theatre at a valuation, or whether we should leave it to Mrs. Siddons & Mr. Murray to make the best of it. There were present Sir Patrick Murray, Baron Hume, Lord Provost, Sir John Hay, Mr. Gilbert Innes, and myself. We were all of opinion that personally we ought to have nothing to do with it. But I thought as trustees for the public, we were bound to let the public know how the matter stood, and that they might, if they pleased, have the theatrical property for £16,000, which is dog cheap. They were all clear to give it up (the right of reversion) to Mrs.

¹ See *Letters*, vol. xi, pp. 195-198.

Siddons. I am glâd she should have it, for she is an excellent person, and so is her brother. But I think it has been a little jobbd. There is a clause providing the new patentees may redeem. I desired that the circumstances should [be] noted, that we were only exercizing our own judgement, leaving the future trustee[s] to exercise theirs. I rather insisted there should be some saving clause of this kind, even for the sake of our honour. But I could not prevail upon my collegues to put such a saving clause on the minutes, though they agreed the possibility of the new patentees redeeming on behalf of the publick. I do not think we have done right.

I calld on Mr. Cadell, whose reports of the *Magnum* might fill up the dreams of Alnashar should he sleep as long as the Seven sleepers. The rest was labour and letters till bed time.

June 3.—The ugly symptom still continues. Mr. Ross does not mak[e] much of it, and I think he is apt to look grave. I wrote in the morning. Dr. Mackintosh Mackay came to breakfast, and brought a Gaelick book, which he has publishd---the poetry of Rob Don--some of which seems pretty as he explaind it. The court kept me till near two, and then home comes me. Our noon and evening was spent as usual. In the evening Dr. Ross orderd me to be cupd, an operation which I only know from its being practized by that eminent medical practitioner the Barber of Bagdat. It is not painful; &, I think, resembles a giant twisting about your flesh between his finger and thumb.

June 4.—I was obliged to absent myself from the court on Dr. Ross's positive instance; and, what is worse, I was compelld to send an apology [for absence] from Hopetoun House, where I expected to see Mad^e Caradori, who was to sing Jock of Hazeldean. I wrote the song for Sophia; and I find my friends here still prefer her to the foreign syren.

However, Madame Caradori,
To miss you I am very sorry,
I should have taken it for glory
To have heard you sing my border story.

I workd at the *tales of my Grandfather*, but leisurely. My awkward symptom has entirely disappear[ed] I suppose by the cupping, for drugs seldom have much effect on me unless they are of an active character. But I remain listless, drowsy and my back is as sore as that of a galld hors[c].

June 5.—Cadell came to dine with me *tête à tête*, for the girls are gone to Hopetoun House. We had ample matter to converse upon, for his horn was full of good news. While we were at dinner he had letters from London and Ireland, which decided him to raise the impression of *Waverly* to 15,000. This, with 10,000 on the Number line which Ireland is willing to take, will make £18,000 a year of divisible profit.

This leads to a further speculation, as I said, of great importance. Longman & Co. have agreed to sell their stock on hand of the poetry, in which they have certain shares, their shares included, for £8000. Cadell thinks he could, by selling off at cheap rates, sorting, making waste, &c., get rid of the stock for about £5000, leaving £3000 for the purchase of the copy rights, and proposes to close the bargain as much cheaper as he cares, but at all events to close it. Whatever shall fall short of the price returned by the stock, the sale of which shall be entirely at his risque, shall be reckoned as the price of the copy right, and we shall pay half of that balance. I had no hesitation to authorize him to proceed in his bargain with Owen Rees of Longman's house upon that principle. For supposing according to Cadell's present idea the loss on the stock shall amount to £2000 or three thousand pounds, the possession of the entire & undivided [copyright] will enable us, calculating upon similar success as that of the novels, to be (make) at least £500 per Cent. Longman & Co. have indeed an excellent bargain, but then so will we. We pay dear indeed for what the ostensible subject of sale is, but if it sets free almost the whole of our copy rights, and places them in our own hands, we get a most valuable *quid pro quo*. There is only one fourth, I think, of *Marmion* in Mr. Murray's hand, and it must be the deuce if that cannot be [secured].¹ Mr. Cadell proposed that, [as] he

¹ See entry of June 11.

took the whole books on his [own] risk, he ought to have compensation, and proposed that it should consist in the sum to be given to me for arranging and making additions to the volumes of poetry thus to be republishd. I objected to this. For [in] the first place he may suffer no loss, for the books may go off more rapidly & better than he thinks for or expects. In the second place, I do not know what my labours in the poetry may be. In either case it is a blind bargain. But [if] he should be a sufferer beyond the clear half of the loss, which we agree to share with him, I agreed to make him some compensation, and he is willing to take what I shall think just. And so stands our bargain.

June 6.—Still remain quit[c] free from that ugly complaint. The Cupping, I suppose, removed it. Remained at home and wrote about four pages of *Tales*. I should have done more, but my head, as Squire Sullen says, “achd consumedly.”¹ Rees has given Cadell a written offer to be binding till the 12th. Meantime I have written to Lockhart to ask John Murray if he will treat for the fourth Share of *Marmion*, which he possesses. It can be worth but little to him, and gives us all the copyrights.

I have a letter from Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, touchin[g] a manuscript of Messrs. Hay Allan calld the *Vestiarium Scotiæ* by a Sir Richard Forester. If it is an imposition it is cleverly done, but I doubt the quarter it comes from. These Hay Allans are men o’ warm imaginations. It makes the strong averment that all the low Country gentlemen & Border clans wore tartan, and gives Setts of them all. I must see the ms. before I believe in it. The Allans are singular men, of much accomplishment but little probity—that is, in antiquarian matters.

Maxpapple who is in town came in to supper. Caddell lent me £10,—funny enough, after all our grand expectations, for Croesus to want such a gratuity.

June 7.—I rose at seven, and wrote Sir Thomas Lauder a long warning on the subject of these Allans & their Manuscript.² Proceeded to write, but found myself pulld

¹ Farquhar, *The Beaux’ Stratagem*.

² *Letters*, xi, 198-202.

up by the necessity of reading a little. This occupied my whole morning. The Lord President call'd very kindly to desire me to keep at home tomorrow. I thought of being out, but it may be as well not. I am somehow or other either listless or lazy. My head aches cruel. I made a fight at working and reading till eleven, and then came sleep with a particolour'd [mantle] of fantastic hues, & wrapt me into an imaginary world.

June 8.—I wrote the whole morning till two o'clock. Then I went into the gardens of Princes Street, to my great exhilaration. I never felt better for a walk ; also it is the first I have taken this whole week and more. I visited some remote garden grounds, where I had not been since I walk'd there with the good Samaritan Skene, sadly enough, at the time of my misfortunes.¹ The shrubs & young trees, which were then invisible, are now of good size, and gay with leaf and blossom. I, too, old trunk as I am, have put out tender buds of hope, which seem'd check'd for ever. I may now look with fair hope to freeing myself of obligation from all men, and spending the rest of my life in ease and quiet. God make me thankful to (for) so cheering a prospect.

June 8.—I wrote in the morning, set out for a walk at twelve o'clock as far as Mr. Cadell's. I found him hesitating about his views, and undecided about the number plan. He thinks the first plan answers so much beyond expectation it is pity to interfere with it, and talks of re-engraving the plates. This will be touchy. But nothing is resolv'd on.

June 9.—Anne had a little party, where Lady Charlotte Bury, Lady Hopeton, and others met the Carodori, who sang to us very kindly. She sang Jock of Hazeldean very well, and with a peculiar expression of humour. Sandie Ballantyne kindly came and help'd us with fiddle and flageolet. Willie Clerk was also here. We had a lunch, and [were] very very gay. Not the less so for the want of Mr. Bury, who is—a thorough paced coxcomb,—with some accomplishments, however. I drank two glasses of Champaigne, which have muddled my brains for the day.

¹ *Journal*, 23 Jan. 1826.

Will Clerk promise[d] to come back & dine on the wreck of the Turkey & tongue, pigeon pye, &c. He came, accordingly, and staid till nine; so no time for work. It was not a lost day, however.

June 10.—*Nota Bene*, my complaint quite gone. I attended the Court, and sat there till late. Evening had its lot of labour, which is, I think, a second nature to me. It is astonishing to me how little I look into a book of entertainment. I have been reading over the *Five Nights* of St. Albans,¹—very much *extra mœnia flammantia mundi*, and possessd of considerable merit, though the author loves to play at cherry pit with Satan.

June 11.—I was kept at court by a hearing till near three, then sate to Mr. Grahame for an hour and a half. When I came [home], behold a letter from Mr. Murray, very handsomely yield[ing] up the fourth share of *Marmion*, which he possessd. After[wards] we went to the theater, were (where) St. Ronan's Well was capitally acted by Murray and the Bailie. The part of Clara Mowbray hung heavy for want of Mrs. Siddons. Poor old Mrs. Renaud, once the celebrated Mrs. Powel, took leave of the stage. As I was going to bed at twelve at night, in came R. P. Gillies like a tobacco cask (well cracked of me). I shook him off with some difficulty, pleading my having been lately ill, but he is to call tomorrow morning.

June 12.—Gillies made his appearance. I told him frankly I thought he conducted his affairs too irregularly for any one to assist him, and I could [not] in charity advise anyone to encourage subscriptions, but that I should subscribe myself. So I made over to him about £50, which the *Foreign review* owes me, and I will grow hard-hearted and do no more. I was not long in the court, but I had to look at the controversy about the descent of the Douglas family. Then I went to Cadell and found him still Cock a hoop. He has raised the Edition to 17,000, a monstrous number, yet he thinks it will clear the 20,000, but we must be quiet in case people *jealous* the failure of the plates. I calld on Lady J. S. When I came home I was sleepy and over-

¹ *Five Nights of St Albans* by William Mudford.

walkd. By the way, I sate till Grahame finishd, my picture. I fell fast asleep before dinner, and slept for an hour. After dinner I wrote to Walter, Charles, Lockhart, and John Murray, and took a screed of my novel ; so concluded the evening idly enough.

	received from Mr. Cadell	.	.	£100	0	0
	Cash in purse	.	.	3	0	0
				103	0	0
	To Anne	.	.	£20		
In purse £12.	To Bogie	.	.	20		
	To Tom purdie	.	.	30		
	To Mr Grahame Annes portrait			20		
	To a new bai[ze?] gown	.	.	1		
				—	£91	
					12	0

June 13.—We hear of Sophia's mottions. She is to set sail by steam boat on the 16th, Tuesday, and Charlie is to make a run down with her. But, alas, my poor Johnie is, I fear, come to lay his bones in his native land. Sophia can no longer disguise it from herself, that as his strength weakens the disease increases. The poor child is so much bent on coming to see Abbotsford and Grandpapa, that it would be cruel not to comply with his wish and if Affliction comes, we will bear it best together.

Not more the schoolboy who expires
Far from his native home desires
To see some friend's familiar face,
Or meet a parent's last embrace.

It must be all as God wills it. Perhaps his native air may be of service.

More news from Cadell. He deems it necessary to carry up the edition to 20,000.

[*Abbotsford.*].—This day was fixed for a start to Abbotsford, where we arrived about six o'clock, evening. To my thinking, I never saw a prettier place ; and even the trees

and flowers seemd to say to me, we are your own again. But I must not let imagination jade me thus. It would be to make disappointment doubly bitter : and, God knows, I have in my child's family matter enough to check any exuberant joy.

June 14.—A delicious day, threatening rain ; but [in] the languid and affecting manner in which Beauty demands sympathy when about to weep. I wanderd about the banks & braes all morning, and got home about three, & saw every thing in tolerable order, excepting that there was a good number of branches left in the walks. There is a great number of trees cut, and bark collected. Colonel Fergusson dined & spent the afternoon with us.

June 15.—Another charming day. Up and dispatchd packets to Ballantyne & Cadell ; neither of them was furiously to the purpose, but I had a Humour to be alert. I walkd over to Huntly Burn, and round by Chiefswood and Jane's wood, when I saw Capt. Hamilton. He is busy finishing his peninsular campaigns.¹ He will not be cut out by Napier, whose work has a strong party cast ; and being, besides, purely abstract and professional, [will] to the publick seem very dull. I read Genl. Miller's account of the South American War.² I liked it the better that Basil Hall brought the author to breakfast with [me] in Edinr., a fin[e], tall, military figure, his left hand witherd like the prophet's gourd, & plenty of scars on him. There have been rare doings in that vast continent, but the strife is too distant, the country too unknown, to have the effect upon the imagination which European wars produce.

This evening I indulged in the *far niente*, a rare event with me, but which I enjoy proportionall[y].

June 16.—Made up parcels for Dr. Lardner ; and now I propose to set forth my Memoranda of Byron for Moore's acceptance, which ought in civility to have been done long since. I will have a walk, however, in the first place.

I did not get on with Byron so far as I expected—began

¹ *Annals of the Peninsular Campaigns*, 3 vols. 8vo (1829).

² *Memoirs of General Miller in the Service of the Republic of Peru*, 2 vols. 8vo (1828).

it though, and that is always something. I went to see the woods at Huntly Burn, mars lea, &c. Met Captain Hamilton, who tells me a shocking thing. Two Messrs. Stirling of Drumpell[i]ar¹ came here and dined one day, and seemd spirited young men. The younger is murderd by pirates. An Indian vessell in which he saild was boarded by these miscreants, who behaved most brutally ; and he, offering resistance I suppose, was shockingly mangled and flung in the sea. He was afterwards taken up alive, but died soon after. Such horrid accidents lie in wait for those whom we see all joyous and unthinking, sweeping along the course of life ; and what end may be waiting ourselves—Who can tell ?

June 17.—Must take my leave of sweet Abbotsford, and my leisure hour, my eve of repose. To go to town will take up the morning.

Cash in purse	£12	0	0
Tom in addition to £30	£5		
Expencc going & returning to	.						
Abbotsford	5		
Sundries	1		
					—	11	

Balance in purse	£1	0	0
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[*Edinburgh.*].—We set out about 11 o'clock, got to Edinburgh about five, where I dined with Baron Clerk and a few Exchequer friends, Lord Chief Baron, Sir Patrick Murray, Sir Henry Jardine, &c. &c.

June 18.—Corrected proofs for Dr. Dionysius Lardner. Cadell came to breakfast. Poor fellow, he looks like one who had been overworkd ; and the difficulty of keeping paper makers up to printers, print[er]s up to draughtsmen, artists to engravers, and the whole party to time, requires the utmost exertions. He has actually orderd new plates, although the steel ones which we employ are supposed to throw off 30,000 without injury. But I doubt some thing of this. Well, since they will buckle fortune on our back

¹ See entries of July 18 and 20, 1827.

we must bear it scholarly and wisely.¹ I went to court, call'd on my return on J. B. and Cadell. At home I set to correct *Ivanhoe*, I had twenty other things more pressing ; but, after all, these novels deserve a preference. Poor Terry is totally prostrated by a paralitick affection. Continuance of existence not to be wish[ed] for.

Tomorrow I expect Sophia and her family by Steam.

June 19.—Sophia, and Charles who acted as her escort, arriv[ed] at nine o'clock morning, fresh from the Steam boat. They were in excellent health—also the little boy and girl ; but poor Johnie seems very much changed indeed, and I should not be surprized if the scene shortly closes. There is obviously a great alteration in strength and features. At dinner we had our family chat on a scale that I had not enjoy'd for many years. The Skenes sup'd with us.

June 20.—Corrected prove sheets in the morning for Dr. Lardner. Then I had the duty of the Court to perform. As I came home I recommended young Shortreed to Mr. Cadell for a printing Job now & then when Ballantyne is overloaded, which Mr. Cadell promised accordingly.

Lady Anna Maria Elliot's company at dinner help'd on our family party, and pass'd the evening pleasantly enough, my anxiety considering.²

June 21.—A very wet sunday. I employ'd it to good purpose, bestowing much labour on the History, ten pages of which are now finish'd. Were it not for the precarious health of poor Johnie I would be most happy in this reunion with my family, but, poor child, this is a terrible drawback.

£10. Borrow'd from Mr. Cadell and paid to Anne
£10.

June 22.—I keep working, though interruptedly, but the heat in the midst of the day makes me flag and grow irresistably drowsy. Mr. and Mrs. Skene came to supper this evening. Skene has engaged himself in drawing illustrations to be etched by himself for *Waverley*. I wish it may do.

¹ *Merry Wives*, Act 1. Sc. 3.

² A slip for "considered."

June 23.—I was detain'd in the court till half past [threc]. Captain William Lockhart dind with Skene. The Captain's kind nature had brought him to Edinburgh to meet his Sister in law.

June 24.—I was detain'd late in the court, but still had time to go with Adam Wilson and call upon a gentlemanlike East Indian officer, call'd Colonel Franklin, who appears an intelligent and respectable man. He writes the History of Capt. Thomas,¹ a person of the rank [and] condition of a common sea-man, who raised himself to the rank of a native prince, and for some time waged a successful war with the powers around him. The work must be entertaining.

June 25.—Finish'd correcting proofs for Tales, third series; the court was over soon, but I was much exhausted on the return home—quite sleepy and past work. I look'd in on Cadell, whose hand is in his housewifcap²—driving and pushing to get all the works forward in due order, and cursing the delays of artists and engravers. I own I wish we had not hamper'd ourselves with such causes of delay.

Got from Mr. Cadell	£150
Anne	£75
Sophia	10
Charles	15
Anne my niece <i>en Cadeau</i>	25
	— 125

	£25
Anne	20
	—
	£5

June 26.—Mr. Ellis, missionary from the South Sea Islands, breakfasted, introduced by Mr. Fletcher, Minister

¹ A copy of this rather rare book is still in the Abbotsford Library. Its title is *Colonel Wm. Francklin's Military Memoirs of George Thomas, who, by extraordinary talent and enterprise, rose from an obscure situation to the rank of General in the service of the Native Powers, in the N.W. of India.* 4to, Calcutta (1803).

² From the old ballad *Get up and bar the door.*

of the parish of Stepney, also two Mr. Hulls sons of an old acquaintance, Mr. Hull of Dona[g]hadee. Mr. Ellis's account of the progress of civilisation, as connected with religion, is very interesting. Knowle[d]ge of every kind is diffused, reading, writing, printing, abundantly common. Polygamy abolishd. Idolatry is put down, the priests, won over by the Ch[i]efs, dividing among them the consecrated lands which belong[ed] to their temples. Great part of the population are still without religion, but willing to be instructed. Wars are become infrequent; and there is in each state a sort of representative body, or senate, who [are] a check on the Despotism of the Chief. All this has come hand in hand with religion.

Mr. Ellis tells me that the Missionaries of different sects avoided carefully letting the natives know that there were points of [dis]union between them. Not so som[e] Jesuits who had lately arrived, and who taught their own ritual as the only true one. They brought all their mechanical assistan[c]es along with them and a Galvanick battery for working miracles. But they will find the natives acquainted with the electrical process, the Missionaries having instructed them in several branches of civil science. Where knowle[d]ge is diffused priest craft must retreat. Mr. Ellis describe[d] their poetry to me, and gave some examples. It had an Ossianick character, and was composed of metaphor. He gave me a small collection of hymns printed in the Islands. If this gentleman is sincere, which I have no doubt of, he is an illustrious character. He was just about to return to the Friendly Islands, having come here for his wife's health.

[*Blairadam.*].—After the court we set off (the Two Thomsons & I) for Blair Adam, where we held our MacDuff-Club for the twelfth anniversary. We met the Chief Baron, Lord Sydney Osborne, Will Clerk, the merry Knight Sir Adam Fergusson, with our venerable Host the Lord Chief Commissioner, and merry men were we.

June 27.—I ought not, where merry men convene, to omit our jovial so[n] of Neptune, Admiral Adam. The morning proving delightful, we set out for the object of the

day, which was Falkland. We passd throu[gh] Lochore, but without stopping, and saw on the road eastward, two or threc places, as Balbedie, Strathhen[d]ry, Pitlochic, and some others known to me by name. Also we went through the town of Leslie, and saw what remains of the celebrated rendezvous of rustick gallantry calld Christ's Kirk on the green. It is not [now] cut up with house[s], one of the most hideous of which is a new church, having the very worst and most offensive kind of Venetian windows. This I am told, has replaced a quiet lowly little gothick build[ing], coeval, perhaps, with the royal Poet who celebrated the spot. Next we went to Falkland, where we found Mr. Howden, factor of Mr. Tindal Brucc, waiting to show us the palace.

Falkland has most interesting remains. A double entrance tower and a side building running east from it is roofd & in some degree habitable, a corresponding building running Northward from the eastern corner is totally ruinous, having been destroyd by fire. The architecture is highly ornament[ed], in the stile of the palace at Stirling. Niches with statues, with projections, cornices, &c., are lavishd through out. Many curious medallions exhibited such heads as those preserved from the King's Room at Stirling, the originals, perhaps, being the same. The repeated cypher of James v. and Mary of Guise attest[s] the builders of this part of the palace. When complete it had been a quadrang[l]e. There is as much of it as remaind when Slezzer publishd his drawings. Some part of the interior has been made what is calld habitable, that is, a half dozen of bad rooms have been gotten out of it. Am clear in my own mind a ruin should be protected, but never repaired. The proprietor has a beautiful place call[ed] Nut-hill, within ten minutes' walk of Falkland, & commanding some fine views of it and of the Lomond Hill. This should be the residence. But Mr. Bruce & his predecessor, my old professor, John Bruce, deserve great credit¹ for their attention to prevent Dilapidation, which was doing its work fast upon the ancient palace. The only remarkable apart-

¹ "merit" in photostat.

ment was a large and well proportiond gallery with a painted roof—*tempor[e] Jacobi Sexti*—and built after his succession to the throne of England. I noticed a curious thing, a hollow column conceald the rope which rung the castle Bell, keeping it safe from injury and [*illegible*].

The Town of Falkland is old, with very narrow streets. The arrival of two carriages and a gig was an event important enough to turn out the whole population. They are said to [be] less industrious, more dissipated, and readier to become soldiers than their neighbours. So long a court retains its influence.

We dined at Wellfield with my friend George Cheape, with whom I rode in the cavalry some 30 years ago. Much mirth and good wine made us return in capital tune. The Chief Baron and Admiral Adam did not go on this trip. When we returnd it was time to go to bed by a candle.

June 28.—Being Sunday, we lounged about in the neighbourhood of the Craggs call[ed] the Keiry Craigs, &c. The sheriff substitute of Kinross came to dinner, & brought a gold signet which had been found in that town. It was very neatly work[ed], about the size of a shilling. It bore in a shield the Arms of Scotland and Eng[land], *party per pale*, those of Scotland occupying the dexter side. The shield is of the heater or triangular shape. There is no crown nor legend of any kind; a slip of gold folds upwards on the back of the hinge, and makes the handle neatly enough. It is too well wrought for David II.'s time, & James the IV. is the only monarch of the Scottish line who, marrying a daughter of England, may carry the arms of both countries *party per pale*. Mr. Skelton is the name of the present possessor.

Two reported discoveries. One, that the Blaeberry shrub contains the tanning quality as four to one compared to the oak—which may be of great importance, as it grows so commonly on our moors.

The other, that the cutting of an apple tree, or other fruit tree, may be preserved by sticking it into a potatoe and planting both together. Curious, if true.

June 29 [Edinburgh].—We dined together at Blair-Adam, having walkd in the woods in the morning, and seen a beautiful new walk made through the woody hill behind the house. In a fine evening, after an early dinner, our party returnd to Edinburgh, and there each dispersed to his several home & resting place. I had the pleasure to find my family all well, except Joh[n]nie, who is no worse however than usual.

June 30.—After my short sniff of country air here am I again at the receipt of Custom. The sale with Longman & Co., for stock and copy rights of my [poetical] works, is completed, for £7000, [payable] at dates from 12 to 36 months. There are many sets out of which we may be able to clear the money, and then we shall make some thing to clear the copyright. I am sure this may be done, & that the bargain will prove a good one in the long run. Dined at home with my family, whom, as they disperse to morrow, I have dedicated the evening to.

JULY

July 1.—This morning wrote letters & sent them off by Charles. It was teind Wednesday, so I was at home to witness the Departure of my family, which was depressing. My two daughters, with the poor boy Johnie, went off at ten o'clock, my son Charles, with my niece, about twelve. The house, filld with [the] little bustle attendant on such a removal, then became silent as the grave. The voices of the children, which had lately been so clamourous with their joyous shouts, are now hushd and still. A blank of this kind is somewhat depressing, and I find it impossible to resume my general tone of spirits. A lethargy has crep[t] on me which no efforts can dispell, and as the day is rainy, I cannot take exercize. I have read therefor[c] the whole morning, and have endeavourd to collect ideas instead of expending them. I have not been very successful. In short, *Diem Perdidi*.

From Mr. Cadell	£25
Anne	£10
Sophia	£10
Charles lodgings	£1 21

	£4

Localities at Blair Adam :—

Lochournie and Lochournie moss,
The Louting stane and Dodgel's cross,
Craigi Cat and Craigi Cro[w],
Craig-averal, the King's cross, and Drumglow.

July 2.—I mad[e] up for my deficiencies yesterday, and besides attending the Court wrote five close pages, which I think is very near double task. I was alone the whole day & without interruption. I have little doubt I will make my solitude tell upon my labours, especially since they promise to prove so efficient. I was so languid yesterday that I did not record that J. Ballantyne, his brother Sandie, and Mr. Cadell dined here on a beef steak, and smoked a segar, and took a view of our Eldorado which will be rich enough unless it [*illegible*] *good likely*.

July 3.—Labourd at court, where I was kept late, and wrought on my return home, finishing about five pages. I had the great pleasure to learn that the party with the infantry got safe to Abbotsfo[1]d and Johnie was not worse than usual.

July 4.—After the court I came home and set to work, still on the *tales*. When I had finishd my bit of dinner, and was in a quiet way smoking my segar over a glass of negus, Adam Fergusson comes with a summons to attend him to the Justice Clerk's, where, it seems, I was engaged. I was totally out of case to attend his summons, redolent as I was of tobacco, but I am vexd at the circumstance. It looks careless, and, what is worse, affected; and the Justice is an old friend moreover. I rather think I have been guilty towards him in this respect befor[e].¹ Devil take

¹ See entry of June 22, 1827.

my stupidity. I will call on Monday and say, here is my sabre & here is my head.

July 5.—Sir Adam came to breakfast, and with him Mr. & Mrs. Johnstone of Bourdeaux, the lady his cousin by Dr. Black. I could not give them a right Scottish Breakfast, being on a Sunday morning. Lab[o]urd on the *tales* the whole morning. The post brought two letters of unequal importance. One from a person calling himself Har[r]al, announcing to me the terriffick circumstance that he had written against the Waverley novels in a publication calld *La Belle Assemblée*, at which doubtless, he supposes, I must be much annoyd. He be damd, and that's plain speaking. The other from Lord Aberdeen, announcing that Lockhart, Dr. Gooch, and myself, are invested with the power of examining the papers of the Cardinal Duke of York, and reporting what is fit for publication. This makes it plain that the Invisible ¹ neither slumbers nor sleeps. The toil and remuneration must be Lockhart's, and to any person understanding that sort of work the degree of trust reposed holds out hope of advantage. At any rate, [it] is a most honourable trust, and I have written in suitable terms to Lord Aberdeen to express my acceptance of it, adverting to my necessary occupations here, and expressing my willingness to visit London occasionally to superintend the progress of the ² work. Treated myself, being considerably faggd, with a glass of poor Glengarry's super excellent whiskey and a segar, made up my journal, wrote to the girls, and so to roost upon a crust of bread & a glass of small beer, my usual supper.

July 6.—I labourd all the morning without any thing [un]usual, save a call from my cousin, Mary Scott of Jedburgh, whom I persuaded to take part of my chaise to Abbotsford on Saturday. At two o'clock I walkd to Cadell's, and afterwards to a committee of the Bannatyne Club. Thereafter I went to Leith, where we had fixd a meeting of *The Club*, now of forty one years' standing. I was in [the] Chair, and Sir Adam, Croupier. We had the Justice Clerk, Lord Abercromby, Lord Pitmilley, Lord

¹ Sir William Knighton.

² "my" in photostat.

Advocate, James Fergusson, John Irving, & William Clerk, and passd a merry day for old fellows. It is a curious thing that only *three* have died of this club since its formation. These were the Earl of Selkirk ; James Clerk, Lieutenant in the Navy ; and Archibald Millar, W.S. Sir Patrick Murray was an [un]willing absentee. There were absent—Professor Davidson of Glasgow, besides Glassford, who has cut our society, and poor James Edmondstoune, whose state of health precludes his ever joining society again. We took a fair but moderate allowance of wine, sung our old songs, and were much refreshd with a hundred old stori[c]s, which would have seemd insignificant to any stranger. The most important of these were old College adventurers of love and battle.

July 7.—I was rather apprehensive that I might have felt my unusual dissipation this morning, but no[t] a whit. I rose as cool as a cucumber, and set about to my work till breakfast time. I am to dine with Ballantyne today. To morrow with John Murray. This sounds sadly like idleness, except what may be done either in the morning before breakfast, or in the broken portion of the day between attendance on the court and my dinner meal, a vile, drowsy, yawning, fagged portion of existence, which resembles one's day, as a portion of the shirt, escaping betwixt one's waistcoat and breeches, indi[c]ates his linen.

Dined with James Ballantyne, who gave us a very pleasant party. There was a great musician, Mr. Neucom, a German, a pupil of Haydn, a sensible, pleasant man.

July 8.—This morning I had an ample doze of proofs & could do nothing but read them. The court kept me till two. I was then half tempted to go to hear Mr. Neucom perform on the organ, which is said to be a most masterly exhibition. But I reflected how much tim[e] I should lose by giving way to temptation, and how little such ears as mine would be benefited by the exhibition, and so I resolved to return to my proofs, having not a little to do. I was so unlucky as to meet my foreigner along with Mr. Lainé, the French Consul, and his lady, who all invited my (me) to go with them. But I pleaded business, and was sate down,

doubtless, for a Goth, as I deserved. However, I got my proofs settled before dinner time, & began to pack up books, &c.

I dined at John Murray's, and met, amongst others, Mr. Schutze, the brother in law of poor George Ellis. We conversed about our mutual friend, & about the life Canning was to have written about him, and which he would have done *con amore*. He gave me two instances of poor George's neatness of expression, and acuteness of discrimination. Having met, for the first time, "one Perceval, a young lawyer," he records him as a person who, with the advantage of life and opportunity, would assuredly rise to the head of affairs. Another gentleman is briefly characterized as "a man of few words, & fewer ideas." Schu[t]ze himself is a clever man, with something dry in his manner, owing, perhaps, to an imper[fc]ction of hearing. Murray's parties are always agreeable & well chosen.

July 9.—I began an immense arrangement of my papers, but was obliged to desist by the approach of Five o'clock, having been enabled to shirk the court. I had the whole day to do what I wishd, and as I made some progress I hope I will be strengthend to resume the task when at Abbotsford.

Heard of the death of poor Bob Shortreed, the companion of many a long ride among the hills in quest of old ballads. He was a merry companion, a good singer and mimick, & full of Scottish drollery. In his company and under his guidance I was able to see much of rural society in the mountains which I could not otherwise have attained and which I have made my use of. He was in addition a man of worth & character. I always burthend his hospitality while at Jedburgh on the Circuit and have been useful to some of his family. Poor fellow! he died at a most interesting period for his family when his eldest daughter was about to make an advantageous marriage. So glide our friends from us—*haec [data] poena diu viventibus*. Many recollections die with him and with poor Terry. I dined with the Skencs in a family way.

July 10.—Had a hard day's work at the court till about two, and then came home to prepare for the country. I

made a *talis qualis* arrangement of my papers, which I trust I shall be able to complete at Abbotsford, for it will do much good. I wish I had a smart Boy like red Robin the Tinker. Wrote also a pack of letters.

Cash from Mr. Cadell	£60
In purse :	4
	<hr/>
	64
Club at Leith	£1 4
Coach hire	10
Gown keeps [?]	6
Sundries	2
	<hr/>
	4
Coals to John	32
Do. for Small accots, postage, etc. . . .	3
	<hr/>
	39
	<hr/>
	25
Journy about	3
	<hr/>
	£22

Abbotsford, July 11.—I was detain'd in the Court till nearly one o'clock, then set out and reach'd Abbotsford in five or six hours. Found all well, and Johnie rather better. He sleeps by virtue of being in the open air a good deal.

July 12.—The day excessive[ly] rainy, or, as we call it, Soft. I e'en unpack'd my books & did a great deal to put them in order. But I was sick of the labour by two o'clock and left several of my books and all my papers at sixes and sevens. Sir Adam and the Colonel dined with [us]. A spanish gentleman with his wif[c], whom I had seen at the French Consul's, also dropp'd in. He was a handsome, intelligent, and sensible man. His name I have forgot. We had a pleasant even[i]ng.

July 13.—This day I wrote till one, resuming the History, and making out a day's task. Then went to Chiefswood, and had the pleasure of a long walk with a lady well known in

the world of poetry, Mrs. Hemans. She is young & pretty, though the mother of five children, as she tells me. There is taste and spirit in her conversation. My daughters are critical, and call her *blue*, but I think they are hypercritical. I will know better when we meet again. I was home at four. Had an evening walk with little Walter, who held me by the finger, gabbling eternally much that I did, & more that I did not, understand. Then I had to write a long letter to Lockhart, collect and read, and dispa[t]ch proofs, &c.; and to bed heartily tired, though with no great exertion.

July 14.—A rainy forenoon broke the promise of a delightful morning. I wrote $4\frac{1}{2}$ pages, to make the best of a bad bargain. If I can double the daily task, I will be something in hand. But I am resolved to stick to my three pages a day at least. The 12th of August will then complete my labours.

July 15.—This day two very pretty and well bred boys came over to breakfast with us. I finished my task of three pages and better, and went to walk with the little fellows round the farm, by the lake, &c., &c. They were very good companions. Thom has been busy thinning the terrace this day or two, and is to go on.

Cash in purse	£22
Tom	20
						<hr/>
Cash in purse	£2

July 16.—I made out my task work and betook myself to walk about twelve. I feel the pen turn heavy after breakfast; perhaps my solemn morning meal is too much for my intellectual powers, but I won't abridge a single crumb for all that. I eat very little at dinner, and can't abide to be confined in my hearty breakfast. The work goes on as task-work must, slow, sure, and I trust not drowsy, though the author is. I sent off to Dionysius Lardner (Goodness be with us, what a name) as far as page 38 inclusive, but I will wait to add tomorrow's quota. I had a long walk with Tom. I am walking with more pleasure

& comfort to myself than I have done for many a day. May heaven continue this great mercy, which I have so much reason to be thankful for !

July 17.—We calld at Chiefswood & askd Capt. Hamilton, and Mrs. H., & Mrs. Hemans, to dinner on Monday. She is a clever person, & has been pretty. I had a long walk with her *tête-à-tête*. She told me of the peculiar melancholy attachd to the word[s] no more. I could [not] help telling, as a different application of the words, [how] an old dame riding home along Cocke[n]zie sands, pretty bowsy, fell off the pillion, and her husband, being in good order also, did not miss [her] till he came to Prestonpans. He instantly returnd with some neighbours, and found the good woman seated amidst the advancing tide, which began to rise with her lips ejaculating to her cummers, who she supposed were still pressing her to another cup, "Not ae drap mair, I thank you kindly." We dined in family, and all well.

July 18.—A sunday with alternat showers and sunshine. Wrote double task, which brings me to page forty six inclusive. I read the *Spae-wife* of Galt. There is something good in it, and the language is occasionally very forcible, but he has made his story difficult ¹ to understand, by adopting a region of history little known, and having many heroes of the same name, whom it is not easy to keep separate in one's ² memory. Some of the traits of the Spacwife, who conceits herself to be a Changeling or Ta'en away, is (are) very good indeed. His highland Chief is a kind ³ of Caliban, and speaks, like Caliban, a jargon never spoken on earth, but full of effect for all that.

July 19.—I finishd two leaves this morning, and rec[c]ived the Hamiltons and Mrs. Hemans to breakfast, afterwards we drove to Yarrow and shewd Mrs. Hemans the lions. The party dined with us, and staid till evening. Of course no more work.

July 20.—A rainy day, and I am very drowsy and would give the world to [blank]. I wrote four leaves, however,

¹ The photostat has "different."

² The photostat has "his."

³ The photostat has "king."

and then my industry dropd me. I have made up for yesterday's short task.

Editorial Note.—In the interval between this entry and the entry of 23rd May 1830 occurred the paralytic attack of 15th February 1830. Scott refers to it in the *Journal* of 26th May, where he says it looked "woundy like apoplexy." In December 1830 he mentions a second attack in the previous November. A much more serious attack in the middle of April 1831 led Scott to resolve to spend the winter in Malta and Italy in the hope of regaining strength. These successive attacks weakened not only Scott's bodily strength, but also (to use Lockhart's phrase) "shook his mind." He wrote a good deal in 1830—the *Letters on Demonology*, the second volume of his *History of Scotland* for Dionysius Lardner, and a fourth volume of *Tales of a Grandfather* (from the *History of France*)—but in all these writings Lockhart finds "a cloudiness of words and arrangement." There is a similar falling off in the contemporary *Journal*.

The success of the new collected edition of Scott's works which had been appearing at the rate of a volume per month from June 1829 to May 1830 promised to pay off Scott's commercial debt within a few years, and for this Scott had to thank the unsparing exertions of R. Cadell.

Money entries in Scott's *Journal* show that Cadell after getting his discharge from bankruptcy was practically Scott's banker.¹

¹ See a letter from Cadell dated 30th April 1832 to Scott's eldest son printed by Sir Herbert Grierson—*Sir Walter Scott, Bart.* (1938), pp. 301-2.

1830

MAY

May 23, [Abbotsford].—About a year ago I took the pet at my diary, chiefly becaus[e] I thought it made me abominably selfish; and that by recording my gloomy fits I encouraged their recurr[e]nce, whereas ought (out) of sight, out of mind, is the best way to get out of them. And now I hardly know why I take it up again, but here goes. I came here to attend Raeburn's funeral. I am near of his kin, my great grandfather, Walter Scott, being the second son or first Cadet of this small family. My late kinsman was also married to my aunt, a most amiable old lady. He was never kind to me, and at last utterly ungracious. Of course I never liked him, & we kept no terms. He had forgot though an infantine cause of quarrell, which I always rememberd. When I was four or five years old I was stayin[g] at Lessudden house, an old mansion, the abode of this Raeburn. A large pigeon house was almost destroyed with Starlings, then a common bird, though now seldom seen. They were seized in their nests and put in a bag, and I think drown'd or thr[e]shd to death or put to some such end. The servants gave one to me, which I in some degree tamed, and the brute of a laird seized and wrung its [neck]. I flew at his throat like a wild cat, and was torn from him with no little difficulty. Long afterwards I did him the mortal offence to recall some superior[i]ty¹ which my father had lent to the Laird to make up a qualification, which he meant to exercise by voting for Lord Minto's interest against poor Don. This made a total breach between t[w]o relations who had never been friends, and though I was

¹ In Nov. 1812, see *Letters*, iii, 192, where Scott writes—"The said Raeburn in indiscreet zeal was not unwilling to have perjured himself concerning some old transactions between my father and him."

afterwards of consid[e]rable service to his family, he kept his illhumour, alleging justly enough that I did these kind actions for the sake¹ of his wife and family, not [for] his benefit. I now saw him at the age of eighty two or three deposited in the ancestral grave, dined with my cousins, & returnd to Abbotsford about eight o'clock.

May 24, [Edinburgh].—Calld on my neighbour Nic[o]l Milne of Faldonside to settle something about the road to Selkirk, afterwards wen[t] to Huntly burn and made my compliments to the family. Lunched at half past two and drove to town, calling in George's Square on Gala. The proposal is to give up the present road to Selkirk in favour of another on the North side of the river, to be completed by two bridges. This is an object for Abbotsford. In the evening came in to town. Letter from Mr. H[aydon] soliciting £20. Wait till Lockhart comes.

May 25.—Get into the old mill this morning, and grind away. Walkd in very bad day to George's [Square] from the parliament House, through paths once familiar, but not trod for twenty years, met Scott of Wool and Scott of Gala, and consulted about the new road between Galashiels and Selkirk. I am in hope to rid myself of the road to Selkirk, which goes too near me at Abbotsford. Dined at Lord Chief Commissioner's, where we met the New Chief Baron Abercromby and his lady. I thought it was the first time we had met for above forty years, but he put me in mind we had dined one day at John Richardson's.

May 26.—Wrought with proofs, &c., at Lockhart's *Demonology*,² which is a cursed business to do neatly. I must finish it though, for I need money. I went to the court; from that came home, & scrambled on with half writing, half reading, half idleness till evening. I have laid aside smoking much; & now, unless tempted by company, rarely take a segar. I was frightend by a species of fit

¹ The photostat has "services."

² *Letters on Demonology and Witchcraft* addressed to J. G. Lockhart Esq. (1830). See also entry of May 30—"I wrote some more in his (i.e. Lockhart's) *Demonology*." In the entry of June 27 he calls it "my *Infernal Demonology*"

which I had in February,¹ which took from me my power of speaking. I am told it is from the stomach. It lookd woundy like palsy or apople[x]y. Well, be it what it will, I can stand it.

May 27.—Court as usual. I am agitating a proposed retirement from the court. As they are only to have four instead of Six Clerks of Session in Scotland, it will be their interest to let me retire on a superannuation. Probably I shall make a bad bargain, and only get $2/3$ ds of the salary, instead of $3/4$ ths. This would be hard, but I could save between two or three hundred pounds by giving up town residence ; and surely I could do enough with my time in Reviews and other ways as to make myself comfortable at Abbotsford. At any rate, *Jacta est Alea*. Sir Robert Peele² and the Advocate³ seem to acquiesce in the arrangement, and Sir Robert Dundas retires alongst with me. I think the difference will be infinite in point of health and happiness.

May 28.—Wrought in the morning, then the court, then Cadell's. My affairs go on up to calculation, and the *magnum* keeps its ground. If this can last for five or six years longer we may clear our hands of debt ; but perhaps I shall have paid that of nature before that time come. They will have the books, and Cadell to manage them, who is a faithful pilot. The poetry which we purchased for [£7000], payable in two years, is melting off our hand[s] ; and we will feed our *magnum* in that way when we have sold the present stock, by which we hope to pay the purchase money, & so go on velvet with the continuation of the *Magnum*. So my genral affairs look well. But there has been mis[ma]nagement in the household department. I expect Lockhart and Sophia " arrive this evening in the roads, and breakfast with us tomorrow. This is very reviving.

May 29.—The Lockharts were to appear at nine o'clock,

¹ Scott wrote " March," but his letter to Lockhart giving an account of the seizure is dated February 22, 1830. See *Letters*, xi. 297.

² Scott's letters of April 14, 1830, to Sir Robert Peel and Sir William Knighton are printed in *Letters*, xi. 332-337.

³ Sir William Rae, Lord Advocate.

but it is past four, and they come not. There has been easterly wind, and a swell of the sea at the mouth of the firth, but nevertheless I wish they would come. The mach[i]nery is liable to accidents, & they may be delayd thus.

Mr. Piper, the Great Contractor for the Mail coaches, one of the sharpest men in his line, calld here to day to give his consent to our line of road. He pays me the [compliment] of saying he wishes my views on the subject. That is perhaps fudge, but at least I knew enough to chuse the line that is most for my own advantage. I have written to make Gala acquainted that my subscription depends on their taking the Gala foot road ; no other would suit me. After dinner I began to teaze myself about the children & their parents, and night went down on our uncertainty.

May 30.—Our travellers appeard early in the morning, *cum tota sequela*. Right happy were we all. Poor Johnie looks well. His deformity is confirmd, poor fellow ; but he may be a clever lad for all that. An imposthume in his neck seems to be the crisis of his complaint. He is a gentle, placid creature. Walter is remarkably handsome, & so is little W[h]ippety stourie,¹ as I call her. After breakfast I had a chat with Lockhart about affairs in gen[e]ral, which, as far as our little interests are concernd, are doing very well. Lockhart is now established in his reputation and literary prospects. I wrote some more in his *Dæmonology*, which is a scrape, I think. About one Skene and I walkd round & across the castle Hill, it is strange how easily this circuitous pass carries us over so great a height. The day went off as usual.

May 31.—Set to work early, and did a good day's work without much puffing and blowing. Had Lockhart at dinner, & a *tête-à-tête* over our segar[s]. He has got the right ideas for getting to the very head of the literary world and now stands very high as well for taste and judgement as for genius. I think there is no fear now of his letting a

¹ His grand-daughter, Charlotte, whom he playfully named after the fairy in the old Scottish nursery story. He applied the same name to Miss Edgeworth in his letters

love of fun run away with him. At home the whole day, except a walk to Cadell's, who is enlarging his sale. As he comes upon heavy months, and is come now to the *Abbot*, the *Monastery*, and the less profitable or popular of the novels, this is a fortunate circumstance. The management seems very judicious.

JUNE

June 1.—Proofs and court, the inevitable employments of the day. Louisa Kerr dined with us, and Williams lookd in. We talkd a good deal on Celtick witchery and fairy lore. I was glad to renew my acquaintancce with this able & learnd man.¹

June 2.—The Lockharts lef[t] us again this morning, and although three masons are clanking at their work to clean a well, the noise is mitigated, now the poor babies' clang of tongues is removed. I set[tled] with myself to write, determining to avoid reasoning, and bring on as many stories as possible. Being a Teind Wc[d]ne[s]day, I may work undisturbd, and I will try to get so far ahead as may permit a journey to Abbotsford on Saturday. At nine o'clock was as far ahead as p. 57. It runs out well, and 150 pages will do.

June 3.—Finishd my proofs, and s[c]nt them off with copy. I saw Mr. Dickinson² on Tuesday, a right plain sensible man. He is so confident in my matters, that, being a large creditor himself, he offers to come down, with the suppo[r]t of all the London crers, to carry through any measure that can be devised for my behoof. Mr. Cadell shewd him that we are five Years forward in matter prepared for [the] press. Got Heath's illustrations, which, I dare say, are finally engraved, but commonplace enough in point of Art.

¹ John Williams, Archdeacon of Cardigan, Rector of Edinburgh Academy (1824-1847).

² Mr. John Dickinson of Nash Mill, Herts, the eminent papermaker.—
J. G. L.

June 4.—Court as usual, & not long detain'd, visited Cadell. All right, & his reports favourable, it being the Launch of our annual volume, now traversing a year with unblemish'd reputation and success uninterrupted. I should have said I overhaul proofs and furnish[ed] copy in the morning betwixt 7 and ten o'clock.

After coming from the Court I met Wool & Gala, and agreed upon the measures to be attempted at Selkirk on the 8th at the meeting of trustees. [In] the evening smoked an extra cigar (none since tuesday), and dedicated the rest to putting up papers, &c., for Abbotsford. Anne wants me to go to hear the Tyrolese minstrels, but though no one mor[e] esteems that bold and highspirited people, I cannot but think their *udalling*¹, if this be the word, is a variation, or set of variations, upon the tones of a Jack Ass. So I remain to dribble and scribble at home.

June 5.—I rose at seven as usual, and, to say truth, dawldd away my time in putting things to rights, which is a vile amusement, and writing letters to people who write to ask my opinion of their books, which is as much as to say Tom, come Tickle me. This is worse than the other pastime, but either may serve for a broken day, and both must be done sometimes.

[*Abbotsford.*].—After the court, started for Abbotsford at half past twelve a[f]t[er] noon, and her[e] we are at half past five *impransi*. The country looks beautiful, though the foliage, Larches in particular, have had a blight. Yet they can hardly be said [to] lose foliage since they have but a sort of Brushers at best.

June 6.—Went through a good deal of duty as to proofs, and the like. At two set out and reach[ed] by four Chiefswood, where I had the happiness to find the Lockharts all in high spirits, well and happy. Johnie must be all his life a weakly child, but he may have good health, & possesses an admirable temper. We dined with the Lockharts, and were all very happy.

June 7.—Same duty carefully performed. I continued working till about one o'clock, when Lockhart came to

¹ Scott's spelling of "yodelling."

walk. We took our course round by the Lake. I was a good deal faggd, and must have tired my companion by walking slow. The Fergussons came over, Sir Adam in all his glory—and the night drave on wi' sangs and clatter.¹

June 8.—Had not time to do more than correct a sheet or two. About 11 set off for Selkirk, where there was a considerable meeting of road trustees. The consideration of the new road was intrusted to a committee which in some measure blinks the question. Yet I think it must do in the end. I dined with [the] club, young Chesters president. It is but bad fun, but I might be father of most of them, and must have patience. At length

Hame cam our Gudeman at e'en,
And hame cam He.

June 9.—In the morning I advised sheriff court processes, carried on the *Demonology* till twelve, then put books, &c., in some order to leave behind me. Will it be orderd that I come back not stranger like a sojourner But to inhabit here. I do not know. I shall be happy either way. It is perhaps a violent change in the end of life to quit the walk one has trod so long, and the cursed sp[ir]itetic temper, which besets all men, makes you value opportunities and circumstances which [one regrets] when one enjoys them no longer. Will things must be as they may, as says that great philosopher corporal Nym.²

I had my walk, and on my return found the Lockharts come to take luncheon, and leave of us. Reachd Edinburgh at 9 o'clock. Found among less interesting letters two from Lord Northampton on the death of the poor Marchioness³ and from Anna Jane Clephane on the same melancholy topic. *Hei mihi!*

June 10.—Corr[ec]ted proofs, prepared some copy, and did all that was right. Nota Bene the Coach calld not, so I hobbled up to the Court & found my services unnecessary. Walkd round by Caddell's, all is well; only I

¹ Burns's *Tam o' Shanter*.

² *Henry V.*, Act II. Sc. 1.

³ Daughter of his old friend, Mrs. Maclean Clephane of Torloisk.

have lost two or three hours. Dined and wrought in the evening, yet I did not make much way after all.

June 11.—In the morning, the usual labour of two hours. God bless that habit of being up at seven. I could do nothing without it, but it keeps me up to the Scratch, as they say. I had a letter this morning with deep mo[u]rning paper and seal; the mention of my nephew in the first line made me sick, fearing it had related to Walter. It was from poor Sir Thomas Bradford, who has lost his Lady, but was indeed an account of Walter,¹ & a good one.

June 12.—A day of general labour and much weariness.

June 13.—The same may be said of this day.

June 14.—And of this, only I went out for an hour and a half to Mr. Colville (Colvin) Smith, to conclude a picture for Lord Gillies. This is a sad relief from labour.

Sedet æternumque sedebit
infel[i]x Theseus.²

But Lord Gillies has been so kind and civil that I must have his picture as like as possibly (possible).

June 15.—I had at Brcal.fast the son of Mr. Fellenbu[r]g³ of Hofwylle of Switzerland, a modest young man. I used to think his father something of a quack in proposing to dis-[c]over how a boy's natural genius lies, with a view to his education. How would they have made *me* a scholar, is a curious question. Whatever was forced on me as a task I should have detested. There was also a gentlemanlike little man, Le Chevalier de Demgarten [?]. Silent, and speaks no English.

Poor George Scott, Harden, is dead of the typhous fever. Poor dear boy! I am sorry for him, and yet more for his parents. I have a letter from Henry on the subject.

June 16.—I wrote this for[e]noon till I completed the 100 pages, which is well done. I had a call from Colin MacKenzie, whom I had not seen for nearly two years. He has not been so well, and looks ghastly, but I think not worse than I have seen him of late years. We are very

¹ "Little Walter," Thomas Scott's son, who went to India in 1826.

² *Æneid*, vi. 617.

³ Philippe Emmanuel de Fellenburg, who died in 1844.

old acquaintances. I remember he was one of a small party at College, that formed ourselves in[to] a club called the Poetical Society the other members were Charles Kerr of Abbotrule (a singular being), Colin MacLarine (MacLaurin) (insane), Colin, and I, who have luckily kept our wits. I also saw this morning a M[r]. Lowe, a youth of great learning, who has written a good deal on the early history of Scotland. He is a goodlooking, frank, gentleman like lad. With these good gifts only a parish school Master in Aberdeenshire. Having won a fair holiday I go to see Miss Kemble for the first time. It is two or three years since I have been in a theatre, once my delight.

June 17.—Went last night to [the] theatre, and saw Mr[s] Fanny Kemble's *Isabella*,¹ which was a most creditable performance. It has much of the genius of Mrs. Siddons, her Aunt. She wants her beautiful countenance, her fine form, and her matchless dignity of step and manner. On the other hand, Mrs Fanny Kemble has very expressive, though not regular, features, & what is worth it all, great ene[r]gy mingled with & chastized by correct taste. I suffered by the heat, lights, and exertion, and will not go back to night, for it has purchased me a sore headache this theatrical excursion. Besides, the play is Mrs. Beverly,² & I hat[e] to be made miserable about domestic distress. So I keep my gracious presence at home to night, though I love and respect Miss Kemble for giving her active support to her father in his need, and prevented Covent Garden from coming down about their ears.³ I corrected proofs before Breakfast, attended court, but was idle in the forenoon, the headache annoying me much. Dinner will make me better. And so it did. I wrote in the evening three pages, & tolerably well, though I may say with the Emperor Titus (Not Titus Oates) that I have lost a day.

June 18.—Young John Colquhoun of Killermont and his wife breakfasted with us, a neat custom that, and saves wine and wassail. Then to Court, and arranged for our departure for Blair Adam, it being near midsummer

¹ Southerne's *Fatal Marriage*.

² In the *Gamester* by Edward Moore.

³ "Years" in photostat.

when the club meets. Anne with me, and Sir Adam Ferguson. The day was execrable. Our meeting at Blair Adam was cordial, but our numbers diminishd; the good and very clever Lord Chief Baron¹ is returnd to his own country, with more regrets than in Scotland usually attend a stranger. Will Clerk has a bad cold, Thomson is detain'd. But the Chief commissioner, Admiral Adam, Sir Adam, John Thomson² and [I], make a[n] excellent concert. I only hope our venerable host will not fatigue himself for he has had cold and fatigue. To morrow we go to Culross, which Sir Robert Preston is repairing, and the wise are asking for whose future enjoyment. He is upward of ninety, but still may enjoy the bustle of life.

June 19.—Arose and expected to work a little, but a friend's house is not favour[our]able; you are sure to want the book you have not brought, and are in short out of sorts, like the Minister who could not preach out of his own pulpit. There is something fanciful in this, & something real too, and I have forgot my watch and left half my gloves at home.

Off we set at half past eight o'clock, Lord Chief Commissioner being lef[t] at home owing to a cold. We breakfasted at Luscar, a place belonging to Adam Rol[l]and, but the gout had arrested him at Edinburgh, so we were hospitably received by his family. The weather most unpropitious, very cold and rainy. After breakfast to Culross, where the veteran, Sir Robert Preston, shewd us his curiosities. Life has done as much for him as most people. In his ninety Second year he has an ample fortune, a sound understanding, not the least decay of eyes, ears, or taste; is as big as two men, and eats like three. Yet he too experiences the *Singula prædantur anni*, & has lost something since I last saw him. If his appearance renders old age tolerable, it does not make it desireable. But I fear when Death comes we shall be unwilling for all that to part with our bundle of sticks. Sir Robert amuses himself with repairing the old

¹ Sir Samuel Shephard. See *Journal*, December 20, 1825.

² John Thomson of Charleton, Fife, son-in-law of the Lord Chief Commissioner.

House of Culross, built by the Lord Bruce of Kinloss. What the use of it is destined to me (bc) is not very evident. It is two (too) near his own comfortable mansion of Valleyfield to be useful as a resident (residence), if indeed it could be formd into a comfortable modern house. But it is rather like a banquetting house. Well, he follows his own fancy. We had a sumptuous cold dinner. Adam [grumbled?] it was not hot, so little can war and want break a man to circumstances.¹ We return[ed] to Blair Adam in the even^g, through "the wind but and the rain." For June weather it is the most ungenial I have seen. The beauty of Culross consists in magnificent terraces rising on the sea beach, and commanding the opposite shore of Lothian; the House is repairing in the stile of James VI. The windows have pediments like Herriot's work.² There are some fine Reliques of the old Monastery, with large Saxon arches. At Luscar I saw with pleasure the painting by Raeburn, of my old friend Samuel (Adam) Rol[l]and, Esq., who was in the external circumstances, but not in frolick or fancy, my prototype for Paul Pleydell.

June 20.—We settled this morning to go to Church at Lochore, that is, at Ballingray; but when we came to the earthly paradise so calld, we were let off for a card for there was no sermon, for which I could not for my heart be sorry. So, after looking at Lochore, back we came to lounge and loiter about till dinner time. The rest of the day was good company, good cheer, & good conversation. Yet to be idle here is not the thing, and to be busy is impossible, so I wish myself home again in spite of good entertainment. We leave to[morrow] night after an early dinner, and I will get to work again.

June 21, [Edinburgh].—Wrote to Walter a long letter. The day continued dropping occasionally, but Sir Adam was in high foolling, and we had an amazing deal of laughing. We stole a look at the Kierie Crags between showers. In the mean time George Cheap[e] & his son came in.

¹ Sir Adam had gone through the hardships of the Peninsular campaigns and been a prisoner of war in Verdun.

² Heriot's Hospital, Edinburgh.

We dined at half past three, but it was seven [ere] we set off, and did not reach the house in Shandwick place till eleven at night. Thus ended our club for the year 1830, its 13th anniversary. Its member[s] were diminishd by absence & indisposition, but its spirit was unabated.

June 22.—Finishd proofs and some copy in the morning. Returnd at noon, and might have labourd a good day's work, but was dull, drowsy, and indolent, and could not, at leas[t] did not, write above half a page. It was a day lost, and indeed it is always with me the consequence of mental indolence for a day or two. So I had a succession of eating and dozing, which I am ashamed of, fo[r] there was nothing to hinder me but "thick coming fancies." Pshaw, rabbit un !

June 23.—Workd well this morning, & then to court. At two calld on Mr. Gibson, and find him disposed for an installment. Cadell has £10,000, and Gibson thinks £12,000 will pay 2/6. I wish it could be made 3/- which would be fifteen thousand.

Presided at a meeting of the Bannatyne Club. The Whigs made a strong party to admit Kennedy of Dalquharran¹ which set aside Lord Medwyn, who had been longer on the roll of Candidates. If politics get into this club it will ruin the literary purpose of the meeting, and the General good humour with which it has gone [on]. I think it better to take the thing goodhumouredly, and several of them volunteerd to say that Medwyn must be the next, which will finish all *à l'aimable* which will be desireable. If it come to party-work I will cut and run. Confound it, my eyes are closing now, even *now*, at half past four.

Dined with Lord Medwyn, a pleasant party. The guest of importance, Mrs. Peter Latouche from Dublin, a fine old dame, who must have been beautiful when young, being pleasant & comely at seventy. Sainly it appears.

June 24.—Hard work with Ballantyne's proofs and revises, but got them accomplishd. I am at the twelfth hour, but think I shall finish this silly book before the tenth of July.

¹ A slip for Dunure.

Notwithstanding this sage resolution I did not write half a page of the said *Demonology* this day. I went to the Court, calld on Mr. Cadell, returnd dog tired, and trifled off[f] my time with reading the trial of Corder. What seemd most singular was his love to talk of the young woman he had murderd, in such a manner as to insinuate the circumstances of his own crime, which is a kind of necessity which seems to haunt conscience-struck men. Charles Sharpe came in at night and supd with us.

June 25.—Slept [a] little later than I should. The proofs occupied¹ the morning. The court & walk home detaind me till two. When I return[ed], set to work and reach[ed] page 210 of copy. There is little or nothing else to say. Skene was with me for a few minutes. I calld at Cadell also, who thinks a dividend of 3[s.] per pound will be made out.² This will be one half of the whole debts, and leave a sinking fund for the rest about £10,000 a year if the beast live and the branks bide hail.³

June 26.—Miss Kemble and her father breakfasted here, with Sir Adam and Lady Fergusson. I like the young Lady very much, respecting both her talents and the use she has made of them. She seems merry, unaffected, and good humourd. She said she did not like the apathy of the Scottish audiences, who are certainly not [apt] to give applause upon credit. I went to the court, but soon returnd. A bad cold in my head makes me cough and sneeze like the Dragon of Wantley. The Advocates' bill⁴ is read a third time. I hardly know whether to wish it passd or no, & am therefore *in utrumque [paratus]*.

June 27.—In the morning worked as usual at proofs and copy of my *Infernal Demonology*, a task to which my poverty and not my will consents. About twelve o'clock I went to the country to take a day's relaxation. We (*i.e.* Mr. Cadell, Mr. James Ballantyne, and I) went to Prestons, and, getting there about one, surveyd the little village,

¹ Scott wrote "educated."

² A second dividend of 3s. was declared on December 17, 1830.

³ Burns in a letter to Nicol of June 1, 1787, writes, "I'll be in Dumfries the morn gif the beast be to the fore and the branks bide hale."

⁴ See entry of 27 May *supra*.

where my aunt and I were lodgers for the sake of sea bathing in 1778, I believe. I knew the house of Mr. Warroch, where we lived, a poor cottage, of which the owners and their family are extinct. I recollected my juvenile ideas of dignity attendant on the large gate—a black arch which lets out upon the sea. I saw the church where I yawnd under the inflictions of a Dr. M'Cormick, a name in which dullness seems to have been hereditary. I saw the links where I arrangd my shells upon the turf and swam my little skiffs in the pools. Many comparaisons betwe[e]n the man, and the recollections of my kind aunt, of old George Constable, who, I think, dangled after her ; of Delgaty, a veteran half pay Lieu[t]enant, who swaggerd his solitary walk on the Parade, as he calld a little open space before the same pool. We went to P[r]eston, & took refuge from a thunder plump in the old tower. I rememberd the little garde[n] where I was cramd with goose berries, and the fear I had of Blind Harry[']s spectre of Fawdoun shewing his headless trunk at one of the windows. I rememberd also a very goôd natured pretty girl (my Mary Duff), whom I laughd & rompd with and loved as children love. She was a Miss Dalrymple, daughter of Lord Westhall,¹ a Lord of Session ; was afterwards married to Anderson of Winterfield, and her daught[er] is now [the spouse] of my colleague Robert Hamilton. So strangely are our cards shuffled. I was a mere child, & could feel none of the Passion which Byron alleges, yet the recollection of this good humourd companion of my childhood is like that [of] a morning dream, nor should I now greatly like to dispell it by seeing the original, who must now be sufficiently time honourd.

Well—we walked over the field of battle, saw the Prince's park, Cope's loan, markd by slaughter in his disastrous retreat, the Thorn tree which marks the centre of the battle, and all besides that was to be seen or supposed. We saw two broad swords, found on the field of battle, one a highlander's, an Andr[e]w Ferrara, another the dragoon's sword

¹ David Dalrymple of Westhall was a judge of the Court of Session from 1777 till his death in 1784.

of that day. Lastly, we came to Cockenzie, where Mr. Francis Caddell, my publisher's brother, gave us a kind reception. I was especiall[y] glad to see the mother of the family, a fine old Lady, who was civil to my aunt and me, and, I recollect well, used to have us to tea at Cockenzie.

*June 28.*¹—Curious that I should long afterward[s] have an opportunity to pay back this attention to her son Robert. Once more, what a kind of shuffling of the hand dealt us at our nativity. There was [*illegible*] Mr. F. Cadell, and one or two young ladies, and some fine fat children. I should be a bastard to the 'Time' ² did I not tell our fare. We had a *Tiled* whiting,³ a dish unknown elsewhere, so there is a bone for the gastronomes to pick. Honest John Wood,⁴ my old friend, dined with us. I only regret I cannot understand him, as he has a very powerful [memory], and much curious information. The whole day of pleasure was dampd by the news of [the] King's death. It was fully expected, however, and the termination of [his] long illness. But he was very kind to me personally, and a kind Sovereign. The common people, and gentry join in their sorrows. Much is owing to Kindly recollection of his visit to this country, which gave all men an interest in him.

June 29.—The business of the court was suspended, so back I came, without stop or stay, and to work went I. As I had arisen early I was sadly drowsy. However, I fought and faggd during [the] day. I am still in hope to send my whole Manuscript to Ballantyne before the 10 July. Well, I must devote some thing to myself. I must do some thing better than these Dæmonological trash. It is nine o'clock, and I am weary, yea, my very spirit's tired.⁵ After ten o'clock Mr. Dav[c]is,⁶ an American bar[r]ister of eminence, deputed to represent the American States in a dispute concerning the boundaries of Nova Scotia and New

¹ Scott here alters date from 27th to 28th.

² *King John*, Act 1. Sc. 1.

³ A whiting dried in the sun.

⁴ John Philip Wood, editor of *Douglas's Peerage of Scotland*, etc., was deaf and dumb; he died in 1838 in his seventy-fourth year. ⁵ *Coriolanus*, Act 1. Sc. 9.

⁶ Charles S. Davis of Portland, a friend of Mr. George Ticknor, in whose *Life* (2 vols. 8vo, Boston, 1876) he is often mentioned.

England, with an [in]troduction to me from Mr. Ticknor, call'd. I was unable to see him, and put him off till to-morrow morning at Breakfast.

June 30.—The new King was proclaimed, and the College of Justice took the oaths. I assisted Mr. Daveis, who is a pleasant well informed man, to see the ceremony, which, probably, he would hardly witness in his own country. A day of noise and bustle. We dined at Mr. & Mrs. Strange, *Chère exquise* I suppose. Many friends of the Arniston family. I thought there was some belief of Lord Melville losing his place. That he may exchange it for another is very likely, but I think the Duke will not desert him who adhered to him so truly.

JULY

July 1.—Mr. Dav[e]is breakfasted with me. On nearer acquaintance, I was more gall'd by some portion of continental manners than I had been at first, so difficult is it for an American to correct their manners to our ideas of perfect good breeding. I did all that was right, however, and ask'd Miss Ferriar, whom he admires prodigiously, to meet him at dinner. Hither came also a young friend, Mr. Pusey [?], a good natured young man. So I have done the polite thing every way. Thomson also dined with us. After dinner I gave my strangers an airing round the Corstorp[h]in[c] hills, and return'd by the Cramond road. I sent to Mr. Gibson, Cadell's project for Lambmas, which raises £15,000 for a Dividend of 3/- to be then made. I think the trustees should listen to this, which is paying one half of my debt. The project runs thus

Cash for Magnum presently due	£ 7000
Do to be advanced on quarter from Lambmas	
to Christmas	2500
New Novel [a]gainst Christmas	2500
	<hr/>
	£12,000
Funds with the Trustees	3000
	<hr/>
	£15,000

By this means we should pay half of the debts at once, and with the addition of £20,000, I think, arising in insurances, I clear off £30,000 without much exertion, which would reduce the rest to about £20,000, which may be managed one way or other.

July 2.—Have assurances from John Gibson that £15,000 should be applied as I proposed. If this can be repeated yearly up to 1835 the matter is ended, and well ended. Yet, woe's me the public change their taste, and their favourites get old. Yet if I was born in 1771, I shall only be sixty in 1831, &, by the same reasoning, 64 in 1835, so I may rough it out, yet be no Sir Charles (Robert) Preston. At any rate, it is all I have to trust to.

I did a morning task, and was detain'd late at the Court. Came home, eat a hearty dinner, & s[l]umberd after it in spite of my teeth, and made a poor night's work of it. One's mind gets so dissipated by the fagging, yet insignificant, business of the offices. My release comes soon, but I fear for a term only, for I doubt if the[y] will carry through the court-Bill. •

July 3.—My day began at Seven as usual. Sir Adam came to breakfast. I read Southey's [edition of the] *Pilgrim's Progress*, and think of reviewing the same. I would I had books at hand. To the court, and remain'd till two. Then went to look at the drawings for repairing Murthlie, the house of Sir John or James Stewart, now building by Gillespie Grahame, and which he has pland after the fashion of James vith's reign, a kind of bastard Grecian,¹ very fanciful and pretty though. Read Hone's *Every-day Book*, & with a better opinion of him than I expected from his anti-religious frenzy. We are to dine with [the] Skenes today. Which we did accordingly, meeting Mr. & Mrs. Strange, Lord Forbes, and other friends.

July 4.—Was a complete and serious day of work, only interrupted in the evening by Yankee Dav[e]is, who, with all the freedom & ease of continental manners, gratified me with his gratuitous presence. Yet it might have been

¹ Architects style it Elizabethan, but Sir Walter's term is not inappropriate.

worse, for his conversation is well enough, but it is strange want of tact to suppose one must be alike wellcome to a stranger at all hours of the day. But I have stuffd the port folio, so do not grudge half an hour.

July 5.—I was up before seven and resumed my labours, and by breakfast time I had reachd p. 133 of my labours which may reach to 160 or 170 as I find space and matter. Buchanan¹ came and wrote about 15 of his pages, equal to mine in proportion of three to one. We are therefore about p. 138, & [in] sight of land. At two o'clock went to bury poor George Burnet, the son of Gilbert Innes, in as direct a rain as I ever saw. Was in S[h]andwick [Place] again by four and made these entries. If Blessed is the corps[c] that the rain rains on poor George Burnet's obsequies have been as *wet* as he himself used to be a nights though with less generous liquor. I dine to day with the Club. Grant heaven it fair before six o'clock. •

We met at Barry's,² and had a gallant dinner, but only five of our number was present. Alas ! sixty does not rally to such meetings with [the] *glac*ricity of sixteen, and our Club has seen the space between these terms. I was home and abed when Charles arrived and waked me poor fellow. He is doing very [well] with his rheumatick limbs.

July 6.—I did little this morning but correct some sheets, and was at the Court all morning : about two I calld at Mr. Cadell's, and I learnd the Dividend was arranged. Sir Adam fell in with us, and laid anchors to windward to get an invitation to Cockenzie for next year, being struck with my life like description of a tiled haddock. I came home much faggd, slept for half an[hour] (I don't like this lethargy), read *Gli promessi sposi*, and was idle. Miss Kerr dined and gave us musick.

July 7.—This morning corrected proofs, with which J. B. proceeds lazily enough, and alleges printing reasons, of which he has plenty at hand. Though it was the Teind Wednesday the Devil would have it that this was a Court of Session day also for a cause of mine. So there I sate

¹ An amanuensis who was employed by Scott at this time.

² Barry's Hotel, 5-8 Princes Street.

hearing a dozen cases of augmentation of Stipend pleaded, & wondering within myself whether any thing can be predicated of a Scottish parish, in which there cannot be discovered a reason for enlarging the endowments of the Minister. I returned after two, with a sousing shower for companion. I got very wet & very warm. But shall we go mourn for that, my dear? ¹ I rather like a flaw of weather. It shews something of the old man is left. I had Mr. Buchanan to help pack my papers and things, and got thorough part of that unpleasant business.

July 8.—I had my letters as usual, but no proofs till I was just going out. Paid Anne £100 of cash for current expences. Returning from the Court met Skene, who brought me news that our visit was at an end on Saturday, poor Colin having come to town very unwell. I called to see him, and found him suffering under a degree of slow palsy, his spirits depressed, and his looks miserable, worse a great deal than when I last saw [him]. His wife and daughter were in the room, dreadfully distressd. We spoke but a few words referring to recovery and better days, which, I suspect, neither of us hoped [for], for ² I looked only on the ghost of my friend of many a long day; and he, while he said to see me did him good, must have had little thought of our ever meeting under better auspices. We shall, of course, go straight to Abbotsford, instead of travelling by Harcass as we intended.

¹ See *Winter's Tale*, Act iv. Sc. 3.

² See *ante*, January 15, 1828, p. 472. Mr. Mackenzie of Portmore died in September 1830, when Sir Walter wrote Mr. Skene the following letter:—

"DEAR SKENE,—I observe from the papers that our invaluable friend is no more. I have reason to think, that as I surmised when I saw him last, the interval has been a melancholy one, at least to those who had to watch the progress. I never expected to see his kind face more, after I took leave of him in Charlotte Square; yet the certainty that such must be the case is still a painful shock, as I can never hope again to meet, during the remaining span of my own life, a friend in whom high talents for the business of life were more happily mingled with all those affections which form the dearest part of human intercourse. In that respect I believe his like hardly is to be found. I hope Mrs. Skene and you will make my assurance of deep sympathy, of which they know it is expressed by a friend of poor Colin of fifty years' standing.

"I hope my young friend, his son, will keep his father's example before his eyes. His best friend cannot wish him a better model."

July 9.—Two distressd damsells on my hands, one, a friend of Harriet Swinton, translates from the Italian a work on the plan of *Gli promessi Sposi*, but I fear she must not expect much from the trade. A translation is with them a mere translation—that is, a thing which can be made their own at a guinea per sheet, and they will not have an excellent one at a higher rate. Second is Miss Young, daughter of the excellent Dr. Young of Hawick. If she can, from her father's letters and memoranda, extract materials for a fair simple account of his life, I would give my name as editor, & I think it might do, but for a large publication—palabras, Neighbour Dogberry,¹ the time is bye. Dined with the Bannatyne, where we had a lively party. Touching the songs, an old *roué* must own an improvement in the times, when all paw-paw words are omitted, and naughty inuendos *gazés*. One is apt to say

Swear me, Kate, like a Lady as thou art,
A good mouth filling oath, & leave forsooth,
And such protests of petty gingerbread.²

I think there is more affectation than improvement in the new mode.

July 10.—Rose rather late : the Champagne and turtle, I suppose, for our reform inclu[de]s no fasting. Then poor Ardwall came to breakfast ; then Dr. Young's daughter. I have perfected with Cadell a plan of her father's life, to be edited by me.³ If she does but tolerably, she may have a fine thing of it. Next came the court, where sixty judgements were pronounced and written by the Clerks, I hope all corr[e]ctly, though an error might well happen in such a crowd, and Carmichael, one of [the] best men possible, is beastly stupid.

Be that as it may, off came Anne, Charles, and I for Abbotsford. We started about two, & the water being too deep did not arrive till past seven. Dinner, &c., filld up the rest of the day.

July 11 [Abbotsford].—Corrected my proofs and the lave

¹ *Much Ado about Nothing*, Act III. Sc. 5.

² *King Henry IV.*, Act III. Sc. 1.

³ The biography here spoken of was not published.

of it till about one o'clock. Then started for a walk to Chiefswood, which I will take from Station to station,¹ with a book in my pouch. I have begun *Lawrie Todd*, which ought, considering the author's indisputed talents, to have been better. He might have laid Cowper aboard, but he follows far behind. No wonder. Galt, poor fellow, was in the King's Bench when he wrote it. No whetter of genius is necessity, though said to be the mother of invention.

July 12.—Another wet day, but I walkd twice up and down the terrace, and also wrote a handsome scrap of copy, though mistified by the want of my books, and so forth. Dr. and Mrs. Lockhart & Violet came to luncheon and left us to drive on to Peebles. I read and loiterd and longed to get my things in order. Got to work, however, at seven in the morning.

July 13.—Now what a thing it is to be an ass.² I hav[e] a letter from a certain young man, of a sapient family, announcing that his sister had so far mistaken my attentions as to suppose, I was only prevented by modesty from stating certain wishes & hopes, &c. The party is a woman of rank: so far my vanity may be satisfied. But to think I would wish to appropriate a grim grenadier made to mount guard at St. James. The Lord del[i]ver me. I excused myself with little picking upon the terms, & there was no occasion for much delicacy in repelling such an attack.³

July 14.—The Court of Session Bill is now committed in the House of Lords, so it fairly goes on this season, this season, & I have, I suppose, to look for my *congé*.

July 15.—I can hardly form a notion of the possibility that I am not to return to Edinburgh. My clerk Buchanan come[s] here, and assists me to finish the *Dæmonology*, and be d—d to them. But it is done to their hand. Two Ladies, Mrs. La Touche of Dublin, and her niece, Miss Boyle,

¹ Sir Walter had seats placed at suitable distances between the house and Chiefswood.

² *Titus Andronicus*, Act iv. Sc. 2.

³ The letter was written by the Rev. John Sinclair, son and biographer of Sir John Sinclair. It is printed in Mr Partington's *Sir Walter Scott's Private Letter Books* (p. 132).

come to spend a day or two. The aunt is a fine old Lady ; the conversation that of a serious person frightened out of her wits by the violence and sup[er]stitions of our workers of miracles in the west.¹ Miss Boyle is a pretty young woman, rather quiet for an Irish lass.

July 16.—We visited at Lessudden yesterday, and took Mrs. Latouche thither. To day, as they had left us, we went alone to Major John's house of Ravenswood & engage[d] a large party of cousins to dine tomorrow. In the evening a party of foreigners came around the door, and going out I found Le Compte Wladislaus de Potocki, a great name in Poland, with his Lady & brother in law, so offerd wine, coffee, tea, &c. The Lady is strikin[g]ly pretty. If such a woman as she had taken an affection for a lame Baronet, nigh sixty years old, it would be worth speaking about. I have finishd the *Demonology*² and have a mind to say D—n it, but the subject is damnd to my hand.

July 17.—Another bad day, wet past all efforts to walk, and threatens a very bad harvest. Persecuted with begging letters. An author's Pegasus is like a post chaise leaving the door of the inn : the number of beggars is uncountable. The language they hold of my character for charity makes my good reputation as troublesome as that of Joseph Surface.³ A dinner of cousins, the young Laird of Raeburn, so he must be calld, though nearly as old as I am, at the head. His brother Robert, who has been in India for forty years, excepting one short visit. A fine manly fellow, who has belld the cat with fortune, & held her at bay as a man of mould may. Being all kinsmen & friends, we made a merry day of our reunion. All left at night.

July 18.—"Time runs, I know [not] how, away," here am I beginning the second week of my vacation—though

¹ For an account of these "miracles" see *Peace in Believing*—a memoir of Isabella Campbell of Fernicarry. Rosencath, 8vo, 1829.

² *Letters on Demonology and Witchcraft*, addressed to J. G. Lockhart, Esq., was published before the end of the year in Murray's *Family Library*.

³ *School for Scandal*.

what needs me note that—vacation and Session will probably be the same to me in the future. The long remove must then be lookd to for the final signal to break up, and that is a serious thought. I have corrected two sets of proofs, one for the mail, another for the Blucher tomorrow.

[*No entry between July 18 and September 5.*]

[Mr. Lockhart remarks that it was during this interval that the highest point of his recovery was reached. The following little note accompanied the review of Southey's *Bunyan* to Chiefswood on August 6th :—

"Dear Lockhart, I send you the enclosed. I intended to have brought it myself with help of 'Daddy Dun,' but I find the weather is making a rain of it to purpose.

"I suppose you are all within doors, and the little gardeners all off work.—Yours, W. S."

A playful yet earnest petition, showing Sir Walter's continued solicitude for the welfare of the good 'Dominie Sampson,' was also written at this time to the Duke of Buccleuch :—

"ABBOTSFORD, 20th August.

"The minister of — — — having fallen among other black rocks of the season, emboldens me once more to prefer my humble request in favour of George Thomson, long tutor in this family. His case is so well known to your Grace that I would be greatly to blame if I enlarged upon it. His morals are irreproachable, his talents very respectable. He has some oddity of manner, but it is far from attaching to either the head or the heart. . . .

"It would be felt by me among one of the deepest obligations of the many which I owe to the house of Buccleuch. I daresay your Grace has shot a score of black game to-day. Pray let your namesake bag a parson."]

SEPTEMBER

September 5.—In spite of resolution I have left my diary for seven weeks, I cannot well tell why. We have had the usual number of travelling counts & Countesses, Yankees male and female, and a Yankee Doodle-*Dandy* into the bargain, a smart young Virginia man. We have had friends of our own also, the Miss Ardens, young Mrs. Morritt

& Anne Morritt, most agre[e]able visitors.¹ Cadell came out here yesterday with his horn filld with good news. He calculates that in October the debt will be reduce[d] to the sum of £60,000 half of its original amount.

He computes sales, and advance of a sum of money for copyrights which he proposes to purchase will produce against October 1832 £15,000

That between October 1833-4 the same sum may be produced by the conclusion of the periodical issue sale of poetry 15,000

These two sums will [amount to] .	30,000
	<hr/> 30,000

He proposes to [borrow] on £22,000

Life insurances	15,000
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Interest at 4 per Cent. £600 per ann[um].	•
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He himself to advance on copy-right[s]	15,000
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<hr/>	£30,000
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¹ Sir Walter had written to Morritt on his retirement from the Court of Session, and his old friend responded in the following cordial letter :—

" November, 1830.

" MY DEAR SCOTT,— . . . I am sorry to read what you tell me of your lameness, but legs are not so obedient to many of us at our age as they were twenty years ago, *non immunes ab illis malis sumus*, as the learned Partridge and Lilly's Grammar tells us. I find mine swell, and am forced to bandage, and should not exert them with impunity in walking as I used to do, either in long walks or in rough ground. I am glad, however, you have escaped from the Court of Session, even at the risk of sometimes feeling the want you allude to of winter society. You think you shall tire of solitude in these months : and in spite of books and the love of them, I have discovered by experience the possibility of such a feeling ; but can we not in some degree remedy this ? Why should we both be within two days' march of each other and not sometimes together, as of old ? How I have enjoyed in your house the *summum bonum* of Sir Wm. Temple's philosophy, 'something which is not Home and yet with the liberty of Home, which is not Solitude, and yet hath the ease of Solitude, and which is only found in the house of an old friend.' Our summer months are well provided with summer friends. You have plenty and to spare of sightseers, Lions, and their hunters, and I have travellers, moor-shooters, etc., in equal abundance, but now when the country is abandoned, and Walter is leaving you, how I wish you would bring dear Anne and partake for a while our little circle here—we stir not till Christmas—if before that time such a pleasure could be attainable. Well, then, for auld

This will in effect put an end to the trust, only the sales and produce must be ple[d]ged to answer the last £1500 & the annuity interest of £600.

In this way Mr. Cadell will become half partner in the remaining volumes of the books following *Saint Ronans*, with all my heart, but he must pay well for it, for it is [a] good property. Neither is any value stated for literary profits. Yet four years should have four novels betwixt 1830 & 1834. This at £2500 per volume might be £8000, which would diminish Mr. Cadell's advance considerably. All this seems feasible enough, so my fits of sullen alarm are ill placed. It makes me care less about the terms I retire upon. The efforts by which we have advanced thus far are new in literature, and what is gain'd is secure.

[No entry between September 5 and December 20.]

lang syne, will you not, now that the Session has no claim on you, combine our forces against the possibility of *ennui*. If you will do this, I will positively, and in good faith, hold myself in readiness to do as much by you in the next November, and in every alternate November, nor shall the month ever pass without bringing us together. Do not tell me, as Wm. Rose would not fail to do if I gave him so good an opportunity, that my proposal would be a greater bore than the solitude it destroyed. It shall be no such thing, but only the trouble of a journey. I feel too, as I grow older, the *vis inertie*, and fancy that locomotion is more difficult, but let us abjure the doctrine, for it baulks much pleasure. Pray—pray as the children say—come to us, think of it first as not impossible, then weigh fairly the objections, and if they resolve themselves into mere aversion to change, overcome them by an assurance that the very change will give value to the resumption of your home avocations. If I plead thus strongly, perhaps it is because I feel the advantage to myself. Time has made gaps in the list of old friends as in yours; young ones, though very cheering and useful, are not, and cannot be, the same. I enjoy them too when present, but in absence I regret the others. What remains but to make the most of those we have still left when both body and mind permit us [to enjoy] them. I have books; also a room that shall [be your own], and a [pony] off which I can shoot, which I will engage shall neither tumble himself or allow you to tumble in any excursion on which you may venture. Dear Anne will find and make my womenkind as happy as you will make me, and we have only to beg you to stay long and be most cordially welcome. . . . Adieu, dear Scott. I fear you will not come for all I can say. I could almost lose a tooth or a finger (if it were necessary) to find myself mistaken. Come, and come soon; stay long; be assured of welcome.

"All unite in this and in love to you and Anne, with your assured friend,
J. B. MORRITT."

DECEMBER

December 20. --From September 5 to Decem^r 20 is a long gap, and I have seen plenty of thoughts (things) worth recollecting, had I markd them down when they were gliding past. But the time has gone bye. What I feel capable of taking up, I will.

Little self will jostle out every thing else, and my affairs, which in some respects are excellent, in others, like the way of the world, [are] far from being pleasant.

Of good I have the pleasure of saying I have seen my children well, and in good health, & know these are .¹ The dividend of 3/- in the pound has been made to the Creditors, and the Creditors have testified their sense of my labours by surrendering my books, furniture, plate, & curiosities. I see some friends of mine think this is not handsomely done. In my opinion it is extremely so. There is (are) few things so [easy] as to criticize the good things one does,² and to show that we ourselves would have done [more] handsomely. But those who know the world and their own nature are always better pleased, with one kind action carried through and executed, than with twenty that only glide through their imagination, while perhaps they tickle the imagination of the Benevolent Barmecide who supposes both the entertainment and the cater. These articles do not amount to less than £10,000 at least, and, without dispersing them entirely, might furnish me a fund for my younger children. Now, suppose these Creditors had not seriously carried their purpose into execution, the transaction might have been afterward[s] challenged, and the ease of mind which it produced to me must have been uncertain in comparaiso[n]. Well ! one half of thes[e] claims are cleard off, [by means of funds] furnishd in a great measure by one half issue of the present edition of the Waverly novels, which had reachd [the] 20th of the Series.

It cannot be expected that 20 more will run off so fast ; the later volumes are less favourite[s], and are really less interested (interest[ing]). Yet when I read them over

¹ Sentence incomplete.

² "Others do" is required by the sense.

again since the[ir] composition, I own I found them considerably better than I expected, and I think, if other circumstances do not crush them & blight their popularity, they will make their way. Mr. Cadell is still desirous to acquire one half of the property of this part of the work, which is chiefly my own. He proposes assembling all my detachd works of fiction [and] Articles in Annuals, so that the whole, supposing I write, as is proposed, Six new volumes, will run the Collection to fifty. when it is time to close it. Between cash advanced on this property, and a profit on the sale of this second part, Mr. Cadell thinks, having taken a year or two years' time, to gather a little wind into the bag, I will be able to pay, on my part, a further sum of £30,000, or the moiety remaining of the whole debts, amounting now to less than £60,000.

Should this happy period arrive in or about the year 1832 the heavy work will be well nigh finishd. For, although £30,000 will still remain, yet ther[e] is £20,000 actually secured upon my life, & the remaining £10,000 is set against the sale of *Waverly*, which shall have been issued. Besides which the[re] is the who[le] poetry, *Bonaparte*, and several other articles, equally [available] in a short time to pay up the balance, and afford a very large reversion.

This view cannot be absolutely certain, but it is highly probable, and is calculatented in the manner in which builde[rs'] schemes [are drawn up], and not visions. The year 1833 may probably see me again in possession of my estate.

A circumstance of great consequence to my habits and comforts was my being released from the Court of Session on November 1830 (18th day). My Salary, which was £1300, was reduced to £840. My friends, [who] were just then leaving office, were desirous to patch up the deficiency with a pension. I do not see well how they could do this without being exposed to ¹ Obloquy, which they shall not be on my account. Besides, though £500 a year is a round sum, yet I would rather be independent than I would have it.

My kind friend the lord Ch. Com. offerd to interfere

¹ Scott wrote "charged with."

to have me named a P. Councillor. But besides that when [one] is poor one [w]ould [do well] to avoid taking rank, I would me (be) much happier if I thought any act of kindness was done to help forward Charles ; and, having said so much, I made my bow, and declared ¹ my purpose of remaining satisfied with the article of my knighthood. And here I am, for the rest of my life I suppose, with a competent income, which I can mark [?].

All this is rather pleasing, nor had I the least doubt that I could make myself easy by literary labour. But much of it looks like winding up my bottom for the rest of my life. But there is a worse symptom of settling accompts, of which I have felt some signs.

Last spring,² Miss Young, the daughter of Dr. Young, had occasion to call on me on some business, in which I had hopes of serving her. As I endeavoured to explain to her what I had to say, I had the horror to find I could not make Myself understood. I stammerd, s[t]utterd, said one word [in place] of another,—did all but speak -- Miss Young went away frightend enough, poor thing ; and Anne and Violet Lockhart were much alarmd. I was bled with cupping glasses, took medicine, & lived on panada ; but in two or three days I was well again. Th[c] physicians thought, or said at least, that the evil was from the stomach. They might be very right for I had just discussd a large plate of muffins and other very indigestibl[c] things as eggs and hung beef. It is very sertain that I have seemd to speak with an impedimend and I was, or it might be fancied myself, troubled with a mispronouncing and hesitation. I felt this particularly at the Election, & sometimes in so so society. This went on till this last November, when Lord —— came out to make me a visit. I had for a long time taken only one tumble[r] of whiskey and water without the slightest reinforcement. This night I took a very little drop, not so much as a bumper glass, of whisky altogether. I[t] made no difference in my head that I could discern. But when I went to the dressingroom I

¹ Scott wrote "declined."

² Scott wrote "summer."

sank stupefied on the flo[o]r. I lay a minute or two, was not found, luckily, gatherd [myself up], and got to my bed. I was alarmed at this second warning, consulted Abercromby and Ross, and got a few restrictive orders as to diet. I am fain [to] attend to them ; for, as Mrs. Cole says, "Lackaday, a thimble full over sets me."

To add to these feelings I have the constant increase of my lameness. The thigh joint, knee joint, and ankle joint.

December 21.—I walk with great pain in the whole limb, and am at every minute, during an hour's walk, remind[ed] of my mortality. I should not care for all this, if I was sure of dying handsomely. Cadell's calculation[s] would be sufficiently firm though the author of *Waverley* had pulld on his last nightcap. Nay, they might be even more trust worthy, if remains, and memoirs, & such like, were to give a zest to the posthumous. But the fear is the blow be not sufficient to destroy life, and that I should linger on "an idiot and a show".¹

Setting this apart how[ow]evr I have to mention other circumstances which have led to important conseque(n)ces which I shall briefly mentiōn. The time was now come when I found it necessary to commence a new volume of fiction. The nam[e] was *Count Robert of Paris*, the scen[e] opend at the gates of Constantinople, the scene was at the golden Gate of Byzantium. I had askd James Ballantyne who is extremcly candid. He returnd for answer that he thought the work altogether a failure. Mr. Caddell expressed him[self] less positively.

I was never fond of my own efforts. A[t] present I had the reason to be very doubtful of them in the present case. I caught the alarm of my criticks and announced my purpose of going to a warmer climate to ward off[f] the blow of fate. My two friends came out on the next saturday and expressd much concern. Some of it might be selfish regret, but I think—I am certain—both my friends thought as much on me as themselves. After all I considered that [I] might be stupid and yet not stri[c]ke[n] with a paralysis

¹ "From Marlborough's eyes the streams of dotage flow,
And Swift expires a Driveller and a show."

Johnson, *The Vanity of Human Wishes.*

(*sic*) and that I ou[u]ght not to throw up the game. It was agreed after long pros and con[s] ; it was settled to trie (try) the tale once more and only bring it forward or not as it would be found [likely] to succeed.

December 22.—And in the mean while a step which I had taken at first almost by accident turnd out a deeper subject of dispute than the rejecting or committing the novel.

The succession of the Whig administration, the disturbances in the country and the probable consequence[s] of the Reform of parliament were a natural temptation to me for ascertaining the state of my seven witts. As I got on I became interested. My two friends listend and appllauded, and I myself thought I had worded my argument in strong terms. Mr. Cadell began to think it a pity that I did no[t] throw my lucubrations into a pamphlet. But my friend Caddell is a Whig, and finding the doctrines I advocated still [more] and more diverging from those he heard in his own back shop, he became alarmd for the fate of his author, prognosticated annihilation by the vengeful Whigs, and plainly let me know that he did not think it so [safe] to adventure. On this point I was, it may be believed, inflexible, for as they my family is proverbially obstinate, I am ; when I take up a subject with a consciousness of being right no interest or selfish motive shall ever make me abandon my purpose. At length, finding me inexorable, Mr. Cadell was pacified on consideration that the Newspapers should be the means of enlighten[ing] the publick and and we parted on good terms and hopes.¹ But, fall back, fall

¹ Mr. Cadell and Mr. Ballantyne had arrived at Abbotsford on the 18th, bringing with them the good news from Edinburgh of the payment of the second dividend, and of the handsome conduct of the creditors. There had been a painful discussion between them and Sir Walter during the early part of the winter on *Count Robert of Paris*, particulars of which are given in the *Life* (vol. x. pp. 6, 10-17, 21-23), but they found their host much better than they had ventured to anticipate, and he made the gift of his library the chief subject of conversation during the evening. Next morning Mr. Ballantyne was asked to read aloud a political essay on Reform—intended to be a *Fourth Epistle of Malgchi*. After careful consideration, the critical arbiters concurred in condemning the production, but suggested a compromise. His friends left him on the 21st, and the essay, though put in type, was never published. Proof and ms. were finally consigned to the flames!—*Life*, vol. x. pp. 21-25.

Edge, nothing shall induce me to publi[s]h what I do not think advantageous to the community, or suppress what is.

December 23.—To add for the day to the Evil there of I am obliged this day to hold a black fishing court at Selkirkshire [?]. This is always a very unpopular matter in on[e] of our countries, as the salmon never do get up to the heads of the waters in whol[e]som[e] season, and are there in numbers in spawning time. So that for several years during late the late period, the gentry, finding no advantage from preserving the spawning fish, neglected the matter altogether in a kind of dudgeon, and the peasantry laid them waste at their will. As the property is very valuable, the proprietors down the country agreed to afford some additional passage for fish when the river is open, providing they will protect the spawning fish during close time. A new act has been passd, with heavy penalties and summary powers of recovery. Some persons are cited under it today ; and a peculiar licence of poaching having always distinguished the district of late years, we shall be likely to have some disturbance. They have been holding a meeting for reform in Selkirk, and it will be difficult to teach them that this consists in any thing else save [the] privilege of obeying only such laws as please them. We shall see, but I would have counselld the matter to have been delayd for a little season. I shall do my duty, however. Do what is right, come what will.

Six black fishers were tried, four were condemn'd. All went very quietly untill the conclusion, when one of the criminals attempted to break out. I stopd him for the time with my own hand.¹ But after removing him for (from) the Court house to the Jail he broke from the officers, who

¹ An account of this incident is given by an eye-witness, Mr. Peter Rodger, Procurator-Fiscal, who says : " The prisoner, thinking it a good chance to escape, made a movement in direction of the door. This Sir Walter detected in time to descend from the bench and place himself in the desperate man's path. ' Never ! ' said he ; ' if you do, it will be over the body of an old man.' Whereupon the other officials of the Court came to the Sheriff's assistance, and the prisoner was secured."—Craig-Brown's *Selkirkshire*, vol. ii. pp. 140-141.

are poor feeble old men, the very caricature of peace officers.¹

December 24.—This morning my old acquai[n]tance & good friend Miss Bel[l] Fergusson died after a short illness. An old friend, and a woman of the most excellen[t] condition. The last two or almost three years were very sickly.

A bitter cold day. Anne drove me over to Huntlyburn to see the afflicted family. I found Colonel Fergusson and Capt. John, R.N., in deep affliction, expecting Sir Adam hourly. Anne sets off[f] to Mertoun, and I remain alone. I wrote to Walter about the project of making my succession in moveables. J. B. send[s] me praises of the work I am busy with.² But I suspect a little *supercherie*, though he protests not. He is going to the country without send[ing] me the political article. But he shall either set up or return it. I won't be tutored by any one in what I do or forbear.

December 25.—I have sketchd a political article on a union of Tories & an income tax. It would do good I am sure. But then shall I give myself up to this irritating temptation again after I have resolved against it so often? My pride strongly tempts me for the match wants but blowing and I would fain not appear the helpless Creature which perhaps I really am. J. B. but particularly R. C. argue strongly against it—a great deal for a Bookseller to argue against any thing that is sure to sell. But this startles me as much as an attempt to catch a shy horse suddenly by the bridle. This is obstinacy. There is vanity in the resolution besides. But yet one quarrels with so many friends and has so many heart burnings. I remember my escapade about the currency.³ Above all, I fear that whoreson touch of the Apoplexy. My mind I conceive is as strong as ever, but there is a wavering in my composition sadly visible. I am not the man that I was and must keep in the background. I will correct my effusion, however, and keep a copy. But I will not shew my teeth if I find

¹ The peace officers of Fairport are so described in *The Antiquary*.

² *Count Robert of Paris*.

³ For the *Letters of Malachi Malagrouther* see *Journal* of February and March 1826.

I cannot bite. Arrived at Mertoun, and found with the family Sir John Pringle, Major Pringle, & Charles Baillie. Very pleasant Musick by the Miss Pringles.

December 26, [Mertoun].—Prayers after breakfast, being Sunday. Afterwards I shut myself up in Mr. Scott's room. He has lately become purchaser of his Grandfather's valuable Library, which was collected by Pope's Lord Marchmont. Part of it is a very valuable collection of Tracts during the great Civill war. I spent several hours in turning them over, but I could not look them throuth (through) with any accuracy. I passd my time very pleasantly, and made some extracts, however, and will resume my research another day.

Major Pringle repeated some pretty verses of his own composing. I had never [a] more decided inclination to go loose, yet I know I had better keep quiet.

December 27, [Abbotsford].—Commences snow, and extremely bitter cold. When I returnd from Mertoun, half frozen, I took up the *Magnum*, and began to notify the Romance calld *Woodstock*, in which I got some assistance from Harden's ancient tracts. I ought rather to get on with *Robert of Paris*. But I have had all my life a longing to do some thing else when I am calld to particular labour—a vile contradictory humour which I cannot get rid of. Well, I can work at something, so at the *Magnum* work I. The day was indeed broken, great part having been employd in [the] return from Mertoun.

December 28.—Drove dow[n] to Huntly Burn. Sir Adam very melancholy, the death of his sister having come with a particular & shocking surprize upon him. After half an hour's visit I returnd and resumed the *Magnum*.

December 29.—Attended poor Miss Bell Fergusson's funeral. I sate by [the] rev^d. Mr. Thompson. Though ten years younger than me, I found the barrier betwe[c]n him and me much broken down. We rememberd though with more or less accuracy, we took the same old persons for subjects of correspondence of feeling & sentiment. The difference of ten years is little after sixty has passed. In a cold day I say (saw) poor Bell laid in her cold bed. Life never parted with a less effort. Letter from Cadell offering

to advanc[e] on second Series French tales. This will come in good time, and keep me easy. He proposes *vi[ew]s* for the *Magnum*. I fear politics may disappoint them. Tomorrow is our road meeting.

December 30.—Meeting at Selkirk to day about the new road to Galashiels, where was the largest meeting I ever saw in Selkirkshire. We gain[ed] the victory by no less than 14 to 4.

I was named one of the committee to carry the matter on, so in gaining my victory I think I have caught a Tartar, for I have take[n] on trouble enough. Some company, Lord Napier, Scotts of Har[d]en, Johnstone of Alva, Major Pringle, in the evening. Had some private conversation with H. F. S. and R. J., and think there is life in a Mussell. More of this hereafter.

December 31.—My two young friends left this morning, but not without reviving our conversation of last night. We carried on the little amusements of the day, and spent our Hogmanae pleasantly enough, in spite of very bad auguries.

1831

JANUARY

January 1, 1831.—I cannot say the world opens pleasantly with me this new year. I will strike the balance. There are many things for which I have reason to be thankfull.

1st.—Cadell's plans seem to hav[e] succeeded, and he augurs that [the] next two years will well nigh [produce £], reckoning £30,000 on the stuff now on hand, and £20,000 on the insurance money, and £10,000 to be borrowd somchow. This would bring us wonderfully home.

2dly.—Cadell is of opinion if I meddle in politicks, and I am strong[ly] tempted to do so, I shall break the milk-pail, and threatens me with the fate of Basil Hall, who, as he says, destroyd his reputation by writing impol[it]ick politicks. Well, it would be my risque, and if I can do some good, which I rather think [I can], is it right or man[ly] to keep myself back?

3dly.—I feel myself Decidedly weaker in point of health, and am now confirmd I have had a paralytic touch. I speak and read with embarassment, and even my handwriting seems to stammer. This general failur[e]

With mortal crisis doth portend,
My days to appropinque an end.¹

I am not solicitous about this, only if I were worthy I wou[ld] pray God for a sudden death and no in[ter]regnum between I cease to exercize reason and cease to exist. y^b

The Scotts of Harden, Pringles of Stitchill, and Russells

¹ Butler, *Hudibras*, Pt. I. canto 3.

of Ashestiel, are all here. I am scarce fit for company though.

January 2.—Held a great palaver with the Scotts, &c. I find my tongue apt to fail me ; but this is very like to be fancy, and I must be cautious of giving way to it. This cautions me against publick exertion much more than Cadell's prognostications, which my blood rises against, [and] which are ill calculated to keep me in restraint. We dozed through a gloomy day, being the dulllest of all possible thaws.

January 3.—I had a letter from L. C. C., mention[ing] the K[in]g's intention to take care of Charles's interest and promotion in the Foreign office, an additional reason why I would not plunge rashly into politics, yet not one which I can understand as putting a padlock on my lips neither. I mus[t] write to L. C. C. that I may be calld on to express an opinion on the impending changes, that I have an opinion, and a strong [one], and that I hope this fresh favour [may not be regarded] as padlocking my lips in a time when it would otherwise be proper to me to speak or write. I am shockd to find that I have not the faculty of delivering myself with facility, an embarrassment which may be fanciful, but is altogether as annoying as if real.

January 4.—A base, gloomy day, and dispiriting in proportion. I walk[ed] out with Swanston¹ for about a[n] hour : every thing gloomy as the back of the chimney when there is no fire in it. My walk was a melancholy one, feeling myself weaker at every step and not very able to speak. This surely cannot be fancy, yet it looks some thing like it. If I knew but the extent at which my inability was like to stop [it would be well], but every day is worse than another. I have trifled much time, too much. I must try to get afloat tomorrow, perhaps getting an amanuensis might spur me on, for one half is nerves. It is a sad business though.

January 5.—Very indifferent, with more awkward feelings than I can well bear up against. My voice sunk

¹ John Swanston, a forèster at Abbotsford, who did all he could to replace Tom Purdie.—*Life*, vol. x. p. 66.

and my head strangely confused. When I begin to form my ideas for conversation expressions fail me, even in private conversation and yet in solitude they are sufficiently arranged. I incline to hold that these ugly symptoms are the work of imagination. But, as Dr. Adam Fergusson,¹ a firm man if ever there was one in the world, said on such an occasion, was wont to say, what is worse than imagination? As Anne was vexed and frightend, I allowd her to send for young Clarkson. Of course he could tell be (me) little, save what I knew before.

January 6.—A letter from Henry Scott about the taking ground for keeping the Reform in Scotland upon the Scottish principles. I will write him my private sentiments, but avoid being a *Boute feu*. Go this day to Selkirk, where I found about 120 and more persons of that Burch (Burgh) & Galashiels, who were sworn in as Special Constables, enough to maintain the peace. What shockd me particularly was the weakness of my vo[i]ce & the confusion of my head attempting to address them, which was really a poor affair. On my return I found [the] rev^d Mr. Milne of Quebeck, a friend of my sister in law. Another time would have been better for compagny, but Captain John Fergusson and Mr. Laidla[w] coming in to dinner, we got over the day well enough.

January 7.—A fine frosty day, and my spirits lighter. I have a letter of great comfort from Walter, who in a manly, handsome, & dutiful manner expressd his desire to possess the Library and moveables of every kind at Abbots[ford], with such a valuation laid upon them as I chuse to impose. This removes the only delay to making my will. Supposing the Literary property to clear the debts by aid of insurances and other things, about 1835 it will come into my person, and I will appoint the whole to work off the heritable debt of £10,000, pounds, then the whole that is retaining (*sic*). If the literary property can produce that sum, besides what it (*sic*) has been already done, I would Convey it to the three younger children.

January 8.—Spent much time in writing instruction[s]

¹ Dr. Ferguson, Sir Adam's father, died in 1816.

for trying [?] [my] will an[d] testament. Sent off parcel by Dr. Milne, who leaves today. Have up two boys for shop lifting. Remain[ed] at Galashiels till four o'clock, and return[ed] starved. Could work none, and was idle all evening, try tomorrow for a work day ; so loiter on.

January 9.—Went over to Galashiels, and was busied the whole time till 3 o'clock about a petty thieving affair, and had before me a pair of gallows birds, to whom I could say nothing for total want of proof, except, like the sapient Elbow, thou shalt continue, thou knave thou, thou shalt continue.¹ A little gallow[s] brood they were, and their fate will catch [them]. Sleepy, idle, and exhausted in the [evening]. Wrought little or none in the evening.

January 10.—Wrote a long letter to Henry [Scott], who is a fine fellow, & what I call a Heart of gold. He has sound part[s], good sense, and [is] a true man. Also, I wrote to my excellent friend the Lord Chief [Commissioner]. I thought it right to say that I accepted with gratitude his majesty's goodness, but trusted it was not to bind me to keep my fingers from pen & ink should a notion impress me that I could help the cūntry. I walked a little, to my exce[e]ding refreshment. [I fear] that I am using that family ungratefully. But I will not, for a punctilio, avoid binding, if I can, a strong party together for the King & country, & if I see I can do any thing, or have a chance of it, I will not fear for the skin-cutting. It is the selfishness of this generation that drives me mad.

A hundred pounds ?

Ha thou hast touchd me nearly.²

I will get a parcel [of] copy [sent off] tomorrow. Wrote several letters at night.

January 11.—Wrote and sent off about 3 of my own pages tomo[r]row (*sic*), then walkd with Swanston. Anne confined to he[r] bedroom by a blister. I tried to write before dinner, but, with drowsiness and pain in my h[e]ad, made little way. My friend Will Laidlaw came in to dinner and after dinner kindly offerd his services as amanuensis.

¹ *Measure for Measure*, Act II. Sc. 1.

² *The Critic*, Act II. Sc. 2.

Too happy was I, and I immediatly plunged him into the depths of *Count Robert*, so we got on 3 or 4 pages, worth perhaps double the number of print. I hope it did not take him too short, but after all to keep the press going without an amanuensis is impossible, and the publishers may well pay a sponisible person. He comes back tomorrow. It eases many of my anxieties, and I will stick to it tomorrow before riding. I really think Mr. Laidlaw is pleased with the engagement for the time. Sent off six close pages.

January 12.—I have a vist from Mr. MacDonald the Sculptor, who wishes to model a head of me. He is a gentleman like man, and pleasant as most sculptors & artists of reputation are, yet it is an awful tax upon time. I must manage to dictate while he models, which will do well enough.

So there we sate for thre[e] hours or four, I sitting on a stool mounted on a packing box, for the greater advantage; McDonald modelling and plastering away, and I dictating, without interim, to good natured Will Laidlaw, who wrought without remission. • It is natural to ask, do I progress? but this is too feverish a question. A man carries no scales about him to ascertain his own value. I always remember the prayer of virgil's sailor in extremity :—

Non jam prima peto Mnestheus, n' que vincere certo ;
Quamquam O !—sed superent quibus hoc, Neptune, dedisti !
Extremos pudeat rediisse : hoc vincite, cives, •
Et prohibete nefas !

We must to our oar ; but I think this and another are all that even success would prompt me to write ; and surely those that have been my defenders

Have they so long held out with me untired,
And stop they now for breath ? Well, Be it so.

January 13.—Went to Selkirk on the business of the new High road. I perceive Whitebank & my cousin Col. Russell of Ashestiel are disposed to peep into the expences of our next year's outlay, which must be provided

by loan. This will probably breed strife. Wrote a hint of this to Charles Balfour Scott [of Woll]. Agreed with Smith so far as contracting for the bridges at the estimate of £1200 each. I suspect we are something like the good manager who distressed herself with buying bargains. Anne unwell and forced to keep her room which [is] ill timed as Mr.¹ & Mrs. James at[e] our guests.

January 15.—Gave the morning from ten till near *two* to Mr. Macdonald, who is proceeding admirably with his bust. It is bloody cold work, but he is an enthusiast and much interest[cd]; besides, I can sit and dictate away to Mr. Laidlaw, and so get forward, while I am advancing Lorenzo di Guasca, which is his travelling name. I wrote several letters too, & got through some business. Walked, & took some exercise between on[e] and three, & visited Anne who is not so well as I could wish her. I hav[e] Mr. MacDonald and the James[c]s male & female, for the evening.

January 16.—Being sunday, read prayers. Mr. and Mrs. James go to look for a house, which they desire to take in this country. As Ann[t] is still ill, the presence of strangers, though there (they) are pleasant, is rather annoying. MacDonald the sculptor continues working to form a new bust out of my old scalp. I think it will be the last sitting which I will be enticed to. I am made to sit on an old packing case in extreme cold. But in mitigation I am allowd to di-tat[e] to Mr. Laidlaw. Thank heaven, the work finishes tomorrow.

January 17.—This morning, when I came downstairs, I found Mr. Macdonald or as the Italians calld him Lorenzo di Guasca slabbering away at the model. He has certainly great enthusiasm about his profession, which is a *sine qua non*. It was [not] till 12 that a post-chaise carried off my three friends. I had wrote two hours when Dr. Turner, Mrs. Scott of Harden's [physician?] came in, & I had to take him to see my [daughter?] and to unfold my own complaints. I was sick of these interruptions, and di[s]missd Mr. Laidlaw, having no hope of resuming my

¹ G. P. R. James, author of *Richelieu*, etc.

theme with spirit. God send me more leisure and fewer friends to pick it away by tea spoonfulls.

Another fool sends to [entreat] an autograph, which he should be ashamed in civility to ask, as I am to deny. I got notice of poor Henry Mackenzie's death. He has long maintaind a niche in Scottish literature, gayest of the gay, though most sensitive of the sentimental.

January 18 [sic in photostat].—Came down from my bedroom at eight, and took a rummage in the way of putting things to rights. Receivd a letter from William Scott, a natural son of my brother Daniel's. Living poor enough from his not having advised any friend where he was. He is a dour temperd boy (He did not borrow that quality) but I think well princ[i]pled. I will write to Dr. Milne in his favour. The foolish lad might have been well enough off by this tim[e] had he been pleased to let any one know where he is. Lord Dalhousie at my request wrote in his favour to Sir Thomas Kemp. But I fear the letter is lost.

Dictated to Laidlaw till about one o'clock, during which tim[e] it was rainy. Afterwards I walkd, sliding about in the mud, & very uncomfortable. In fact, there is no mistaking the three sufficients,¹ & fate is now straitening its circumvallat[i]on[s] [round me] and I am little likely to be better than I am. I am heart whole as a biscuit, and may last on as now for eigh^t or ten years; the thing is not uncommon, considering I am only in my sixtieth year. I cannot walk; but the intense cold weather may be to blame in this. My riding is but a [square?] scramble, but it may do well enough for exercise, and though it is unpleasant to find one's enjoyment of hill & vale so much abridged, yet still while I enjoy my books, & am without acute pain, I have but little to complain of, considering the life I have led.

So hap what may;

Time and the hour run through the roughest day.

January 18. Mr. Laidlaw came down at ten, and we

¹ Sir Walter alludes to Mrs. Piozzi's tale of *The Three Warnings*, which first appeared in Anna Williams's *Miscellanies* (1766).

wrought till one. This should be a good thing for an excellent man, and is an important one to me, as it saves both my eyesight and nerves, which last are cruelly affect[ed] by finding those who look out of the windows grow gradually darker and dark[er]. Rode out, or more properly, was carried out, into the woods to see the course of a new road, which may serve to carry off the thin[n]ings of the trees, and for rides. It is very well lined, & will serve both for beauty and convenience. Mr. Laidlaw engages to come back to dinne[r], and finish two or three more pages. Met my agreeable & lady-like neighbour, Mrs. Brewster, on my pony, and I was actually ashamed to be seen by her.

Sir dennis Brand, and on so poor a steed ! ¹

I believe detestable folly of this kind is the very last that leaves us. One would have thought I ought to have little vanity at this time o' day. But it is an abiding appurtenance of the old Adam, & I write for penance what, like a fool, I actually felt.

January 19.—Wrote on by Mr. Laidlaw's assistance. Things go bobbishly enough ; we have a good deal finishd before dinner. Henry Scott comes to dine with me *vis à vis*, and we have a grand dish of politics. The friends of old Scotland want but a signal. A certain great lawyer says that if Sir W. S. wrote another *Malachi* it would set more men on fire than a dozen associations. This almost tempts me. But the canny lad says moreover that to appeal to national partiality, *i.e.* that you should call on Scotsmen to act like Scotsmen, is unfair, & he would be sorry it was known he, late & future place man, should encourage such paw paw doings. Yet if Sir W. S. could be got to stand forlorn Hope, the legal gentleman would suggest, &c., &c. Suggest and be damnd ! Sir W. S. knows when to [doff] his bonnet, & when to cock [it] in the face of all and sundry. Moreover, he will not be made a cat's paw of, look you now.²

¹ Crabbe's *Borough*, Letter xiii.—J. G. L.

² A reminiscence of Fluellen (in *Henry V.*) discoursing to Gower.

January 20.—Wrought all morning ; a monstrous packet of letters at mid day. Borrow honest Laidlaw's fingers in the evening. I hope his pay will recompense him. It is better than gri[e]ving or playing Triptolemus.¹ Should be, if I am hardworking, 100 guineas, which, with his house, cow, and [illegible] rent, would save, I believe, some painful thoughts to him and his amiable wif[e] and children. We will see how the matter fadges. Almost finishd the 1st volume.

January 21.—James Ballantyne in extasies at our plan of an amanuensis. I myself am sensible that my fingers began to stammer - that is, to write one word instead of another very often. I impute this to fancy, the terrible agency of which is too visible in my illness, and it encourages me to hope the fatal warning is yet deferred. I feel lighter by a million ton since I made this discovery. If I can dictate fre[c]ly, and without hesitation, my fear to speak at the meeting about the road was vain terror, and so *Andiamos Garacco* ! Wrote some letters this afternoon.

January 22.—Mr. Laidlaw rather late of coming. One of his daughters has been ill, & he is an approved physician. Pity when one so gifted employs his skill on himself and family for all patients. We got on, however, to page 46.

January 23.—I wrought a little to day. Walked to Chiefswood, or rather from it, as far only as Habbie's How[e]. Came home, cold indeed, but hearty. Slept after dinner. I think the peep, real or imaginary, at the gates of death has given me firmness not to mind little afflictions. I have jumbled this and the preceding day strangely, when I went to Chiefswood & Huntley Burn. I thought this a workday.

January 24.—Worked with Mr. Laidlaw, and, as the snow was on the ground, did so without intermission, which must be sinking to the spirits. Getting worse again. Held on, however.

January 25.—Same dazzling waste, rendering my footing insecure, and leaving me no refuge but in sitting at home and working till one o'clock. The[n] retired upon the Sheriff

¹ See *The Pirate*. "Grieving" means "acting as grieve (land-steward)".

court processes. Poor Bran,¹ poor fellow, lies yawning at my feet, and cannot think what is becom[e] of the daily scamper, which is all his master's inabi[li]ty affords him. This grieves me, by calling back the days of old. But I may call them as I may,

Youth winna return, nor the days of Lang Sync.

January 26.—Mr. Macculloch of Ardwall came here on the melancholy business of surrender of his effects to his Crers in a cessio honorum. I have now Skene & him to the relief of my spirits and the diminishing of my time. Mr. Laidlaw joined us at dinner. At night I took some stronger medicine than (than) I had been used to which continued its effects on me almost the whole night.

Bitter cold.

January 27.—So fagd by my frozen vigils that I slept till after ten. When I lose the first two hours in the morning I can seldom catch them again during the whole day. A friendly visit from Ebenezer Clarkson of Selkirk, a medical gentleman in whose experience & ingenuity I have much confidence, as well as his personal regard to myself. He is quite sensible of the hesitation of speech of which I complain, & thinks it arises from the stomach. Recommends the wild mustard as an aperient. But the brightest ray of hope is the chance that I may get some mechanical aid made by Fortune at Broughton Street, which may enable me to mount a pony with ease, and to walk without torture. This would, indeed, be almost a restoration of my youth, at least of a green old age full of enjoyment—the shutting one out from the face of living nature is almost worse than sudden death.

January 28.—I wrote with Laidlaw. It does not work clear; I do do [not] know why, the plot is, nevertheless, a good plot, and and full of expectation.² But there is a cloud over me, I think, & interruptions are frequent. I creep on, however.

¹ The deer-hound Bran which was presented by Macpherson of Cluny; Nimrod was Glengarry's gift.—See letter to Miss Edgeworth, printed in *Life*, vol. ix. p. 345.

² *Henry IV.*, Act ii. Sc. 3.

January 29.—Much in the same way as yesterday, rather feeling than making way. Mr. Williams & his brother came in after dinner, wellcome both; yet the day was not happy; it consumed me an afternoon, which, though well employd and pleasantly, had the disagreeable effect ¹ of being kept from useful work.

January 30.—Snow deep, which makes me alter my purpose of going to town tomorrow, for to day, my friends must amuse themselves as the[y] can do to till [?].

January 31 [to February 9].—Retain my purpose, however, and set out for Edinburgh alone, that is, no one but my servant. The snow became impassable, and in Edinburgh I remain inmoveably fixd for ten days, that is, till Wednesday—never once getting out of doors, save to dinner, when I went and returnd in a sedan chair. I commenced my quarantine in Mackenzie's hotel,² where I was deadly cold, and [it was] tolerably noisy. The second day Mr. Cadell made a point of his (my) coming to his excellent house, where I had no less excellent at (an) apartment and the most kind treatment—that is, no making a show of me, for which I was but in bad tune.³ The physical folk, Abercrombie & Ross, bled me with cupp[in]g glass, purged in conformity. and restricted me of all creature comforts. But they did me good, as I am sure they meant to do sincerely; and I got rid of a giddy feeling, which I have been plagued with, & have certainly returned much better. I did not neglect my testamentary affairs. I executed my last will, leaving Walter burdend, by his own choice, with £1000 to Sophia, & another received at her marriage, and £2000 to Anne, & the same to Charles. He is to advance them money if they want want it; if not, to pay them interest. which is his own choise, otherwise I would have sold the books & rattletaps. I have made provisions for clearing my estate by my

¹ Scott wrote "office."

² No. 1 Castle Street.

³ "His host perceived that he was unfit for any company but the quietest, and had sometimes one old friend, Mr. Thomson, Mr. Clerk, or Mr. Skene to dinner, but no more. He seemed glad to see them, but they all observed him with pain. He never took the lead in conversation, and often remained altogether silent."—J. G. L.

publications, should it be possibl[e] ; and should that prove possible, from the time of such clearance being effected, to be a fund available to all my childrey(n) who shall be alive or leave representatives. My bequests must, many of them, seem hypothetical ; but the thing, being uncertain, must be so stated.

Besides, during the unexpected stay in town, I employd Mr. Fortune, an ingenious artist,¹ to make a machine to assist my lame leg. An odd enough purchase to be made at this time of day, yet who would not purchase ease ? I dined with [the] Lord Chief Comr., with the Skenes twice, with Lord Medwyne, & was as happy as anxiety about my daughter would permit me.

The appearance of the streets was most desolate : the hackny coaches strolling about like ghosts with four horns [?], [the] foot-passengers few but the lowest of the people.

I wrote a good deal of *Count Robert*, yet I cannot tell why my pen stammers egregiously, and I write horribly incorrcorect. I long to have friend Laidlaw's assistance.

FEBRUARY

February 9, [Abbotsford].—A heavey & most effective thaw coming on I got home about five at night here. I find the haugh coverd with water, dogs, pigs, cows, to say nothing [of] human beings, all who slept at the offices in danger of being drown'd. They came up to the mansion house about midnight, with various clamour, that Anne thought the House was attacked by Capt. Swing and all the Radicals.

February 10.—I set to work with Mr. Laidlaw, & had after that a capital ride ; my poney, little used, was [some] what frisky, but I rode on to Huntlyburn. Began my diet on my new régime, & like it well, especially porridge to supper. It is wonderful how old tastes rise.

¹ A skilful mechanist, who, by a clever piece of handiwork, gave Sir Walter great relief, but only for a brief period.—J. G. L.

February 11.—Wrought again to day, & John Swanston walkd with me, wrote many letters, & s[e]nt copy to Ballantyne, rode as usual. It is well enough to ride every day, but confounded[ly] tiresome to write it down.

February 12.—I did not ask down Mr. Laidlaw, thinking it fair to spare his Sunday. I had a day of putting to rights, a disagreeable work which must be done. We agreed too that Anne should go to Edinburgh about her throat. I took the occasion to tell Mr. Cadell that *Malachi* will break forth again ; but I will not make a point of it with him.

February 13.—I do not fear there will be as many to strike up as to strike Down, and I have a strong notion we may gain the day. I have a letter from the Duchess of Wellington, asking a copy of Mellville's Memoirs. She shall have it if it we[re] my last.

February 14.—I had hardly begun my letter to Mr. Cadell than I began also to "pull in resolution." I considered that I had no means of retreat ; and that in all my sober moments, meaning my unpassionate ones, for the Doctors have taken from me the means of producing Dutch courage, I have looked on political writing as a false step, and especially now when I have a good deal at Stake. So, upon the whole, I took the parcel from Anne & cancelld the letter announcing the publication. If this was actually meanness it is a fo[i]ble nobody knows of. Anne set off for Edinburgh after breakfast. Poor girl, She is very nervous. I wrote with Mr. L. till one, then had a walk till three, then wrote this diary till four. Must try to get some thing for Mr. Laidlaw, for I am afraid I am twaddling. I do not think that my head is weakend, but a strang[e] vacillation makes me suspect. Is it not thus that men begin to fail, becoming, as it were, infirm of purpose,

—that way madness lies ; let me shun that :
No more of that—

Yet, why be a child about it ? what must be, will be.

February 15.—I wrote & corrected through the long day till one o'clock ; then rode out as far as Dr. Scott's,

& call'd on him. Got a fresh doze of proofs at Matheson's, and return'd home. At nine o'clock at night had a Card from Miss Bell [MacLachlan], wishing to speak to me about some highland music. Wrought (Wrote) for answer I knew nothing of the matter, but would be happy to see Mrs. & Miss Bell to breakfast. I had a letter of introduction by Robert Chambers, which I declined, being then unwell. But as Trotter of Braid said, "The Ladies maun come."

February 16.—Mrs. Bell and Miss Bell MacLachlane of the west highlands, mother & daughter, made their way to me to breakfast. I did not wish to see them, being strangers ; but she was very pretty—that is, the daughter—and enthusiastic, and that is always flattering to an old gentleman. She wishes to have words to Celtick melodies, & I have promised her some to the Air of Crochallan, and incline to do her good, perhaps, to the extent of getting her words from Lord Francis Leveson Gower, Lockhart, and one or two others. We parted, she pleased with my willing patronage, and I with [an] uncommon handsome countenance she shew'd me.

This detain'd Mr. Laidlaw *re infecta*, and before I had written a page the poney came to the door ; but wrote some thing after dinner.

February 17.—We had the usual course of study, exercise, and food in the forenoon, was extremely sleepy in the afternoon, which made, I fear, but bad work. We progress, however.

February 18.—In riding met Sir Adam Fergusson, and asked him & his brother the Colonel to dinner tomorrow. Wrote in [the] mean time as usual.

February 19.—Plagued by the stay for leg starting a screw bold (*sic*), which is very inconvenient. Sent off, this morning, proofs as far as end of 1[st] volume, and twenty manuscript pages, equal to about a quarter of the second. Is it good or not ? I cannot say. I think it betteries (*sic*) as it goes on ; and so far so good. I am certain I have written worse abomination, as John Ballantyne, poor fellow, used to say. I had a demand from Sa[n]die of a balance of £300 owing to him which he must have at Whitsunday.

Mr. Cadell must help me, that is flat. If the Count goes forward well he will not hesitate and I do not think he flags.

February 20.—Wrote five pages this morning ; then road (rode) out to the Hill and lookd at some new[ly] planted, rather transplanted, trees. M[r]. Laidlaw gone for the day. I trust I shall have proofs to correct. In the mean time I may suck my paws & prepare some copy, or rather assemble the raw material.

February 21.—A letter from Anne postponing her return till tuesday and saying she thinks it for the best—pray God it may. Sent on a parcel this morning by coach & receive answer from Mr. Lang, Sheriff Clerk, All right. I was somewhat afraid that a Bank receipt with £50 subscription to the Bridges might have miscarried. But all is right. I made up parcels for Edinburgh by Mailcoach & by Blucher to go tomorrow 2d volume *Redgaunlet*. At one fetched a walk though wet and dry, looking at the ravages of the late flood. After I came in, till two hours after teatime, busied with the Sheriff court processes, which I have nearly finishd. After this I will lounge one [hour?] with annotating. The *tales of the Crusades* come next.

February 22.—Wrought with M[r]. L. from ten to three, then took the pony carriage, with the purpose of going to Chiefswood, but a heavy squall came on with snow, so we put about ship and returnd. Read Littelton's *history of England* to get some notes for *crusader[s]*, vol. i. After dinner Mr. Laidlaw from six to eight : sent off six pages.

February 23, 24, 25.—These three days I can hardly be said to have varied from my ordinary for Action. Rose at 7, dressed before 8, wrote letters, or did any little business till $\frac{1}{4}$ past nine. Then breakfast. Mr. Laidlaw comes from ten till one. Then take the pony, and ride *quantum mutatus* two or three miles, John Swanston walking by my bridle rein least I fall off. Come home about three or four. Then to dinner on a single plain dish & half a tumbler, or by'r lady three-fourths of a tumbler, of wisky and water. Then sit till 6 o'clock, when enter Mr. Laidlaw again, & works commonly till eight. After

this, work usually alone till half past nine, then work till half past nine, then sup on porridge & milk, and so to bed. The work is half done. If any [one] asks what time I take to think on the composition, I might say, in one point of view, it was seldom five minutes out of my head the whole day. In another light, it was never the serious subject of consideration at all, for it never occupied my thoughts entirely for five minutes together, except when I was dictating to Mr. Laidlaw.

February 26.—Went through the same routine, only, being Saturday, Mr. L. does not come in the evening. I think there is truth in the well known phrase, *Aurora Musis Amica*. I always have a visit of Invention between six & seven—that is, if any thing has been plaguing [me], in the way of explanation, I find it in my head when I wake between six & seven. I have need of it tonight.

February 27.—Being Saturday, no Mr. Laidlaw came yesterday evening, nor to day, being Sunday. Truth is, I began to fear I was working too hard, and gave myself to putting things in order, and working at the *Magnum*, and reading stupid German novels in hopes a thought will strike me when I am half occupied with other things. In fact, I am like the servante in the *Clandestine marriage*, who assures her mistress [s]he always watches best with her eyes shut.

February 28.—Past ten, & M[r]. Laidlaw, the model of [a] Clerk in other respects, is not come yet. He has never known the value of time, so is not quite accurate in punctuality; but that, I hope, will come if I can drill him to it without hurting him. I think I hear him coming. I am like the poor wizzard who is first puzzled how to raise the Devil & then how to employ him. But *vogue la galère*. Worked till one, then walked with great difficulty & pain till half past two. I think I can hardly stir without my poney, which is a sad job. Mr. Laidlaw dines here.

MARCH.

March 1, 2, 3.—All these thre[e] days I wrote afternoon and faggd forenoon. Kept up the ball indifferent well, but began to tire on the third, and suspected that I was flat—a dreary suspicion, not easily chase[d] away when once it takes root.

March 4.—Laid aside the novel, and began with vigour a review of Robson[’s] sad *state of Heraldry*.¹ But I misssd some quotations which I could not get on without. I gave up, and took such a rash [?] ride nowadays ; returnd home, & found Colonel Russell there on a visit. Then we had dinner, and afterwards the making up this miserable Journal. Resolved go Bowhill this morning next coming.

March 5.—I have a letter from our Member, Whitebank, adjuring me to assist the gentlemen of the County with an address against the Reform Bill, which menaces them with being blended with Peebles Shire, & losing of consequence one half of their franchise. Mr. Pringle conjures me not to be very nice in chusing any epithets. Mr. Pringle, Torwoodlee, comes over and speaks to the same purpose, adding, it will be the greatest service I can do the county, &c. This, in a manner, drives me out of a resolution to keep Myself clear of politics, & let them fight dog, fight bear. But I am too easy to be persuaded to bear a hand. The young Duke of Buccleuch comes to visit me also. So I promise to shake my duds and give them a cast of my calling, fall back, fall edge.

March 7, 8, 9, 10.—In these four days I drew [up], with anxiety, an Address exprobatory of the bill, both with respect to Selkirkshire, and in its generally (*sic*) purport. I was not mealy mouth[ed], and those who heard the beginning could hardly avoid listening to the end. It was certainly in my best stile (style), and would have made a deal of noise. From the uncompromising stile it would have attracted attention. Mr. Laidlaw, though he is Master

¹ *The British Herald*, by Thomas Robson (3 vols. 4to, 1830). Mr. Lockhart says this review never was published!

t'other side on the subject, things (thinks) it the best thing I ever wrote ; and I myself am happy to find that it cannot be said to smell of the apoplexy, the pointed passages were, on the contrary, clever and well put. But it was too declamatory, too much like a pamp[h]let, & went far too generally into opposition to please the country gentlemen, who are timidly inclin[ed] to dwell on their own grievances rather [than] the publick wrongs.

March 11.—This day we had our meeting at Selkirk. I found Borthwickbrae (late member) had sent the form of an address, which was finishd by Mr. Andrew Lang.¹ It was the reverse of mine in every respect. It was short, and to the point. It only containd a remonst[r]ance against the incorporation with Selkirk[Peebles]shire, & left it to be inferd that they approved the Bill in other respects. As I saw that it made the ideas of the meeting (six in number) better by far than such an address as mine, I instantly put it in my pocket. But I endeavourd to add to their complaint of a private wrong a general clause, stating their sense of the hazard of passing a bill full of such violent innovations at once on the public. But though Harden, Alva, & Torwoodlee voted for this measure, it was refused by the rest of the meeting, to my disappointment ; since in its present state [it] will not be attended to, & is in fact too milk & water to attract notice. I am, howeve[r], personally out of the scrape, unless some gentle[men of the press get to hear of this].

I was a fool to stir such a mess of skimd milk with so honourable an action. If some of [the] gentlemen of the press whose livelihood is lying had hold of this story, what would they make of it And how little would I care. One thing is clear. It gives me a right to decline² future interference, and let the world wag, *Sessa*.

March 12.—Wrote the history of my four days' Labour in vain to Sandy Pringle, Whitebank, and so *transeat* with

¹ Mr. Andrew Lang, Sheriff and Commissary Clerk, and Clerk of Peace for Selkirkshire, grandfather of Mr. Andrew Lang, the accomplished man of letters, whose centenary was celebrated in 1944.

² The photostat has "disclaim."

cæteris erroribus. I only gave way to one jest. A ratcatcher was desirous to come to complet[e] his labours in my house, and I, who thought he only talked and laughed with the servants, recommended to him to go to the head courts & meetings of freeholders, where he would find rats in plenty.

March 13.—I have finally arranged a thorny transaction. Mr. Cadell has an interesting (*sic*) amounting to an half. But after these there come the following set of novels which are entirely my own

Saint Ronan's well,	3 volumes
Tales of Crusaders,	4 volumes
1st Chronicles,	2 „
Anne of Geiersn.	3 „
Red Gauntlet,	3 „
Woodstock,	3 „
2 Chronicles,	3 „
Count Robert,	3 „

In all, 24 volumes, which begin printing, which will begin printing after *Quentin Durward*, which concludes the year 1831. For half the property he proposes to pay six thousand guineas on 2d february 1831 [1832?]. I think that with this sum, and others coming in, I may reduce the debt to £45,000.

But I do not see clearly enough through this affair to accept this offer. I., I cannot see that there is wisdom in engaging Mr. Cadell in deep spec[ulation]s which (*sic*), unless they served him very much. I am, in this respect, a burned child and I have not forgotten the fire, or rather the furnace. II., I think the property worth more, if publicly sold. III., I cannot see any reasons which should render it advantageous for me to sell one half of this property, it being admitted at the same [time] highly judicious to keep the other half; this does not fadge. IV., as to the immediate command of the money, I am not pressed for it, nor having any advantage by paying it a year or two sooner or latter. The actual proceeds of the sales will come in about 1834, and I dare say will not be far behind in amount the sum of £6000.

In short, I will not sell on a rainy day, as our proverb says. I have communicated my resolution to 'Cadell, to whom, no doubt, it will be a disappointment, for which I am sorry, but cannot help it.

March 14.—Had a very sensible & goodhumoured answer from Mr. Cadell, readily submitting to my decision. He mentions, what I am conscious of, the great ease of accompting, if the whole is divided into two halves. But this is not an advantage to me, but to them who keep the books, and therefore I cannot be moved by it. It is the great advantage of uniformity, of which Malachi Malagrowth[e]r tells so much.¹ I do not fear that Mr. Cadell will neglect the concern because he has not the large share in it which he had in the other. He is, I think, too honest a man. He has always shown himself every way willing & ready to help me, & verily he hath his reward; and I can afford him on that property a handsome percentage for the management. But if his fate was to lose considerably by this transaction, I must necessarily be a sufferer; if he be a great gainer, it is at my expence, so it is like the children[s] game of Odds & win, Evens you lose. So will say no more about it. I think I will keep my ground nearly, so these cursed politicks do not ruin the country. I am unable to sit at good men's boards, & Anne has gone to Mertoun to day without me. I cannot walk or ride but for a mile or two. Naboclish! never mind. I am satisfied that I am heartwhole as a biscuit, and may live to see the end of these affairs yet. I am driving on the *Count of Paris* right mer[r]ily. I have plenty of leisure, & *vive la plume*. I have arranged matter[s] as I think for the best, so will think no more about it.

March 16.—The affair with Mr. Cadell being settled, I have only to arrange a set of regular employment for my time, without over fatiguing myself. What I at present practice seems active enough for my capacity, and even if I should reach the threescore and ten, from which I am thrice

¹ Malachi Malagrowth in his third letter ridicules the proposal that Scotland having prospered under a good banking system should give it up for the supposed advantage of Uniformity with England and Ireland.

three years distant, or nearer ten, the tim[e] may pass honorably, usefully, and profitably, both to myself and other people. My ordinary for Action runs thus. Rise at a quarter before seven. At [a] quarter after nine breakfast, with eggs, or in the singular number, at least. Before breakfast private letters, &c. After breakfast Mr. Laidlaw comes at ten, and we write together till one. I am greatly helpd up by this excellen[t] man, who takes pains to write a good hand, & supplies the want of my own fingers as far as another person's can. We work seriously at the task of the day till one o'clock, when I sometimes walk—not often, however, having faild in strength, & suffering great pain even from a very short walk. Oftener I take they (*sic*) pony for an hour or two & ride about the doors. The exercise is humbling enough, for I require to [be] lifted on horseback by two servants, and one goes [with] me to take care I do not fall off & break my bones, a catastrophe very like to happen. My proud promenade *à pied* or *à cheval*, as it happens, concludes by three o'clock. An hour intervenes for making up my journal and such light work. At four comes dinner, a plate of broth or soup, much condemn'd by the doctors, a bit of plain meat, no liquor stronger than small beer, and so I sitt quiet till six o'clock, when Mr. Laidlaw returns, & remains with me till nine or three quarters past, as it happens. Then I have a bowl of porridge & milk, which I cat with [the] appetite of I (a) child. I forgot to say that after dinner I am allowd half a glass of whisky or gin made into weak grog. I never wish for any more. Nor do [I] in my secret soul long for cigars, though once so fond of them. About six hours per day is good working, if I can keep at it.

March 17.—Little of this day, but that it was so [un]commonly windy that I was almost blown off my poney, and was glad to grasp the mane to prevent its actually happen[ing]. Rode round by Briggends. I began the 3 volume of *Count Robert of Paris*, which has been on the anvil during all these vexatious circumstances of politics & health. But the blue heaven bends over all. It may be ended in a fortnight if I keep my scheme. But I will take time

enough. This would be on Thursday. I would like it much.

March 18.—We get well on. *Count Robert* is finishd so far as the second goes, & some twenty [pages] of the third. *Blackwood's Magazine*, after long bedaubing me with compliment, has begun to bedaub Lockhart for my sake, or perhaps me for Lockhart's sake, with abuse; for two or three numbers he has open'd his fire or rather level'd his long gun with a *posse tisé* suppos[ing] that [I] should deprecate further hostilities—he be damnd. He is by inclination & habits what others are by education and necessity a thorough going gen[t]leman of the press without shame or ju[d]gement. As a politi[c]ian he puts one in mind of Barm Jock of other days, a kind of blustering idiot whom a mob car'ied upon their shoulders during a riot rather as their banner than banner-man. But Barm Jock proved before judge & Jury that he was mortal drunk the whole time. Notwithstanding his low propensities John Wilson is a clever fellow, or more he is a man of genius or rather

A hare brain'd Hotspur guided by a whim

only it is not always an honorable one. Lockhart's chiefs (chief) offence seems to have have [been] explaining the humbug of shewing up Hogg as a fool & blackguard in what they call the *Noctes*. For me I care wonderfully little eith[er] for his flattery or his abuse. I have tried to be of use to him which piece of folly may be a very good reason for attacking me.

March 19.—I made a hard working day—almost equal to twenty pages. But there was some reason for it, for Ballantyne writes me that the copy sent will not exceed 265 pages when the end of vol ii. is mark'd, so 45 more pages must be furnis'd to run it out to page 329. This is an awful cast back. So the gap is to be made up.

March 20.—I thought I was done with politics, but it is easy getting into the mess, & difficult and sometimes di[s]graceful to get out. I have a letter from Sheriff Oliver, desiring me to go [to Jedburgh] on Monday (tomorrow) and shew countenance by adhering to a set of propositions,

being a resolution. Tho' not well drawn, they are uncomprom[is]ing enough ; so I will not part company. Had a letter, two (too), from Henry Scott. He still expects to refuse the Bill. I wrote him that would but postpone the evil day, unless they could bring forward a strong administration, &, what is most essential, a system of finance ; otherwise it won't do. Henry has also applied to me for the rejected address. But this I shall decline.

March 22.—Went over to day at nin[e] o'clock to the meeting, a great number present, with a tribune full of Reformers, who shewd their sense of propri[e]ty by hissing, hooting, and making all sort[s] of noises. And these unwashed artificers are from henceforth are to select our legislators. What can be expected from [their choice?] except such a thick headed plebeian [as] will be a flare-bräind Hotspur guided by a whim. There was some speaking, but not good. I said something, for I could not sit quiet.

We did not get get home till about nine, hav[ing] fasted the whole time. James, the blockhead, lost my poor Spice, a favourite terrier. The fool shut her in a stable, & some body, [he] says, open'd the door & let her out. I suspect she is lost for aye, for she was carried to Jedburgh in a post chaise.

March 23.—The measure carried by a single vote.¹ In other circumstances one would hope for the interference of the House of Lords, but it is all Hab Nab at a venture, De Donde Diere, as Cervantes says. The worst is that there is a popular party who want personal power, & are highly unfitted to enjoy [it]. It has fallen easily, the old Constitution ; no bullying Mirabeau to assail, no eloquent Maury to defend. It has been thrown away like a child's broken Toy. Well, *transeat*, the good sense of the people is much trusted to ; we will see what it will do for us.²

¹ The passing of the great Reform Bill in the House of Commons on the 22d March.

² His friend Richardson, who was a Whig, writes him from London on February 14 :—"What a singular feeling it was to me to find Brougham Lord Chancellor, and Jeffrey and Cockburn in their present stations ! I am afraid that the spirit of reform goes at present beyond the limits to which even the Government will go and but for the large stock of good sense and feeling which I think yet pervades the country, I should tremble for the future."

The curse of Cromwell on those whose conceit brought us to this pass. *Sed transeat*. It is vain to mourn what cannot be mended.

March 24.—Frank Grant and his Lady came here. Frank Grant and his wife. Charles (Frank) will, I believe, & if he attends to his profession, be one of the celebrated men of the age. He '[is] well known to me as the companion of my sons & the partner of my daughters. In youth, that is extreme youth, he was passionately fond of fox hunting and other sports, but not of any species of gambling. He had also a strong passion for painting, and made a little collection. As he had sense enough to feel that a younger brother's fortune would not last long under the expences of a good stud and a rare collection of *Chef d'Oeuvres*, he used to avow his intention to spend his patrimony, about £10,000, and then again to make his fortune by the law. The first he soon accomplishd. But the Law is not a profession so easily acquired, nor did Frank's talents lie in that direction. His passion for paintings turn'd out better. Nature had given him the rare power of judging soundly of painting, and in a remarkable degree the power of imitating it. Connoisseurs approved of his sketches, both in pencil & oils, but not without the sort of criticisms made on these occasions—that they were admirable as an amateur, but it could not be expected that he should submit to the technical drudgery absolutely necessary for a profession, and all that species of criticism which gives way before natural genius & energy of character.

Mean time Frank Grant, who was remarkably handsome, & very much the man of fashion, married a young lady with many possibilities, as Sir Hugh Evans says.¹ She was eldest sister of Farqu[h]arson of Invercauld, chief of that clan; and the young man himself having been almost paralyzed by the Malaria in Italy, Frank's little boy by this match becomes Heir to the Estate and Chieftainship.

March 25.—In the mean time fate had another chance for him in the matrimonial line. At Melton Mowbray, during the hunting season, he had become acquainted

¹ *Merry Wives*, Act 1. Sc. 1.

(even before his first marriage) with a niece of the Duke of Rutland, a beautiful & fashionable young woman, with whom he was now thrown into company once more. It was a natural consequence that they should memory (*sic*). The lady had not much wealth, but excellent connections in society, to whom Grant's good looks and good breeding made him very acceptable. •

In the mean time Frank saw the necessity of doing something to keep himself independent, having, I think, too much spirit to become a Stulko, drinking out the last glass of the bottle, riding the horses which the Laird wishes to sell, and drawing sketches to amuse by (my) lady and the children,—besides a prospect on Invercauld elevating him, when realized, to the rank of the Laird's father.

March 26.—Grant was above all this, and honorably & manfully resolved to cultivated (*sic*) his taste for painting, & become a proff[es]sional artist. I am no judging (*sic*) of painting, but I am conscious that Francis Grant possesses, with much taste, a sense of beauty derived from the best source, that of really good society, while in many modern artists, the total disgusting want of that species of feeling is so great [as] to be revolting. His former acquaintances render his immediate entrance into business completely secure, and it will rest with himself to carry on his success. He has, I think, that degree of ener[g]y and force of character which will make him keep and enlarge any character which he may acquire. He has confidence too in his own powers, always a requisite for a young painter whose aristocratic pretensions will be envied, must be envied by the half bred mass who would fain see the field exclusive[ly] filld by such [riff] raff as they themselves.

March 27.—Frank Grant is still with me, and is well pleased—I think very deservedly so—with a cabinet picture of myself, a[r]mour, and so forth, together with my two noble Staghounds of the greyhound rate. I wish Cadell had got it; [it] is far better than Watson[']s]—though his is well too. The dogs sate charmingly, but the picture took up some time.

March 28.—We went out a little ride, the weather most tempting, the day beautiful. We rode & walkd a little.

March 29.—We had an hour's sitting of the dogs, and a good deal of success. I cannot compose my mind on this publick measure. I trust it will not please those whom it is the object [to] please.

March 30.—Bob Dundas¹ and his wife—Miss Durham that was—came to spend a day or two. I was hear[t]ily glad to see him, being my earliest an[d] best friend's [son]. John Swinton came by Blucher, on the part of an ant[i] reform meeting in Edinburnr who exhorted me to take up the pen, but I declined and pleaded health, which, God knows, I have a right to urge. I might have urged almost the chance of my breaking down, but tha[t] would be a cry of the kind which might very well prove real.

March 31.—Swinton returnd in the forenoon yesterday after luncheon. He took denial prosy (pretty) qui[c]tly, & owned [?] it would be wrong to press me. I have [not] shund any thing that came fair[ly] on me, but I do not see the sense of standing forth a champion. It is said that the Duke of Bukcleugh has been offerd the title of Monmouth if he would cease to oppose. He said there were two objections—they would not give it him if he seriously thought of it, and [he] would not take it if they did. The Dundasses went off to day. I was glad I had seen them, although visitors rather interrupt work.

APRIL

April 2.—Mr. Henry Liddell, eldest son of Lord Ravensworth, arrivd here. I like him & his brother Tom very much although [they] are what may be termd fine men. Young McKenzie of Cromarty came with him, who is a fine lad & sings very beautifully. I knew his father & mother, and was very glad to see him. They had been at Mertoun fishing salmon, with little sport.

¹ Robert Dundas was the son of another Robert Dundas of Arniston (nephew of the first Lord Melville) of whom Scott always speaks with gratitude. See Cockburn's *Memorials of his Time*, where he is treated as having the greatest influence in the Tory party in Scotland.

April 3. --A letter from the Lord Chief Commissioner, reporting Lor[d] Palmerston & Sir Herbert Taylor[']s] favourable letters in Charles[']s] favour. Wrote a grateful answer, and resolved, that as I have made my opinion publick at every place where I could be calld on or expected to appear, I will not thrust myself forward when I have nothing to day (say). May [the] Lord have mercy on us and incline our hearts to keep this vow.

April 4. --Mr. Liddell & Hay Mackenzie left us this morning. Liddell¹ showed me yesterday a very good old fashiond poem, worthy of Pope or Churchill, in old fashiond hexameters, calld the [*illegible*]. He has promised me a copy, for it is still being printed. There are some characters very well drawn. The force of it belies the author's character of a Dandie, too hastily ascribed to the author. He is accomplishd as an artist & musician, and certainly has a fine taste for poetry, though he may never cultivate [it]. He promises to bring his lady--who is very clever, but pretty high, they say, in the temper--to spend a day or two with us after as she has been confined in Edinburgh.

April 5. ---This fift[h] day of April is the March fair at Selkirk. Almost every one of the family goes there, Mr. Laidlaw among otherwise (others). I have a hideous paralytick custom of *stuttering* with my pen, and cannot write without strange blunders, yet I cannot find any failure in my intellect. Being unable to w[r]ite to purpose with my own hand, this forenoon is a sort of holiday to me. The third volume of *Count Robert* is fairly begun, but I fear I shall want stuff to fill it, for I would not willingly bombast it with things inappropriate. If I could fix my mind to the task to day. My temper, notwithstanding my oath, sets strong towards politics, where I would be sure of making a figure, and feel I could carry with me a great part of the middling class, who wait for a shot between wind and water--half comic, half serious, which is a better argument than most which are going. The regard of my

¹ Henry Thomas Liddell, first Earl of Ravensworth, author of a translation of the Odes of Horace, a volume of Latin Poems, etc.

health is what chiefly keeps [me] in check, the provoking odium I should mind much less; for there will always be as many for as against me, but it would be a foolish thing to take flight to the next world in a political gale of wind. I[f] Cadell gave me the least encouragement I would give way to the temptation. Meantime I am tugging at the chain for very eagerness. I have done enough to inc[e]nse people against me, without, perhaps, doing so much as I could, would, or should have done.

April 6.—I have written to Alva & Lord Elgin, explaining why I cannot, as they encourage me to do, take upon me the cause of the publick, and bell the cat with the Reformers. I think I have done enough for an individual. I have more than half dictated the third volume to Mr. Laidlaw. But I feel the subject wants action, and that a little repose will be very necessary. Resolve tomorrow shall be a resting day. I have not had one this long time. I had a letter from Croker, advising a literary adventure--the personal history of Charles Edward.¹ I think it will do.

April 7.—Methough[t] it will answer will answer will answer well. Croker thinks thinks it will answer well. Rode to Melrose and brought hom[e] the letters from the post office.

April 8.—I sent Swanston last night to Melrose to purchase from Wat Ormston, if he can, a break of transplanted oaks, very fine seedlings, the Duke not having sent me the acorns he promised. This is so fine and so dropping that, if possible I will have them transplanted this morning, which will be a great point gained for Jane's wood and for the [illegible] planting next year. Also I took leave of poor Major John Scott,² who, being afflicted with a distressing asthma, has resolved upon selling his house of Ravenswood, which he had dressed up with much neatness,

¹ In a letter from Sir Walter to his son-in-law, of April 11th, he says: "When you can take an hour to think of this, I will be glad to hear from you. . . . I am in possession of five or six manuscripts, copies, or large extracts, taken under my own eyes. Croker thinks, and I am of his opinion, that if there was room for a personal narrative of the character, it would answer admirably."

² This gentleman, a brother to the Laird of Raeburn, had made some fortune in the East Indies, and bestowed the name of Ravenswood on a villa which he built near Melrose. He died in 1831.--J. G. L.

and going abroad to Jamaica. Without having been intimate friends, we were always affectionate relations, & now we part, probably never to meet in this world. He has a good deal of the character said to belong to the family. Our parting with mutual feeling may be easily supposed.

April 9.---This being Saturday, I expect the Bibliopolist and typographer about two o'clock, I suppose, when I shall have much to journalize. Failures among the trade are alarming, yet not if we act with prudence. *Nous verrons.* Mr. Cadell & J. Ballantyne, with the son of the latter. Their courage is much stouter than I apprehended. Cadell says he has lost £1000 by bad debts, which is less than he expected, by bad times coming on at this time [when] we have been obliged to publish the less popular part of the Waverley novels. At present I incline to draw a period after fo[r]ty eight volumes, and so closing the publication. About nine or ten volumes will then conclude our *Magnum Opus*, so call'd, an[d] Mr. Cadell thinks we shall then beginn the Poetical works, in twelve volumes, with illustrations by Turner, which he expects to rise as far as 12,000. The size is to be that of the Waverley novels.

April 10.— I had a letter from Mr. Cowan, trustee for Constable's creditors, telling that the manuscript[s] of the Wave[r]l[e]y novels had been adjudged to him, & offering them to me, or rather asking m^y advic[e] about the disposal of them. Answerd that I considerd myself as swindled out of my property, and therefore will give no consequent (consent) to any sale of the pillage. Cadell says he is determined to get the mss. from Cowan. I told him I would give him the rest of the mss., which are in my own hand, for Mr. Caddell has been very friendly to me in not suffering me to want money in difficult times. We are not pushd by our debtors (creditors), so can take our own time; an[d] as our plans pro[s]per, we can pay off debt. About two o'clock enter tw[o] gen[t]lemen in an open carrriage, both from Makerstoun, and both both captains in the navy. Capt. Blair, a son of the Member for Ayrshire, my old friend the laird of Blair. Resisting (Resisted) their courteous

invitation or rather Sir Thomas Brisbane's wh[ich] they [were] backing. Just as they retreat, Mr. Pontey is announcd. I was glad to meet this great forestester (forester). He is a little man, and get[s] along with an air off (of) talent,—something like Gifford, the famous Editor of the *Quarterly*. As in his case, mental acuteness give[s] animation to that species of countenance which attends personal deformity. The whole of his face was bizarre and and odd, yet singularly impressive. We walkd round, I with great pain, by the hooded corbies' seat, and this great Lord of the woodland gave the plantation great approbation. He seems rather systematic in pruning, yet he is in a great measure right. I see he has been opposed, tolerarably obstinate in his opinions. He dined, and took leaving (leave), leaving me flatterd with his applause, & pleased with having seen him.

April 11.—This day I went, with Anne & Miss Jane Erskine,¹ to see the laying of the stones of foundation of two bridges in my neighbourhood over Tweed and the Ettrick. There were a great many people assembled. The day was beautiful, the scene was romantic, & the people in good spirits & good humour. Mr. Paterson² of Galashiels made a most excellent prayer; Mr. Smith³ gave a proper repast to the workmen, and we subscribed Sovereigns a piece to provide for any casualty or [to] divide if there providentially be none. I laid the foun[d]ation stone of the bridge over Tweed, & Mr. C. B. Scott⁴ of Wool [laid] the foundation stone of that of Ettrick. The general spirit of good humour made the scene, though without parade, extremely interesting.

April 12.—We breakfasted with the Fergussons, after

¹ Miss J. Erskine, a daughter of Lord Kinnedder's. She died in 1838.—J. G. L.

² The Rev. N. Paterson, author of *The Manse Garden*; afterwards minister of St. Andrew's, Glasgow. He died in 1871. Mr. Paterson was a grandson of Robert Paterson, "Old Mortality," and brother of the Rev. Walter Paterson, minister of Kirkurd, author of the *Legend of Iona*—a poem written in imitation of the style of Scott.

³ Mr. John Smith of Darnick, the builder of Abbotsford, and architect of these bridges.—J. G. L.

⁴ This gentleman died in Edinburgh on the 4th February 1838.—J. G. L.

which Anne and Miss Erskine walkd up the Rhymer's Glen. I could have as easily made a pilgrimage to Rome with pease in my shoes unboild. I drove home, and began to work about ten o'clock. At one o'clock I rode, & sent off what I had finishd. Mr. Laidlaw dined with me. In the afternoon we wrote five or six pages more. I am, I fear, sinking a little, from having too (too) much space to fill, and a want of the usual inspiration. Which makes me, like the chariot wheels of Pharaoh in [the] sands of the Red Sea, drive heavily. It is the less matter if this prove, as I suspect, the last of this fru[i]tful family.

April 13.—Corrected a proof in the morning. At ten o'clock began where I had left of[f] at my romance. Mr. Laidlaw agrees as to the portion of what we are presently busy with. Laidlaw begins to smite the rock for not giving forth the water in quantity sufficient. I remarkd to him that this would not profit much. Doing, perhaps, twelve pages a day will easily finish us; and if it prove dull, why, dull it must be. I shall, perhaps, have half a dozen to make up this night. I have against me the disadvantage of being calld the Just, & every one of course is willing to worry me. But they have been long at it. And even those works which have been worst received at their appearance now keep their ground fairly enough. So we'll try our old luck another voyage. It is a close, thick rain, and I cannot ride, and I am too dead lame to walk in the house. So, feeling really exhausted, I will try to sleep a little.

My nap was a very short one, and was agreeably replaced by Basil Hall's fragments of voyages. Every thing about the in[s]ide of a vessell is interesting, and my friend has the great sense to know this is the case. I remember when my eldest brother took the humour of going to sea, James Watson used to be invited to George's Square to tell him such tales of hardships as might disgust him with their service. Such were my poor mother's instructions. But Captain Watson could not either render a sea life disgusting to the young Midshipman or to his brother, who lookd on and listend. The account of assistance given to the the Spaniards at Cape Finisterre & the absurd behaviour

of the Junta a[re] highly interesting—a more inefficient, yet a more resolved class of men than the Spaniar[d]s were never conceived.

April 14.—Advised by Mr. Cadell that he has agreed with Mr. Turner, the first draughtsman of the period, to furnish to the poetical works two decorations to each of the proposed twelve volumes, to wit an print and a vignette to each, at the rate of £25 for each, which is cheap enough considering these are the finest specimens of art going. The difficulty is to make him come here to take drawings. I have written to the man of art, inviting him to my house, though, if I remember, he is not very agreeable, and offered to transport him to the places where he is to exercise his pencil. This may do some thing. Cadell may giv[e] him some money, this will [illegible] mitigate. Lastly, his mode of Drawing is to take various drawings of remarkable corners and towns and stick them all together. He can therefore derive his subjects from good accurate drawings, so with Skene's assistance we can equip him. We can put him at home in all the subjects.

Lord Fincastle came to dinner. Lord Meadowbank and his son, Skene and his son, Col. Russell and his sisters dined with us.¹

April 15.—Lord Meadowbank, etc., went to Newark with me, and returned to dine with the foregoing, charming day.

April 16.—Lord Meadowbank [went] to the circuit and our party to their various homes. By the bye, John Pringle & his brother of Haining dined with us yesterday. Skene walks with me and undertakes readily to supply Turner with subjects. Weather enchanting. About one hundred leaves will now complete *Rober[t] of Paris*. Quaere, if the last? Answ[er], not knowing, can't say. I think it will.

Sunday 16 [17] April to Sunday 24 of the same

¹ The late Mr. W. F. Skene, Historiographer Royal for Scotland, recorded in his Diary of 17th April 1831 that Sir Walter Scott did not come to breakfast on the Sunday. He appeared later in the day and took no notice of any of his guests. He told the story of a pauper lunatic who believed that the asylum in which he lived was his private house, but complained that everything he ate tasted of porridge. After an interval he told the same story over again and a third time.

month unpleasantly occupied by ill[ness], & its consequences. A distinct strok[e] of paralysis affecting both my nerves and speech, though beginning only on Monday with a very bad cold.

April 24.—Dr. [Abercrombie] was brought out by the friendly car[c] of Cadell, but young Clarkson had already done the needful—that is, had bled & blistered severely, and placed me on a very restrictd diet. Whe[ther] these precautions have been taken in time I cannot tell. I think they have, though severe in themselves, beat the disease, but I am alike prepared,

“Seu versare dolos, seu certæ occumbere¹ morti.”

I only know that to live as I am just now is a gift little worth having. I think I will be in the Secret next week unless I recruit greatly.

April 27.—They have cut me off[f] from animal food and fermented liquor of every kin[d], and would press upon me such trash as panada macaroni & the like, which affect my stomach. This I will none of, but quietly wait till my ordinary diet is permitted, & thank God I can fast with any one. I walked out & found the day delightfull; the woods too looking charming, just bursting forth to the tun[c] of the birds. I have been whistling on my wits like so many chickens, & cannot miss any of them. I feel, on the whole, better than I have yet done. I believe I have fined and recoverd, and so may be thankful.²

April 28 and 29.—Walter made his appearance, well curd, stout, and completely recoverd of his stomach complaints by abstinence. He has youth on his side. & I in in age must submit to be a lazar[us]. The medical men persist in recommending a seton. I am no friend to these nasty

¹ Scott wrote “incumbere”—a slip.

² To “levy a fine” and to “suffer a recovery” were devices in English law for getting rid of an entail. When Scott says he has “fined and recovered,” he seems to mean that a paralytic seizure or the drastic treatment applied by his doctors has rid him of another disorder. This seems a reminiscence of *Merry Wives of Windsor* (iv, 2, 190): “The spirit of wantonness is, sure, scared out of him: if the devil have him not in fee-simple, with fine and recovery, he will never I think in the way of waste attempt us again.”

remedies, and will be sure of the necessity before I yield consent. The dying like an Indian under tortures is no joke, and, as Commodore Trunnion says, I feel heart whole as a biscuit. My mind turns to politics. I feel little [better] just now, and so I am. I will wait till Lockhart comes, but that may be too late.

n

MAY

April 30 and May 1.—To meet Sandy Pringle tomorrow to settle the day of election on Monday. Go on with *Count Robert* half a dozen leaves per day. I am not much pleased with my handy work. The Chancery money seems like to be paid. This will relieve me of poor Charles, who is at present my ch[i]ef burthen. The task of pumping my brains becomes inevitably harder when

Both cha[i]n pumps are choked below.

And though this may not be the case literally, yet the apprehension is well nigh as bad.

May 2.—The day passd as usual in dictating (too little) & noting a good deal. I must get finishd with *Count Robert*, who is progressing, as the transatlantic[s] say, at a very slow pace indeed. By the bye, I have a letter from Nathan T. Rossiter, New York City, Williamstown, offering me a collection of poems by Byron, which are said to have been found in Italy some years since by a friend of Mr. Rossiter. I don't see I can at all be entitled to these, so shall write to decline them. If Mr. Rossiter chuses to publish them in Italy or America he may, but, publishd here, they must be the property of Lord Byron's Executor.

May 3.—Sophia arrives with all the children looking well & beautiful, except poor Johnn[ie], who looks very pale. But it is no wonder, poor thing.

May 4.—I have a letter from Lockhart, promising to be down by next wednesday, that is, to day. I will consult him about Byron's exors., and as to these poems said to be his Lordship's. They are very probably first copies

thrown aside, or may not be genuine at all. I will be glad to see Lockhart. My pronunciation is a good deal improved. My time glides away ill employd. But I am afraid of the palsy. I should not like to be pind to my chair. But I believe even that kind of life is more endurable than we could suppose. Your wishes are limited to your little circle—yet the idea is terrible to a man who has been active. My own circle in bodily matters is daily narr[o]wing. Not so in intellectual matters, but I am perhaps a worse judge. The plough is coming to the end of the furrow. So it is likely I shall not reach the common goal of mortal life by a few years. I am now in my sixtieth year only, threescore and ten years do sum up.¹

May 5.—A fleece of letters, which must be answerd, I suppose—all from persons, my zealous admirer[s], of cour[se], and expecting a degree of gen[e]rosity, which will put to rights all their maladies, physical & mental; and expecting that I can put to rights whatever losses have been their lot, raise them to a desireable rank, and [be] their protector & patron. I must, they take it for granted, be astonishd at haying an address from a stranger; on the cont[ra]ry, I would be astonishd if an[y] of these extravagant epistles were from any one who had the least title to enter into correspondence with me. I have all the plague of answering these teasing people. Mr. Burns (Burn), the architect, came in, struck by the appearance of my house from the road. He approved my architecture greatly. He tells me the ædifice for Jeanie Deans—that is, her prototype—is nigh finishd, so I must get the inscription ready.² Mr. Burns (Burn) came to meet with Pringle of Haining; but, alas it is two nights since this poor young man, driving in from his own lake, where he had been fishing, and an ill broken horse ran away with [him], and, at his own stable door, overturnd the vehicle and fractured poor Pringle's skull. He died yesterday morning. A bad business; so young a man, the proprietor of a good estate, and a well disposed youth. His politics were,

¹ Metrical Version of the 90th Psalm.

² The inscription is printed in Lockhart's *Life of Sir Walter Scott*.

I think, mistaken, being the reverse of his father's ; but that is nothing at such a time. Burns (Burn) went on to Richardson's place of Kirklands, where he is to meet the proprietor, whom I too would wish to see. But I can hardly make it out. Here is a world of arrangements. I think we will soon hit upon some thing. My son Walter takes leave of me today to return to Sheffield. At his entreaty I have agreed to put in a seton, which they seem all to recommend. My own opinion is, this addition to my tortures will do me no good ; but I cannot hold out against every one. So, when the present blister is well over, let them try their seton as they call it.

May 6 and 7.—Here is a precious job. I have a formal remonstrance from these critical persons, Ballantyne and Cadell, remonstrating against the last volume of *Count Robert*, which is within a sheet of being finished. I suspect their opinion will be found to coincide with that of the publick ; at least it is not very different from my own. The blow is a stunning one I suppose, for I scarcely feel it. It is singular, but it comes with as little surprize as if I had a remedy ready. Yet God knows, I am at sea in the dark, and the vessell leaky, I think, into the bargain. I cannot conceive that I should have tied a knot with my tongue which my teeth cannot untie. We will see. I am determined to write a political pamphlet *coute que coute*. Aye—should it cost [me] my life. I will [go to work] right and left on these unlucky proof-sheets, and alter at least what I cannot mend.

May 8.—I learn by a letter from a certain Ostler (Osler) of Birmingham that Mr. Hamper of that town to whom I was obliged for various antiquarian communications had terminated his existence worn out by struggling against the disgrace of being a member of a struggling firm and the prospect of three impoverishd daughters. I am truly sorry for it. He appeared an obliging, reading and attentive man and must have suffered much on the fatal transit. But fear implanted in every one's nature acts as a centinel, to assure us that rash actions will not become too frequent. They were not so even among the Ancients

who honourd and applauded those who committed them. I am sure it is mere fear keeps half the world [from suicide], especially if they have been blisterd, bled and criticized.¹ I have sufferd terribly, that is the truth, rather in body than in mind, and I often wish I could lie down and sleep without waking. But I will fight it out if I can. It would argue too great an attachment of consequence to my literary labours to sink under [so searching a strain?]. Did I know how to begin, I would begin this very day, although I knew I should sink at the end. After all, this is but fear and faintness of heart, though of another kind from that which trembles at a loaded pistol. My bodily strength is terribly gone; perhaps my mental too?

May 9.—The weather uncommonly beautiful and I am very eager to get on thinning woods while the peeling season lasts. We made about £200 off[f] wood last season, and times render the sum worth looking at.

May 10.—Some repairs on the mill-dam still keep the people employed, and we cannot get to the thinning. Yet I have been urging them for a month. It is a great faultt of Scottish servants that they cannot be taught to time their turns.

May 11.—By old practice I should be going into town to-day, the Session sitting to-morrow. Am I happier that I [am free] from this charge? Poorer I am, that is certain; and times begin to render my literary [earnings] more precarious than usual. Very weak, scarce able to crawl about without the pony—lifted on and off[f]—and unable to walk half a mile save with great pain.

May 12.—Resolved to lay by *Robert of Paris*, and take it up when I can work. Thinking on it really makes my head swim, and that is not safe. Miss Ferriar comes out to us. This gifted personage, besides having great talents, has

¹ The 1890 edition omitted more than half of this entry, although Lockhart had printed it in full in 1837. The late Prof. P. Hume Brown, who deciphered the MS and copied it for the 1890 edition, used to say that a passage had been omitted in the printed text because it seemed to mean that Scott contemplated suicide. He probably referred to this passage, but this is a complete misunderstanding of the passage, especially the words — "I will fight it out if I can."

conversation the least *exigant* of any author, female at least, whom I have ever seen among the long list I have encountered with, simple, full of humour, and exceedingly ready at repartee, and all this without the least affectation of the blue stocking.

May 13.—Mr., or more properly Dr. MacIntosh Mackay comes out to see me, a simple learned man, and a highlander who weighs his own nation justly—a modest and estimable person. I was beat up at midnight to sign a warrant against some delinquents. I afterwards heard that the officers were pursued by a mob from Galashiels with purpose of deforcing them as far as Saint Boswel's Green, but the men were lodged in Jedburgh Castle.

Merry doings, good Madam, as the Sandwich planter wrote to his patroness in England. Reports of mobs at all the Elections, which, I fore [see], will prove too [true]. They have much to answer for who in gaiety of heart have brought a peaceful and virtuous population to such a pass.

May 14.—Rode with Lockhart and Mr. Mackay through the plantations, and spent a pleasanter day than of late years. Story of a haunted glen in Laggan. The story a very cruel one.—A chieftain's daughter or cousin loved a man of low degree. Her kindred discovered the intrigue and punished the lover's presumption by binding the unhappy ma[n], and laying him naked in one of the large ants' nests common in a highland forest.

He died in agony of course, and his mistress became distracted, roamd wildly in the glen till she died, and her phantom, finding no repose, haunted it after her death to such a degree that the people shund the road by day as well as night. Mrs. Grant of Laggan tells the story, with the addition that Mr. Grant her husband, then minister of Laggan, fixd a religious meeting in the place, and, by the exercize of publick worship there, overcame the popular terror of the Red Woman. Dr. Mackay seems to think that she was rather banishd by a branch of the parliamentary road being [brought] up the glen than by the prayers of his predecessor's preaching. Dr. Mackay, it being

sunday, favoured us with an excellent discourse on the Socinian controversy, which I wish my friend Mr. Laidlaw had heard.

May 15.—Dr. Mack[a]y left us early this morning ; and I rose and studied as usual, working at the *Tales of my Grandfather*. Our good and learned Dr. wishes to go down the Tweed by Berwick. It is a laudable curiosity, and I hope will be agreeably satisfied.

May 16 and 17.—I wrote and rode as usual, and had the pleasure of Miss Ferriar's company in my family hours, which was a great satisfaction ; she has certainly less affec[ta]tion than any female I have known that [has] stood so high even Joanna Baillic hardly excepted. By the way, She [Mrs. Baillic] has entered on the Socinian controversy, [for] which I am very sorry. She has published a number of texts on which she conceives the controversy to rest, but it escapes her that she can only quote them through a translation. I am sorry this gifted woman is hardly doing herself justice, and doing what is not required at her hands. Mr. Laidlaw of course thinks it the finest thing in the world.¹

May 18.—Went [to] Jedburgh to the election, greatly against the wishes of my daughters.

The mob were exceedingly vociferous and brutal, as they usually are nowadays. But the Sheriff had two troops of dragoons at Ancrum bridge, and all went off quietly. The populace gathered in formidable numbers—a thousand from Hawick alo[ne]. They were most blackguard and abusive ; the day passed with much clamour and no mischief. Henry Scott was reelected—for the last time, I suppose. *Troja fuit*. I left the Burgh in the midst of Abuse and the gentle hint of Burke Sir Walter. Much obliged to the bra lads of Jeddart. Upwards of forty freeholders voted for Henry Scott, and only fourteen [for] the puppy that opposed him. Even of this party he gained far the greater number by the very awkward Coalition with Sir William Scott of Ancrum. I came home tired enough at seven at night.

May 19.—Wrote and read till one o'clock & feel myself

¹ Scott refused to add the book to his library and gave it to Laidlaw.

still tird and my neck sore. The blister rising again I suppose. Rode out and found the mill-pond finishd. At evening [?] post got a letter from Mr. Cadell agreeing like a worthy bibliopole to stand Tom Callender for £300 or £400 this uncommercial year. I will go on and work like a tiger at the *tales of my Grandfather*, &c. If I recover [health] I have no fear of doing well enough, and if I die I shall le[ad] [leave] enough of literary remains to clear Cadell, so we are safe any way.

May 20.—This is the Selkirk Election, which I supposed would be as tumultuous as the Jedburgh one. But the Sutors of Selkirk had got a new light, and saw in the proposed Reform Bill nothing but a mode of disfranchising their ancient Burgh. Although the crowd was great, yet there was a sufficient body of special constables, hearty in their useful office, and the election pass[ed] as quietly as I ever witnessd one. I came home before dinner, very quiet. I am afraid there is something serious in Galashiels. Jeffrey is fairly funk'd about it, and has written letters to the authorities of Roxburghshire and Selkirkshire to caution us against the making the precognitions public, which looks ill. Yet I think he would have made arrests when the soldiers were in the country. The time [at] which I settled at Abbotsford, 1811, Whitsunday, I broke up a conspiracy of the weavers. I[t] will look like signalizing my removal if another takes place just now. Incendiary letters have been sent, and the householders are in a general state of alarm. The men at Jedburgh Castle are said to be disposed to make a clean breast; if so, we shall soon know more of the matter. Lord William Graham has been nearly murderd at Dunbarton. Why should he not have brought down fifty or an hundred lads with the kilts, each with a good kent in his hand fit to call the soul out of the body of three weavers? They would have kept order, I warrant ye.

May 21.—Little more than my usual work and my usual exercize. I rode out through the pla[n]tations and saw the woodmen getting down what was to fall; it seems there will be as much for sale as last year of bark: I think

about £40 pounds worth. A very nice additional pond to the saw mill has been contrived and executed. As for my tales, they go on well, and are amusing to myself at least. The history of France is very entertaining.

May 22.—I have a letter from my friend John Thomson of Duddingston. I had transmitted him an order fr[om] the Duke of Buccleuch for his best picture at his best price leaving the choice of the subject and every thing else to himself. He expresses the wish to do at an ordinary price a picture of common size. The declining to put himself first will, I fear, be thought like shrinking from his own reputation, which nobody has less need to do. The Duke may wish a large picture for a large price for furnishing a large apartment, even the Artist should not shrink from it. I have written him my opinion. •

The feeling is no doubt an amiable, though a false one. He is modest in proportion to his talent. But what brother of the [fine ?] arts ever approached [me ?] to please himself?

May 23, 24, and 25.—Worked and exercised regularly. I do not feel that I care twopence about the change of diet as to taste, but I feel my strength much decayd. On horseback my spine feels remarkably sore, and [I am] tired with a five miles ride. We expect Walter coming down for the Fife election, which he is expected to gain [?].

OCTOBER

INTERVAL

I have been very ill, and if not quite unable to write, I have been unfit to do [so]. I have wrought, however, at two Waverly things, but not well, and, what is worse, past mending. A total prostration of bodily strength is my chief complaint. I cannot walk half a mile. There is beside[s] some mental confusion, with the extent of which I am not perhaps fully acquainted. I am perhaps setting. I am myself inclined to think so, and, like a day that has

been admired as a fine one, the light of it sets down amid mists and storms. I neither regret nor fear the approach of death if it is coming. I would compound for a little pain instead of this heartless muddiness of mind which renders me incapable of any thing rational. The expence of my journey will be something considerable, which I can fence against by borrowing £500 from Mr. Gibson. To Mr. Cadell I owe already, with the cancels on these apoplectic books, about £200, and must run it up to £500 more at least. Yet thes[e] heavy burthens would be easily borne if I were to be the Walter Scott I once was; but the change is great. This would be nothing, prov[id]ing that I could count upon these two books having a sale equal to their predecessors. But as they do not deserve the same countenance, they will not and cannot have such a share of favo[ur], and I have only to hope that they will not involve the *Waverley[s]*, which are now selling 30,000 volumes a month, in their displeasure. Something of a *journal* and the *Reliquiae Trotcosienses* will probably be moving articles, and I have in short no fears on pecuniary matters. Well said [illegible] Colin Mackenzie the Ruin which I fear involves that of my King and Country

Shall this Desolation strike thy towers alone ?

No, sad Ellan Donan such ruin 'twill bring

That the storm shall have force to unsettle the throne,

And thy fate shall be mixd with the fate of thy King.¹

This I for[ε]see, that the great part of the memorialists are bartering away the dignity of their rank by seeking to advance themselves by a job, which is a melancholy sight. The ties between democrat and aristocrat and democrat are sullen discontent with each other. The former are regarded as a Housedog which has manifested signs of incipient canine madness and is not to be trusted. Walter came down to day to join our party. Yesterday [September 20?] Wordsworth, his son (nephew) and daughter, came to see us, and we went up to Yarrow. The eldest son of Lord Ravenswood (Ravensworth) also came to see us,

¹ "Ellandoan Castle" by Colin Mackenzie in *Border Minstrelsy*, stanza xxv.

with his accomplished Lady. We had a pleasa[n]t party, and to day were left by the Liddells, *Manent* the three Wordsworth[s] *cum cateris*. A German or Hungarian ; Count Erdödy, or some such name, also retires.

We arrived in London [*September 28,*] after a long and painful journey. The weakness of my limbs palpably increasing, and the physick prescribed making me weaker every day. Lockhart, poor fellow, is as attentive as possible, and I have, thank God, no pain whatever, but the decay can be so easy at last, it would be too happy, and I fancy the instances of Euthanasia are not in very serious cases very common. Instances there certainly [are] among the learnd and the unlearnd—Dr. Black, Tom Purdie. I should [wish], if it pleased God, to sleep off in such a quiet way. But we must take what fate sends. I have not warm hopes of being in myself again.

Wordsworth and his daughter, a fine girl, were with us on the last day. I tried to write in her Diary, and made an ill favoured botch. No helf (help) for it. sti[t]ches will wear, and elbows will out, as the tailor says.

[*October 8, London.*].—The King has locald me on board the *Barham*, with my suite, consisting of my eldest son, youngest daughter, and perhaps my daughter in law, which, with poor Charles, will make a goodly tail. I fancy the head of this tail cuts a poor figure, scarce able to stir about.

The town is afoam with poiticks. The report is that the Lords will throw out the bill.

And now, morning of 8th October, I learn it is quoited down stairs like a shovel board shilling, with a plague to it, as the most uncalld for attack upon a free constitution, under which men lived happily, which ever was ventured in my day.

Well, it would have been pleasing to have had some share in so great a victory, yet even now I am glad I have been quiet. I believe I should only have made a bad figure. Well, I will have time enough to think of all this.

October 9. -The report today is that the Chancellor will unite with the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel [to] bring in a bill of his own cocting, modified to the taste

of the other two, with which some think the other two will be satisfied. This is not very unlikely, for Lord Brougham has been displeased with not having been admitted to Lord John Russell's task of bill drawing, he is a man of unbounded ambition, as well a[s] unbounded talent and unhesitating temper. Here have been hosts of people, particularly the Duke of Buccleuch, to ask me to the Christening of his son and Heir, when the King stands godfather. I am askd as an ally and friend of the family, which makes the compliment greater. Singular that I should [have stood godfather] to this duke himself, representing some great man. Painful suspicions about Mr. Murray which God [avert]. Lockhart and Sophia might be ruind by a failure there. If trade would revive this course [?] I should hope might be avoided. If the public be again occupied by a sea of restless politicks I fear they will sink. Lord Louvain calls.

November (October) 10.—Yesterday we dined alone, so I had an opportunity of speaking seriously to John; but I fear procrastination. It is the crisis of Friar Bacon's Brazen head, *Time is—Time was* but the tim[e] may soon come *Time shall be no more*. The Whigs are not very bold. Not much above 100 met to support Lord Grey to the last. Their resolutions are moderate, probably because they could not have carried stronger. I went to breakfast at Sir Robert Henry Inglis', and coming home about twelve found the mob rising in the Regent's Park, and roaring for reform as rationally as such a party of Angusshir[e] cattle would have done. Sophia seemd to adopt (*sic*) the jolly host does in the play. "These are my windows," [he] said, shutting the shutters. "Let them batter—I care not serving the good Duke of Norfolk." After a time they passd out of our sight, and wearying doubtless to seek a more active scene of reformation. As the night closed, the citizens who had hitherto contented themselves with shouting, became more active, and when it grew dark set forth to make work for the glasiars.

November (October) 11, Tuesday.—We set out in the morning to breakfast with Lady Gifford. We passd several

glorious specimens of the last night's feats of the reformers. The Duke of New Castle's and Lord Dudley's house was very sufficiently broken. The maidens, however, had resisted, and from the top of the house with coals, which had greatly embarras'd the assailants. Surely if the people are determined on using a right so questionable, and the government resolved to consider it, as too sacred to be resisted, som[c] modes of resistance might be resorted to of a character more ludicrous than fire arms,—coals, for example, scalding oil, boiling water, or some other mode of defence against a sudden attack. We breakfas[t]ed with a very pleasant party at Lady Giffard[s]. I was particularly happy to meet Lord Sidmouth ; at seventy-five, he tells me, as mu[ch] in health and spirits as at sixty. I also met Captain Basil [Hall], to whom I owe so much, for promoting my retreat in so easy [a] manner. I found my appointment to the *Barham* had been pointed out by Captain Henry Duncan, R.N., as being a measure which would be particularly agre[c]able to the officers of the service. This is too high a compliment.

In returning I call'd to see the repairs at Lambeth, which are proceeding under the able direction of Blore, who met me there. They are in the best gothick taste, and executed at the expence of a large sum, to be secured by way of mortgage, payable in fifty years ; each Incumbent within the time paying a proportion of about £4000 a year. I was pleased to see this splendour of Church Architecture returning again.

At home we found Mrs. Thomas Scott with her three daughters and little Tom Huxley all comely and clever girls and apparently entertaining a warm regard for the[i]r uncle. I paid Mrs. Scott £150 (one hundred and fifty pounds) of my Mother's legacy which was pledged in my hands as a security for my my poor brother's intromissions with the pay of the regiment. I imagine there will be £600 or £700 of balance remaining which I should be glad to pay to my Nephew Walter. Government have repeatedly renew'd and departed from their claim on Mr. Robert MacCulloch of the navy pay office, the claim

fluctuating from £2000 or £3000 to £500 and falling at the last report considerably within the latter sum which is nothing surely to be afraid of. Mr. MacCulloch thinks there is not a penny due and that the claim will not again be brought forward by the government.

My relations come to breakfast tomorrow. Lord Mahon, a very amiable as well as clever young man, comes to dinner with Mr. Croker; Lady Louisa Stuart in the afternoon, or, more properly, at night.

November (October) 12.—Misty morning—looks like a yellow fog, which is the curse of London. I would har[d]ly take my share of it for a share of its wealth and its curiosity—a vile double distilld fog of the most intolerable kind. Children scarce stirring yet, but Baby and the Macaw beginning their Macaw notes. Among other feats of the mob on Monday, a gentleman who saw the onslaught told me two men got on the Lord Londonderry's carriage and struck him; the high chief Constable came to the rescue and belaboured the rascals, who ran and roard. I should have liked to have seen the onslaught. Dry beating and plenty of it, is a great operator of a Reform among these gentry. At the same time Lord Londonderry is a brainsick man, very unlike his brother. He horsewhippd a centinel under arms at Vienna for obeying his *consigne*, which was madness. On the other side all seems to be prepared. Strong bodics of the Police are stationd in all the squares and places supporting each other regularly. The men themselves say that their numbers amount to 3000, and that they are supported by troops in still greater numbers, so that the conservative force is sufficiently strong.

Four o'clock. A letter from the Duke saying the party is put off[f] by command of the King, and probably the day will be put off untill the Duke's return from Scotland. So our hopes of seeing the fin[e] ceremony is all ended.

November (October) 13.—*Nocte pluit tota*—an excellent recipe for a mob, so they have been quiet accordingly, as we are informed. Two or three other wet nights would do much to weary them out with inactivity. Millman, whom I remember a fine gentleman-like young

man, dined here yesterday and is turnd much coarser. He says the fires have never ceased in his country, but that the sufferings and oppressions occasioned by the Poor's Rate are very great, and there is no persuading the English farmer that an amended system is comfortable both [for] the rich and Poor.

The plan of ministers is to keep their places maugre Peers and Commons both, while they have the countenance of the crown. But if a Prince shelters, by authority of the prerogative, ministers against the will of the other authority of the state, Quaere does he not quit the Defence which supposes he can do [no] wrong? This doctrine would make a curious change of parties. Will they attempt to legitimate the Fitz Clarences? God forbid! Yet it may end in that. It would be Paris all over. The family is said to have popular qualities. Then what would be the remedy? Marry! seize on the person of the Princess Vittoria, carrying her North and setting up the banner of England with the Duke of W. as Dictator. A brave, brave et demi! Well, I am too old to fight, and therefore should keep the windy side of the Law; besides, I shall be [bound over?] before times come to a decision. In the mean time the King dare not go to stand godfather to the son of one of his most powerful peers, a party of his own making, lest his loving subjects pull the house about the ears of his noble host and the company invited to meet him. Their loyalty has a pleasant way of displaying itself. I will go to Westminster after breakfast and see what people are saying, and whether the *Barham* is like to sail, or whether its course is not altered to the coast of the Low Countries instead of the Mediterranean.

November (October) 14.—Tric.¹ to walk to Lady Louisa Stuart's, but took a little vertigo and came back. Much distress by a letter from Walter. He is like to be sent on an obn[o]xious service with very inadequate force, little prospect of thanks if he does his duty, and much of blame if he is unable to accomplish it. I have little doubt he will ware his mother's calf skin on them. The manufacturing districts are in great danger. London seems

pretty secure. Sent off the Revise of Introduction to Mr. Cadell.

October 16.—A letter from Walter with better news. He has been at hardhead[s] with the rogue[s] and come off with advantage ; in short, practized with success the art of drawing two souls out of one weaver. All seems quiet now, and I suppose the Major will get his leave as proposed. Two ladies—Byron's Mary Chaworth—have been frightened to death while the mob tore the dying creatures from their beds and proposed to throw them in to the flames, drank the wine, destroyd the furniture, and committed other excesses of a Jacquerie. They have been put down, however, by a strong force of yeomanry and Regulars. Walter says the soldiers fired over the people's heads, whereas if they had levelld low, the bullets must have told wider among the multitude. I can't approve [of] this, for in such cases severity is ultimate mercy. However, if they have made a sufficient impression to be striking—why, enough is as good as a feast.

16 Novemr [*sic*].—There is a strange story about town of ghost sceing vouchd by Lord Prudhoe, a near relation of the Duke of Northumberland, and whom I know as an honourable man, and [a] colonel described as a cool-headed sensible man of worth and honour. Palsgrave, who dined with us yesterday, told us twice over the story as vouchd by Lord Prudhoc, and Lockhart gave us Colonel Felix's edition, which coincided exactly. I will endeavour to extract the Essence of both.

While at Grand Cairo they were attracted by the report of a physician who could do the most singular magical feats, and was in the habit not only of relieving the living, but calling up the dead. This sage was the member of a tribe of the interior part of Africa. They were some time (two years) in finding him out, for he by no means pressd himself on the [*illegible*], nor did he on the other hand avoid them ; but when he came to Grand Cairo readily agreed to gratify them by a sight of his wonders. The scenes exhibited were not visible to the operator himself, nor to the person for whose satisfaction they were

call'd up, but, as in the case of Dr. Dee and other Adepts, by means of a viewer, an ignorant Nubian boy, whom, to prevent imposture, the English gentlemen selected for the purpose, and, as they thought, without any risque of imposture by confederacy betwixt him and the physician. The process was as follows. A black square was drawn on the palm of the boy's hand, or rather a kind of pentacle with an arabic character inscribed at each angle. The figures evoked were seen through this space as if the substance of the hand had been removed. Magic rites, and particularly perfumes, were liberally resorted to. After some suffumigation the Magician declared that they could not proceed untill the Seven flags should become visible. The boy declared he saw nothing, then said he saw a flag, then two; often hesitated at that number for a certain time, and on several occasions the spell did not work and the operation went no further. But in general the boy saw the seven flags through the aperture in his hand. The Magician then said "we must call the sultaun," and the Boy said he saw a splendid tent fix'd, surrounded by immense hosts, E[b]lis no doubt, and his angels. The person evoked was then named, and appeared accordingly. The only indispensibl[e] requisite was that he was named speedily, for the Sultaun did not like to be kept waiting. Accordingly, William Shakespeare being named, the boy declared that he saw a Frank in a dress which he described as that of the reign of Elizabeth or her successor, having a singular countenance, a high forehead, and a very little beard. Another time a brother of [the] Colonel was named. The boy said he saw a Frank in his uniform dress and a black groom behind him leading a superb horse. The dress was a red jacket and white pantaloons; and the principal figure turning round, the boy announced that he wanted his arm, as was the case with Felix's brother. The ceremony was repeated fourteen times; respectfully in twelve instances, and in two it fail'd from nonappearance of the twelve banners in the first instance. •

The apparent frankness of the operator was not the least surpr[i]zing part of the affair. He made no mystery, said

that he possessed this power by inheritance, as a family gift ; yet that he could teach it, and was willing to do [so], for no enormous sum—nay, one which seemd very moderate. I think two gentlemen embraced the offer. One of them is dead and the other still abroad. The Sage also took a price for [the] exhibition of his skill, but it was a moderate one, being regulated on the expence of the perfumes consumed in the ceremony. There remains much more to ask but I understood the witnesses do not like to bother about, which is very natural.

One would like to know a little more of the Sultaun, of the care taken to secure the fidelity of the boy who was the viewer and on whom so much dependend ?

Whether another sage practizing the same feat, as it was said to be hereditary, was ever known to practize in the city? The truth of a story so irreconcilable with the common course of nature must depend on crossexamination. If one should find, while at Malta, that they had an opportunity of expiscating this matter, though at the expence of a voyage to Alexandria, it would hardly deter me.

The girls go to the Chapel Royal this morning at Saint James's. A visit from the Honble John Forbes, son of my old and early friend Lord Forbes, who is our fellowpassenger. The ship expects presently to go to sea. I was very glad to see this young officer and to hear his news. Drummond [?] and I have been friends from our infancy.

November (October) 17.—The morning beautiful to day. I go to look after the transcrip[t]s in the Museum and have a card [to see] a set of chess men thrown up by the sea on the C[o]ast of Scotland, which were offerd to sale for £100. The King, Queen, Knights, etc., were in the costume of the 14th Century, the substance ivory or rather the horn of the mo[o]ze, somewhat injured by the salt water in which they had been immersd for som[e]time. Sir John Malcolm told us a story about Garrick and his wife. The Lady admired her husband greatly, but blamed her (him) for a taste for low life, and insisted that he

loved better to play Scrub to a lowlif[e]d Audience than one of his superior characters before an Audience of taste. On one particular occasion She was at her box in the theatre. *Richard III*d was the performance, and Gar[r]ick's acting, especially in the night scene, drew down universal applause. After the play was over Mrs. G. proposed going home, which Gar[r]ick declined, alleging he had some business in the green room, which must detain him. In short, the Lady was obliged to acquiescence, and wait the beginning of a new entertainment, in which was introduced a farmer giving his neighbours an account of the wonders se[e]n on a visit to London. This character was received with such peals of applause that Mrs. Gar[r]ick began to think it rivald those which had been so lately lavished on Richard the third. At last she observed her little spaniel dog was making efforts to get towards the balcony which separated him from the facetious farmer. She became at [last] aware of the truth. "How strange," [s]he said, "that a dog should know his master, and a woman, in the same circumstances, should not recognize her husband."

October 18.—Sophia had a small but lively party last night, as indeed she has had every night since we were here—Ladies—Lady Louisa Stuart, Viscountess Mountagu, Miss Fanny Mountagu, Lady Macleod, and two or three others; Gentlemen—Lord Montagu, Macleod, Lord Dundley (*sic*), Rodgers. A good deal of singing. Binning [?] Monro. If Sophia keeps to early hours and small [?] parties she may pick London for small parties as poor Miss White did, and without much expence. A little address is all that is necessary. Sir John insists on my meeting this Rammohoun Roy. I am no believer in his wandering knight, so fair. The time is gone of sages who travelld to collect wisdom as well as heroes to reap honour. Men think and fight for money. I won't see the man if I can help it. Flatterers are difficult enough to keep at a distance though they be no rene-gades. I hate a fellow who begins with throwing away his own religion, and then affects a prodigious respect for another.

Captain H. Duncan calld with Captn Pigot, a smart

looking gentleman like man, and announces his purpose of sailing on monday. I have [made] my preparations for being on board on monday, which is the day appointed.

October 19.—Capt. Duncan told me jocularly never to hark [to] a naval Captain's word on shore, and quoted Sir William Scott, who used to say, waggishly, that there was nothing so accommodating as a naval captain on shore ; but when on board he became a per[e]mptory lion. Henry Duncan has behaved very kindly, and says he only discharges the wishes of his service in making me as easy as possible, which is very handsome. No danger of feud, except about politics, which would be impolite on my part, and though it bars out one great subject of discourse, it leaves enough besides. That I might have nothing doubtful, Walter arrives with his wife, both ready to sail, so what little remains must be done without loss of time.

October 20.—This is our last morning, so I have money to draw for and pay away to see dear Lord Montagu too. The Duchess came yesterday. I suppose £50 will clear me, with som[e] balance for Gibraltar.

I leave this country uncertain if it has got a total pardon or only a reprieve. I won't think of it, as I cannot do no good. It seems to be in one of those crises by which Providence reduces nations to their original Element. If I had my health, I should take the worldly for me to bustle in ; but I am weak as water, and shall be glad when I have put the Mediterranean between the island and me.

October 21 and 22.—Spent in takings of Farewell and adieus, which had been put off till now, a melancholy ceremonial, with some a useless one. Yet there [are] friends whom it sincerely touches one to part with. It is the cement of lif[e] giving way in a moment. Another unpleasant circumstance is—one is calld upon to recollect those whom Death or estrangement have severed as must fall, after starting merrily together in the voyage of life.

October 23.—Portsmouth. Arrived here in the evening. Found the *Barham* will not sail till the 26 October, that is Wednesday next. The Girls break loose, mad with the

craze of seeing sights, and ran the risque of our losing some of our things and deranging the Naval officers, who offer their services with their natura[l] gallantry. Capt. Pigot came to Breakfast, wt several other officials. The Girl[s] contrived to secure a sight of the Block harness and manufactory, together with that of the Biscuit, also invented by Brunel. I think that I have seen the first of these wonderful [sights] in 1816, or about that time. Sir John (Thomas) Foley gives an entertainment to the Admiralty, and sends to invite [me]; but I pleaded health, and remained at home. Neither will I go out a sight-seeing, which madness seems to have seized my women kind.

This ancient town is one of the few in England which is fortified, and which gives it a peculiar appearance. It is much surrounded with heaths or thin poo[r] muirs covered with heather, very barren in that aspect, ye[t] capable of being converted into rich arable and pasturage. I would [not] desire a better estate than to have 2000 acres which would be worth 40 shillings an acre.

October 24.—My womenkind are gone out with Walter and Captain Hall. I wish they would be moderate in their [demands] on people's complaisance; they littl[e] know how inconvenient are such seizures. A sailor is in particular a bad refuser, and before he can turn three times round, he is bound with a triple knot to all kinds of [engagements]. The wind is west, that is to say contrary, so our sailing on the day after tomorrow is highly doubtfull.

October 25.—A gloomy October day, the wind inflexibly constant in the west, which is fatal. Sir James Graham proposes to wait upon us after breakfast. A trouble occurs about my taking a[n] oath before a Master Extraordinary in chancery; but such cannot easily be found, as they reside in chambers in town, and rusticate after business, so they are [as] difficult to catch as an eel. At ten my children set off to the Dock yard, which is a most prodigious effort of machinery, and they are promised the sight of an anchor in the act of being forged, a most Cyclopean sight. Walter is to call upon the Solicitor and appoint him to be with [me] by twelve.

About the reign of Henry viii. the French took the pile, as it was calld, of Tondray, but were beat off. About the end of the American war, an individual named John Aiken, or John the Painter, undertook to set the dockyard on fire, and in some degree accomplishd his purpose. He had no accomplice, and to support himself committed solitary robberies. Being discoverd, he long hung in chains near the outward fortifications. Last Night a deputation of the literary and Philosophical Society of Dublin (Portsmouth) came to present me with the honorary freedom of their body, which I accepted with becoming gratitude. There is little credit in gathering the name of a disabled invalid.

Here I am, going a long and curious tour without ability to walk a quarter of a mile. Quaere, what hope of recovery? I think and think in vain, when attempting to trace the progress of this disease, and so gradually has my health declined, that I believe it has been acting upon me for ten years, gradually diminishing my strength. My mental faculties may perhaps recover; my bodily stren[g]th cannot return unless climate has an effect on the human frame which I cannot possibl[y] believe or comprehend. The safe resolution is, to try no foolish experiments, but make myself as easy as I can, without suffering myself to be vexd about what I cannot help. If I sit on the deck and look at Vesuvius, it will be all I ought to think of.

Having mentiond John the Painter, I may add that it was in this town of Portsmouth that the Duke of Buckingham was stabbd to death by Felton, a fanatic of the same kind with the Incendiary, though perpetrator of a more manly crime. This monster-breeding age can afford both Feltons and John Aikens in abundance. Every villag[e] supplies them, while in fact a deep feeling of the coarsest selfishness furnishes the ruling motive, instead of an affectation of publick spirit—that hackneyed affectation of patriotism, as like the reality as a Birmingham hal[f]penny to a guinea.

The girls, I regret to see, have got a senseless custom of talking politics at all weathers and in all sort[s] of company. This can do no good, and may give much offence. Silence

can offend no one, and there are pleasanter or less irritating subjects to talk of. I gave them both a hint of this, and bid them both remember they were among ordinary strangers who had no [uncompleted]. How little young people reflect what they may win or lose by a smart reflection imprudently fired off at a venture. Mr. Barrow of the Admiralty came in and told us the whole fleet, *Barham* excepted, were ordered to the North Sea to help to bully the King of Holland, and that Capt. Pigot, whose motions are of more importance to us than those of the whole British navy, sails, as certainly as these things can be prophesied, on Thursday, 27th October.

October 26.—Here we still are, fixed by the inexorable wind. Yesterday we asked a few old friends, Mr. and Mrs. O[s]borne, [?] and two or three others, to tea and talk, for I think they had little more. I engaged in a new novel, by Mr. Smith, called *New Forest*. It is written in an old stile, calculated to meet the popular ideas—somewhat like “man as he is not” and that class. The author’s opinions seem rather to sit loose upon [him] and to be adopted for the nonce and not very well brought out. His idea of a hero is an American philosopher with all the affected virtues of a republican which no man believes in. This is very tiresome—not to be able to walk abroad for an instant, but to be kept in this old house which they call the Fountain, a mansion made of wood in imitation of a ship. He[r] timbers were well tried last night during the squall. The thermometer has sunk an inch very suddenly, which seems to argue a change, and probably a deliverance from Port[smouth]. Sir Michael Seymour, Mr. Harris, Captain Lawrence came to greet us after breakfast; also Sir James Graham. They were all learned on the change of weather which seems to be generally expected. I had a good mess of Tory chat with Mr. Harris. We hope to see his daughters in the evening. He keeps his courage amid the despair of two (too) many of his party.

About one o’clock our Kofle, as Mungo Park words it, set out, and, self excluded, set out to witness the fleet sailing from the ramparts.

October 27.—The weather is more moderate and there is [a] chance of our sailing. We whiled away our time as we could, relieved by several kind visits. We realized the scene of hopeless expectation described by fielding in his voyage to Lisbon, which identical tract Capt. Hall, who in his eagerness to be kind seems in possession of the wishing cap of Fortunatus, was able to provide for us. Tomorrow is spoken of as certainly a day to move.

October 28.—But the wind is as unfavourable as ever and I take a hobbling morning walk upon the rampart, where I am edified by a good natured officer who shews me the place, marked by a buoy, where the *Royal George* went down “with 1500 men.” Its hull still forms a shoal which is still in existence, a neglect scarcely reconcilable with the splendour of our proceedings where our navy is concerned. Saw a battle on the rampart between two sailor boys, who fought like game cocks. Return to the Fountain, to a voluminous breakfast. Capt. Pigot calls, with little hope of sailing to day. I make my civil [?] affidavit yesterday be[fore] Mr. Marsden [?] a Master extraordinary in Chancery, which I gave to Sophia last night.

October 29 [the Barham].—The weather is changed and I think we shall sail. Capt Forbes comes with offer of the Admiral Sir Michael Seymour's barge, but we must pause on our answer. I have had a very disturbed night.

Capt Pigot's summons is at length brought by his own announcement, and the same time the Admiral's barge attends for our accomodation and puts us and our baggage on board the *Barham*, a beautiful ship, a seventy four cut down to a fifty, and well deserving all the commendations bestowd on her. The w[e]ather a calm which is almost equal to a favourable wind, so we glide beautifully along by the Isle of Wight and the outside of the island. We landsfolk feel that queerish sensation, when, without being in the least sick, we are not quite well. We dine enormously and take my cot at nine o'clock, where we sleep undisturbd till seven.

October 30.—Find the Bill of Portland in sight, having run about forty miles during the night. About the middle

of the day turn sea sick and retire to my berth for the rest of the evening.

October 31.—A sleepless night and a bilious morning, yet not so very uncomfortable as the phrase may imply. The bolts clashd, and made me dream of poor Bran. The wind being nearly comple[te]ly contrary, we have by ten o'clock gained Plymouth and of course will stand westward for Cape Finisterre. Terrible tossing and much sea sickness, beating our passage against the turn. I may as well say we had a parting visit from Lady Graham, who came off in a steamer, saluted us *à la distance* and gave us by signal her bonn voyage. On Sunday we had prayers and service from Mr. Marshall, our Chaplain, a Trinity College youth, who made a very respectable figure [*some words illegible*].

NOVEMBER

November 1.—The night was less dismal than yesterday, and we hold our course, though with an unfavourable wind, and make, it is said, about forty miles progress. After all, this sort of navigation recommends the steamer, which forces its way whether the breeze will or no.

November 2.—Wind as cross as two sticks, with nasty squall[s] of wind and rain. We keep dodging about the Lizard and Land's End without ever getting out of sight of these interesting terminations of old England. Keep the deck on the whole day though bitter cold. Betake myself to my *berth* at nine, though it is liker to my coffin.

November 3.—The Sea sickness has pretty much left us, but the nights are far from voluptuous, as Lord Stowell says. After breakfast I establish[ed] myself in the after cabbin to read and write as well as I can, whereof this is a bad specimen.

November 4.—The current unfavorable, and the ship pitching a great deal; yet the vessel on the whole keeps her course, and we get on our way with hope of reaching Cape Finisterre when it shall please God. °

November 5.—We still creep on this petty space from

day to day without being able to make way, but also without losing any. Mean while, *frolich* ! we become freed from the nausea and disgust of the sea sickness and are chirruping merrily. Spend the daylight chiefly on deck, where the sailors are traird in exercizing the great guns on a new sort of carriage calld, from the inventor, Marshall's, which seems ingenious.

November 6.—No progress [?] to day ; the Ship begins to lay her course but makes no great way. Appetite of the passengers excellent, which we amuse at the expence of the sea stock, cold beef and biscuit. I feel myself very helpless on board, but every body is ready to assist me.

November 7.—The wind still holds fair, though far from blowing steadily, but by fits and variably. No object to look at—

“ One wide way water all around us,
All about us one ‘ grey ’ sky.”

There are neither birds in the air, fish in the sea, nor object on face of the waters. It is odd that though once so great a smoker I now never think on a segar. So much the better.

November 8.—As we began to get southward we began to feel a milder and more pleasing temperature, and the wind becomes decidedly favourable when we have nearly traversed the famed bay of Biscay. Its now got into a sort of trade wind blowing from the east.

November 9.—This morning run seventy miles from twelve at night. This is something like going. Till now, bating the rolling and pitching, we lay as

“ . . . idle as a painting ship
Upon a painted ocean.”

November 10.—Wind changes and is both mild and favourable. We pass Cape Ortugal. See a wild cluster of skerries or naked rocks calld Berlinguas rising out of the sea like M^rLeod's Maidens on the isle of skye.

November 11.—Wind still more moderate and fair, yet it is about 11 knots an hour. We pass Oporto and Lisbon

in the night. See the coast of Portugal : a bare wild Country, with here and there a church or convent. If it keeps fair this evening [we] see Gibraltar, which would be very desireable. Our sailors have been exercized at a species of sword exercise, which recalls many recollections.

November 12.—The favourable wind gets back to its quarters in the South west, and becomes what the Italians call the Sirocco, abominated for its debilitating qualities. I cannot say I feel them, but I dreamt obscure dreams all night, which are probably to be credited to the Sirocco. After all, it is not an uncomfor[t]able wind to a Caledonian wild and stern. Ink won't serve.

November 13.—The wind continues unaccomodating all night, and we see nothing, although we promised ourselves to have seen Gibraltar, or at least Tangiers, this morning. But we are disappointed of both. Tangiers reminds me of my old antiquarian friend Auriol Hay Drummond, who is Consul there. Certainly if a human voice could have made its hail heard through a league or two of contending wind and wave, it must have been Auriol Drummond[']s]. I remember him at a dinner given by some of his friends when he left Edinburgh, where he discharged a noble part “self pulling like Capt Crowe for dear life, for dear life against the whole boat's crew,” speaking, that is, against 30 members of a drunken company and maintaining the predominance. Mons Meg was at that time his idol. He had a sort of avarice of proper names, and, besides half a dozen which were his legitimately, he had a desire to be calld *garvadh*, which uncouth appellation he claimd on no very good authority to be the ancient name of the Hays—a tale I loved [?] him [?] dearly. He had high spirits, a zealous faith, good humour, and enthusiasm, and it grieves me that I must pass within ten miles of him and leave him unsaluted ; for Mercy-a-ged what a yell of gratulation would there be. I would put up with a good rough gale which would force us [into] Tangiers and keep us there for a week, but the wind is only in gentle opposition, like a well drilld spouse.

Gibraltar we shall see this evening, Tangiers becomes

out of the question. Captain says we will lie by during the night rather, sooner than darkness shall devour such an object of curiosity, so we must look sharp for the old rock.

November 14.—The horizon is this morning full of remembrances. Cape Saint Vincent, Cape Spartell, Tarifa, Trafalgar—all spirit stirring sounds, are within our ken, and recognized with enthusiasm both by the old sailors whose memory can reinvest them with their terrors, and by the naval neophytes who hope to emulate the deeds of their fathers. Even a non combattant like myself feels his heart beats faster and fuller, though it is only with the feeling of the unworthy boast of the substance in the fable, *Nos poma natamus*. I begin to ask myself, Do I feel any symptoms of getting better from the climate?—which is delicious,—and I cannot reply with the least consciousness of certainty. I cannot in reason expect it should be otherwise. The failure of my limbs has been gradual (*sic*), and it cannot be expected that an infirmity which at least a year's bad weather graduall[y] brought on should diminish before a few mild and serene days. But I think there is some change to the better. I certainly write easier and my spirits are better. The officers compliment me on this, and I think justly. The difficulty will be to abstain from working hard, but we wil[l] try. I wrote to Mr. Cadell to day, and will send my letter ashore to be put into Gibraltar with the officer who leaves us at that garris[o]nce.

In the evening we saw the celebrated fortress, that we had heard of all our lives, and which there is no possibility of describing well in words, though the idea I had formed of it from prints, panoramas, and so forth, proved not very inaccurate. Gibraltar, then, is a peninsula having a tremendous precipic[e] on the Spanish side--that is, upon the North, where it is united to the main land by a low slip of land calld the neutral ground. The fortifications which rise on the rock are innumerable, and support each other in a manner accounted a model of modern art; the northern face of the rock itself is hewn into tremendous subterranean batteries calld the Hall of Saint George, and

so forth, mounted with guns of a large calibre. But I have heard it would be difficult to use them, from the effect of the report on the artillery men. The east side of the fortress is not so precipitous as the north, and it is on this it has been usually assailed; it bristles with guns and batteries, and has at its Northern extremity the town of Gibraltar, which seems from the sea a thriving place, and from thence declines gradually to Cape Europa, where there is a great number of remains of old caverns and towers, formerly the habitation or refuge of the Moors. At a distance, and curving into a bay, lie Algeziras, and the little Spanish town of Saint Roque, where the Spanish lines were planted during the siege. From Europa point the eastern frontier of Gibraltar runs pretty close to the sea, which arises in a perpendicular face, and it is called the 'back of the rock. No thoughts can be entertained of attacking it, although every means were used to make the assault in as general as possible. The effort sustained by such extraordinary means as the Floating Batteries were entirely directed against the defences on the west side, which it (if) it could have been continued for a few days with the same fury with which it commenced, must have worn out the force of the garrison. The assault had continued for several hours without success on either side, when a private man of the artillery, his eye on the Floating Batteries, suddenly called with extacy, "She burns, by God!" ; and first that vessel and then others were visibly discerned to be on fire, and the Besiegers' game was decidedly up.

We stood into the bay of Gibraltar and approached the harbour firing a gun and hoisting a signal for a boat. One according[ly] came off[f]—a man of war's boat—but refused to have any communication with us on account of the Quarantine. So we can send no letters ashore, and after some pourparler, Mr. ——— [*illegible*], instead of joining his regiment, must remain on board. We learn an unpleasant piece of news. There has been a tumult at Bristol and some rioters shot, it is said fifty or sixty. I would flatter myself that this is rather good news, since it seems to be no part of a formed insurrection, but an accidental

scuffle in which the mob have had the worst, and which, like Tranent, Manchester, and Bonnymoor, have always had the effect of quieting the people and alarming men of property. The Whigs will find it impossible to permit men to be plundered by a few blackguards by [them] calld the people, and education and property will recover an ascendance which they have only lost by faintheartedness. We backd out [of] the Bay by means of a current to the eastward, which always runs there, admiring in our retreat the lighting up the windows in the town and the various barracks or country seats visible on the Rock. He[re] far as we are from home, the general lighting [up] of [the] windows in the evening reminds us we are still in merry old England, where in reverse of its ancient Law of the Curfew, almost every individual, however humble his station, takes as of right a part of the evening for enlarging the scope of his industry or of his little pleasures. He trims his lamp to finish at leisure some part of his task, which seems in such circumstances almost voluntary, while his wife prepares the little meal which is to be its legitimate reward. But this happy privilege of freemen, English have, ceased. One happiness it is, they will soon learn their errors.

November 15.—I had so much to say about Gibraltar that I omitted all mention of the Straight, or more distant shores of Spain and Barbary, which form the extreme of our present horizon. They are highly interesting, a chain of distant mountains sweep round Gibraltar, bold peaked, well [de]fined, and deeply indented ; the most distinguish-[a]ble points occasionally garnishd with an old watch tower to afford protection against a corsair. The mountains seemd to be like those of the first formation, liker, in other words, to the highlands than thos[e] of the South of Scotland. The chain of hills in Barbary are of the same character, but more lofty and much more distant, being, I conceive, a part of the celebrated ridge of Atlas.

Gibraltar is one of the pillars of Hercules, Ceuta on the Moorish side is well known to be the other : to the westward of a small fortress garrisoned by the Spaniards is the Hill of Apes, the corresponding pillar to Gibraltar. There

is an extravagant tradition that there was once a passage under the sea from the one fortress to the other, and that an adventurous Governor, who puzzled his way to Ceuta and back again, left his gold watch a prize to him who had the courage to go to seek it.

We are soon carried by the joint influence of breeze and current to the African side of the Straits, and coast near by along a wild shore formed of mountains, like those of Spain, of varied form and outline. No churches, no villages, no marks of human hand are seen. The chain of hills show a mockery of cultivation, but it is only wild heath intermingled with patches of barren sand. I look in vain for cattle or flocks of sheep, and Aunt Anne¹ as vainly entertains hopes of seeing lions and tigers on a walk to the sea shore. The land of this wild country seems to have hardly a name. The cape which we are doubling has one, however—the Cape of the Three points.

That we might not be totally disappointed we saw one or two men engaged apparently in ploughing, distinguished by their turbans and the long pikes which they carried. Dr. Liddell says that on former occasions he has seen flocks and shepherds, but the war with France has probably laid the country waste.

November 16.—When I waked about seven found that we had the town of Oran twelve or fourteen miles off astern. It is a large place on the Sea beach, near the bottom of a bay, built close and packed together as Moorish [towns], from Fez to Timbuctoo, usually are. A considerable hill rises behind the town, which seems capable of holding ten thousand inhabitants. The hill up to its eastern summit is secured by three distinct lines of fortification, made probably by the Spanish when Oran was in their possession. Latterly it belonged to the state of Algiers; but whether it has yielded to the French or not we have no means of knowing. A French schooner of 18 guns seems to blockade the harbour. We show our colours, and she displays hers, and then resumes her cruise, looking as if she resumed her blockade. This would infer that the place

¹ Johnnie Lockhart's pronunciation of "Aunt Anne", i.e. Anne Scott.

is not yet in French hands. However, we have in any events no business with Oran, whether African or French. Bristol is a more important subject of consideration, but I cannot learn there are papers on board.

One or two other towns we saw on this dreary coast, otherwise nothing but a hilly coast cover[ed] with shingles and Gum cistus which attracted us for a little while. The night sets in calm but with a small degree of rolling.

November 17.—In the morning we are off Algiers, of which Captain Pigot's complaisance affords a very satisfactory sight. It is built on a sloping hill, running down to the sea, and on the waterside is ext[r]emely strong ; a very strong mole or causeway enlarges the harbour, by enabling them to include a little rocky island, and mount immense batterics, with guns of great number and size. It is a wonder, in the opinion of all judges, that Lord Exmouth's fleet was not altogether cut to pieces. The place is of little streng[t]h to the Land ; a high turreted wall of the old fashion is its best defence. When Charles v. attacked Algiers, he landed in the bay to the west of the town, and marchd behind it. He afterwards reachd what is still calld the emperor's fort, a building more highly situated than any part of the town, and commanding the wall which surrounds it. The Moors did not destroy this when Bourmont landed with the French. Unlike Charles v., that general disembarkd to the eastward of Algiers, and at the mouth of a small river. He then marchd into the interior, and, fetching a circuit, presented himself on the northern side of the town. Here the Moors had laid a simple stratagem for the destruction of the invading army. The Natives had conceived they would rush at once to the fort of the Emperor, which they there fore mined, and expected to destroy a number of the enemy by its explosion. This obvious device of war was easily avoided, and the Moor and General Bourmont, in possession of the heights, from which Algiers is commanded, had no difficulty in making himself master of the place. The french are said now to hold their conquest with difficulty, owing to a general commotion among the Moorish chiefs, of whom the Bey

was the nominal sovereign. To make war on these wild tribes would be to incur the disaster of the Emperor Julian. To neglect their aggressions is scarcely possible.

Algiers has at first an air of diminutiveness inferior to its fame in ancient and modern times. It runs up from the shore like a wedge, composed of a large mass of close packed white houses, piled as thick to each other as they can stained ; white terraced roof[s], and without windows. So the number of its inhabitants must be immense, in comparasion to the ground the buildings occupy--not less, perhaps, than 30,000 men. Eve[n] from the distance we view it, the place has a singular Oriental look, very dear to the imagination. The country around Algiers is [of] the same hilly description with the ground on which the town is situated—a bold hilly beach. The shores of the bay are stud[d]ed with villas, and ex[h]ibit enclosures : some used for agriculture, some for gardens, one for a mosque with a cemetery around it. It is said they are extremely fertile ; the first example we have seen of the exuberance of the African soil. The villas, we are told, belong to the Consular establishment. We saw our own, who, if at home, had no remembrance upon us. Like the Cambridge professor and the Elephant, “we were a paltry beast, and he would not see us,” for though we drew wtin cannon [shot], our fifty 36 pounders might have attracted some attention. The Moors shewed their old cruelty on the sole occasion. The crew of two foreign vessells having fallen into their hands by shipwreck, were murderd two thirds of them in cold blood. There are reports of a large body of french cavalry having shewn itself without the town. It is also reported by Lieutenant Walker, that the Consul hoisted, *comme de raison*, a british flag at his country house, so our vanity is safe.

We leave Algiers and run along the same kind of heathy, cliffy, barren reach of hills, terminated into high lines of serated ridges, and scarce shewing an atom of cultivation, but where the mouth of a river or a sheltering bay has encouraged the Moors to some species of fortification.

November 18.—Still we are gliding along the c[o]ast of

Africa, with a steady and unruffled gale ; the weather delicious. Talk of an island of wild goats, by name Galita ; this species of deer park is free to every one for shooting upon. Belongs probably to the A[l]gerines or Tunisians, whom circumstances do not permit to be very scrupulous in asserting their right of dominion. But Dr. Liddell has himself been present at a grand *Chasse* of the goats, so the thing is true [?].

The wild sinuosities of the land make us each moment look to see a body of Arabian cavalry wheel at full gallop out of one of these valleys, gallop along the beach, and disappear up some other recess of the hills. In fact we see a few herds, but a red cow is the most form[i]dable monture that we have seen.

A gener[a]l day of exercise on board, as well great guns as small arms. It was very entertaining to see the men take to the[ir] quarters with the unanimity of an individual. The Marines shot a target to pieces. The boarders scoured away to take their position on the yards with cutlass and pistol. The exhibition continued two hours, and was loud enough to have alarmed the shores, where the Algerines might, if they had thought fit, have imputing (*sic*) the firing to an opportune quarrel between the french and British, and have shouted "Allah Kerim !"—God is mercifull. This was the Dey's remark when he heard that Charles x. was dethroned by the Parisians.

We are near an African Cape calld Bugaroni, where, in the last war, the Toulon fleet used to trade for cattle.

November 19.—Wind favourable during night, dies away in the morning, and blows in flurries rather contrary. The steamboat packet, which left Portsmouth at the same time with us, passes us about seven o'clock, and will reach a day or two before us. We are now off the coast of Tun[i]s : not so high and rocky [?] as that of Algiers, and apparently much more richly cultivated. A space of considerable length along shore, between a conical hill calld Mount Balatz [?] and Cape Bon, which we past (*sic*) last night, is occupied by the French, as a Coral fishery.

They drop heavy shot by lines on the coral reeves and

break off fragments which they fill up with nets. The Algerines, seizing on about two hundred Neapolitans thus employd gave rise to the bombardment of their town by Lord Exmouth. All this coast picturesquely covered with inclosures and buildings is now clothed with squally weather, one hill has a smoky umbrella displayed over its peak, which is very like an volcano--m[an]y islets and rocks being the Italian names of Sisters, brother[s], dogs, and suchlike epithets. T[he] view is very striking, with varying rays of light and portions of shade mingling and changing as the wind rises and falls.

About one o'clock we pass the situation of Ancient Carthage, but saw no ruins, though such are said to exist. A good deal of talk about two ancient lakes called [*illegible*]. I knew the name, but little more. We pass in the evening two rocky islets, or skerries, rising straight out of the water, calld gli fratei or *the brothers*.

November 20.—A fair wind all night, running at the merry rate of nine knots an hour. In [the] morning we are in sight of the highest island of Pantelleria, which the Sicilians use as a state prison, a Species of Botany Bay. We are about thirty Miles from the Burning island—I mean Graham's—but neither that nor Ætna make the[i]r terrors visible. At noon Graham's island appears, greatly diminishd since last accounts. We got out the boats and surveyed this new production of the earth with great interest. Think I have got enough to make a letter to our fri[ends] [the] Royal Society and friends at Edinb. $37^{\circ}.10\frac{1}{2}$ latitude $12^{\circ}.44.40$ $15''.2$ do or 12.44 lying North and south by compass, by Mr. Bokely, the Captn[s] clerk. Returnd on Board at Dinner time.

November 21.—Indifferent night. In the morning we are running off Gozo, a subordinate island to Malta, int[er]sected with innumerable inclosures of dry stone dikes similar to those used in Selkirk shire, and this likeness is increasd by the appearance of sundry square towers of Ancient days. In former times this was believed to be Calypso's island, and the Cave of the Enchantress is still shewn: we saw the en[t]rance from the deck, as rude a

cavern as ever open'd out of a granite rock. The place of Saint Paul's shipwreck is also shewn, no doubt on similarly respectable authority.

At last we open'd Malta, an island, or rather a city, like no other in the world. The sea port, formerly the famous valetta, comes down to the sea shore. On the one side lay [the Knights], on the outer side lay the Turks, and finally got entire possession of it, while the other branch remain'd in the power of the Christians. Mutual Cruelties were exerciz'd ; the Turks, seizing on the remains of the knights who had so long defended Saint Elmo, cut the Malteze cross on the bodies of the slain, and, tying them to planks, let them drift with the receding tide into the other branch of the harbour still defended by the Christians. The Grand Master, in resentment of this cruelty, caused his Turkish prisoners to be decapitated and their heads thr[own] from mortars into the camp of the Infidels.

November 22.—To day we enter'd Malta harbour, and to Quarantine, which is here very strict. We are condemn'd by the board of Quarantine to ten days' imprisonment or sequestration, and go in the *Barham's* boat to our place of confinement, built by a Grand Master named Manuel for a palace for himself & his retinue. It is spacious and splendid, but not comfortable ; the rooms connected out of one into the other by an arcade, into which they all open, and which forms a delightful walk. If I was to live here a sufficient tim[e] I think I could fit the apartments up so as [to] be handsome, and even imposing, but at present they are only kept as barracks for the infirmary or lazaretto. A great numbers of friends come to [see me], who are not allow'd to approach nearer than a yard. This, as the whole affair is a farce, is ridiculous enough. We are guarded by the officers of health in a peculiar so[rt] of livery or uniform with yellow necks, who [?] skip up and down with every man that stirs—and to mend the matter.

My fr[i]ends Capt'n and Mrs. Dawson, the daughter and son in law of the late Lord Kinneder, occupying as military quarters one end of the Man[u]el Palace, have chosed to remain, though therekye subjected to Quarantine,

and so become our fellows in captivity. Our good friend Capt'n Pigôt, hearing some exaggerated report of our being uncomfortably situated, comes himself in his barge with the purpose of reclaim[in]g his passengers rather than we should be subjected to the least inconvenience. We returnd our cordial thanks, but felt we had already troubled him sufficiently. We dine with Mrs. & Capt'n Dawson. Sleep in our new quarters, and, notwithstanding Mosquito curtains and iron bedsteads, are severely annoyd by vermin, the only real hardship we have to complain of since the tossing on the Bay of Biscay, and which nothing could save us from.

Les Maltois ne se mariaient jamais dans le mois de Mai. Ils espérèrent si mal des ouvrages de tout genre commencé durant son cours qu'ils ne se faisaient pas couper d'habits pendant cet mois. The same superstition prevails in Scotland.

November 23.—This is a splendid town, the sea penetrates it in several places with Creeks formd into formed [?] harbours, surrounded by buildings, and these aga[i]n coverd with fortifications. The streets are of very unequal heights, and as there has been no attempt at lowering them, the greatest variety takes place between them; and the singula[ri]ty of the various buildings, leaning on each other in such a bold, picturesque, and uncommon manner, suggests some ideas for finishing Abbotsford by a screen on the west side of the old Barn and with a fanciful wall decorated with towers, to enclose the Bleachers Green ornamented with watch tower[s] such as these, of which I can get drawings while I am here. Employd the forenoon in writing to Lockhart. I am a little at a loss what account to give of myself. Better I am decidedly in spirit, but rather hamp[er]d by my companions, who neither are desirous to follow my amusements, nor anxious that I should adopt theirs. I am getting on well with this Siege of Malta very well. I think if I continue, it will be ready in a very short time, and I will then get the opinion of others, and if my charms hold I will be able to get home through Italy—and take up my own trade again.

November 24.—We took the Quarantine boat and visited the outer harbour or great port, in which the ships repose when free from their captivity all the British ships of war ar[e] [there]—three ships at least of fifty [guns] of these reduced first rates—a formidable spectacle, as they all carry fifty guns of great weight. If they go up the Levant as reported, they are a formidable weight in the bucket. I was sensible while looking at them of the truth of Cowper's description of the beauty of their build, their tapering rigging and masts, and how magnificent it looks as

Hulk[in]g and vast the gallant war ship rides.

We had some pride in looking at the *Barham* in particular, once in a particular manner our own abode. Capt'n Pigot and some of his officers dined with us at our house of captivity. By a special grace our abode here is to be shortend one day. So we leave on Monday first, which is an indulgence. To day we again visit Dragut's point. The Guardians who attend to take care that we Qua[r]ntiniers do not kill the people whom we meet, tell some stories of this famous corsair, but I scarce can follow their arabic. I must lea[r]n it, though, for 'the Death of Dragut would be a fine subject for a poem. But in the meantime I will proceed with my *Knights*.

November 23 (25).—by permission of the Quara[n]tin[e] board we were set at liberty, and lost no time in quitting the Dreary Fort of Don Manuel, with all its mosquitoe[s] and its thousands of Lizards which shook shaking their heads at you like their brother in the New Arabian tale of Daft Jock. My son an[d] daughter are already much tired of the imprisonment. I myself cared less about it. But it is unpleasant to be thought so very unclean and capable of poisoning a whole city. We took our G[u]ardian[s'] boat and again made a round of the harbour ; were met by Lady Frances Bathurst's carriage, and carried to very excellent Apartment[s] at Beverley's hotel. In passing I saw something of the city, and very comical it was ; but more of that hereafter. At or about f[o]ur o'clock we went to our old habitation the *Barham*, having again to dine in the ward

room, where we had a most handsome dinner, and were dismissed at half past six. After having the pleasure to receive and give a couple hours of satisfaction. I took the boat from the chair, and was a little afraid of the activity of my assistants, but it all went off capitally ; and so to Beverley's and bed in quiet.

At two o'clock Mrs. Colonel Bathurst transported me to see the Metropolitan Church of Saint John, by far the most magnificent place I ever saw in my lif[e]. Its huge and ample vaults are of the Gothick or[der], the floor is of marble, each stone containing the inscription of some antient Knight adorn'd with some patent of mortality and an inscription recording his name and family. For instance, one knight I believe had died in the infidels' prison. To mark his fate, one stone amid the many colour'd pavement represented a door composed of grates (iron grates I mean), displaying behind them an interior which a skeleton is in vain attempting to escape from by bursting the bars. If you conceive he has pined in his fetters there for centuries till dried in the ghastly image of death himself, it is a ghastly imagination. The roof which bends over this scene of death is splendid[ly] ornamented and gilded, is splendidly ado[r]nd with carving and gilding while the varied colours and tinctures both above and beneath, free from the tinselly effect which might have been apprehended, [mingle] with greatest taste and solemnity in the dim religious light, which they probably owe to the time which the colouring has remain[d].

Besides this main Aisle, which occupies the centre, there is added a chapter house in which the Knights were wont to hold their meetings. At the upper end of this Chapter house is the fine Martyrdom of Saint John the Baptist, by Caravaggio, though this has been disputed. On the left hand of the body of the church lie a series of subordinate aisles or chapels, built by the devotion of the different tongues, and where som[e] of the worthies inhabit the vaults beneath, the other side of the church is occupied in the same manner. One chapel in which the communion was imparted was splendid[ly] adorned by a silver row of silver pillars, which divid'd the worshippers from the priest.

Immense riches had been taken from this chapel of the Holy Sacrament by the french ; a golden lamp of great size, and ornaments to the value of 50,000 crowns [or] more are mentiond in particular. The rich railing had not escaped but to escape the soldiers' rapacity it was painted to resemble wood and escaped detection.

I must visit this magnificent Church another time, today I have done it at the imminent risque of a bad fall.

We drove out to se[c] a Malteze village, highly ornamented in the usual tast[c]. Mrs. Bathurst was so good [as] to take me there in her carriage. We dined with Colonel Bathurst & her.

November 26.—I visited my old and much respected friend, Mr. John Hookham Frere, and was much gratified to see him the same man I had always known him,—become perhaps a little indolent : but that's not much. A good Tory as ever, when the love of many is waxed cold.

At night a Grand Ball in honour of your humble Servant—about 400 gentlemen and Ladies. The former [most]ly British [officers] of the army, navy, or civil service. Of the ladies, the Island furnishd a fair proportion—I mean viewd in either way.

November 27.—I was introduced to a mad Italian Improvis[a]tory, who with difficulty [was] prevented from rendering a poem in praise of the King, and imposing a Crown on my head, *volens nolens*. Some of the officers, easily conc[e]iving how disagreeable this must have been to a quiet man, got me out of this scrape, and I got home uncrown[d] about midnight uncrown[d], unpoetizd and unspeechd.

November 28.—I have made some minutes, some observations, and toild some thing at my Siege. But I do not find my health gaining ground. I visit[ed] Frere at San Antonio : a beautiful place with a splendid garden, which Mr. Frere will never tire of, unless some of his family come to carry him home by force.

November 29.—Lady Hotham was kind enough to take me a drive, and we dined with them—a very pleasant party. I pick up some anecdotes of the latter siege. Make another pilgrimage, escorted by Captain Pigot & several of his

off[i]cers. We took a more accurate view of this splendid structure [the Church of St. John]. They now pray for the King &c since the Catholic Bill. I went down into the vaults and made a visiting a[c]quaintance with La Valette, whom, greatly to my joy, I found most splendid[ly] provided with a superb sepulchre of Bronze, on which he reclines in the full armour of a Knight of Chivalrie.

DECEMBER

December 1.—There are two good libraries, on a different plan and for different purpose[s]. A modern subscription library that lends its own books, and an ancient foreign library which belonged to the Knights, but does not lend books out. Its value is considerable, but the funds unfortunately are shamefully small; I may do this last some good. I have got in a present from Frere the p[r]ints of the Siege of Malta, very difficult to understand, and on loan from Mr. Murray, agent of the navy office, the loan of the original of Boiardo, to be returnd, though Mr. Murray is very good natured about it. He is the brother of Murray of Albemarle street.

December 2.—My chief occupation has been driving with Frere. Dr. Liddell declines a handsome fee. I will want to send some ora[n]ges to the children. I am to go with Colonel Bathurst to day as far as to wait on the Bishop. My old friend Sir John Stoddart's daughter [is] to be married to a Captain Atkinson.

December 3.—Ride with Frere, much recitation.

December 6.—Obliged to draw upon Messrs. Coutts in London by the medium of my friend Sir John Stoddart for £60, & afterwards still more reluctantly by the complaisance of Mr. Beverly of our Hotel two Bills per [blank] each which Walter signs. I fear this is £20 or £30 over my boundary and otherwise irregularly, but I do not think my old friends in the Strand will be apt to refuse my bills. I have written to them and to Caddell telling [them] my present situation which is like to be bad enough unless I hear from him.

Captain Pigot inclines to take me on with him to Naples, after which he goes to Tunis on government service. This is an offer not to be despised, though at the expence of protracting the news from Scotland, which I engage to provide for in case of the worst, by offering Mr. Cadell a new romance, to be calld the siege of Malta, which if times be as they were when I came of[f] should be thankful[ly received] at a round sum, paying back not only what is over drawn, but supplying finances during the winter. But the post is so uncertain that I do not know what to think and must take some strong measure if I am dishonourd.

The devil take order now I'll to the throng
Let Life be short else shame will be too long.

December 10.—I feel well and alert though meditating a sad purpose in case of my being disgraced. I ought to say that before leaving Malta I went to wait on the Archbishop. A fine old gentleman, very handsome, and one of the priests who commanded the Malteze in their insurrection against the French when they began to pillage the Churches du[r]ring our war. I took the freedom to hint that as he had possessd a journal of this blockade, it was but due to his country and himself to give it to the publick, and offerd my assistance. He listend to my suggestion, and seemd pleased with the proposal, which I repeated more than once, & apparently with success. Next day the Bishop returnd my visit in full state, attendant by the individuals among his clergy and superbly drest in costume the perils (*sic*) being very fine.

The last night we were at Malta we experienced a rude shock of an earth quake, which alarmd me, though I did not know what it was. It was said to foretell that the Occan, which had given birth to Graham's island, had, like Pelops, devourd its own offspring, & we are told it is not now visible, and will be, perhaps, hid from those who risk the main ; but as we did not come near its latitude we cannot say from our own knowledge that the news are true.

I found my old friend John Hookham Frere at Malta

as fond as ever of old ballads. He took me out almost every day, and favoured me with recitations both of the translations of the Cid and the continuation of Whistlecraft. He also acquainted me that he had made up to Mr. Coleridge the pension of £200 from the board of literature out of his own fortune.

December 13, [Naples].—We left Malta on this day, and after a most picture[s]que voyage between the coast of Sicily & Malta arrived here on the 17th, where we were detained for quarantine, whence we were not dismissed till the day before Christmas. I saw Charles, to my great joy, and agreed to dine with his mast[c]r, Right Honble Mr. Hill, resolving it should be my first and last engagement at Nables (Naples).

Next morning much struck with the beauty of the Bay of Naples. It is insisted that my arrival has been a signal for the greatest eruption from Vesuvius which that mountain has favoured us with for many a day. I can only say, as the Frenchman said of the comet supposed to foretell his own death, "*Ah, Messieurs, la Comète me fait trop d'honneur.*" Of letters I can hear nothing. There are many English here, of most of whom I have some knowlege [illegible words]. I never go out in the evening, but take airings in the day time almost daily. The day after Christmas I went to see som[e] old parts of the town amongst the rest a tower calld torre del Carmi[ne] which figured during the Duke of Guise's adventure and the gallery of as old a ch[u]rch w[h]ere Thoma[s] Anelliana was shott at the conclusion of his carreer. I ma[r]kd down the epithets (*sic*) of a former emperor Corradino which is striking and affecting. It would furnish matter for my Tour if I wanted them

Naples, thou [a]rt a gallant City
But thou hast been dearly bough[t].

So is King Alphonso made to sum up the praises of this princely town with the losses which he had sustained in making himself master of it. I lookd on it with something of the same feelings. I may adopt the same train of thought when I recollect Lady Northampton, Lad[y]

Abercorn and other friends much beloved who have met their death in or near this city.

December 25, Bay of Naples.—The name of this fine old dignitary of the Romish church is Don Francis Caruana, Bishop of Malta. We are once more fairly put into quarantine with a boat of [*illegible*]. Captain Pigot does not, I think, quite understand the freedom his flag is treated with, and could he find law for so doing would try his long 36 pounders on the town of Naples and its castles; not to mention a sloop of ten guns which has ostentatiously entered the bay to assist them. Lord knows we would make Ducks and drakes of the whole party with the *Barham's* terrible battery. There is a new year like to begin and no news from Britain. By & Bye I will be in the condition of those who are sick and in prison, and entitled to visits and consolation on principles of Christianity.

December 26, Villeria [?] Strada N[u]ova.—Went ashore; admitted to prattique, and were received here. Walter has some money left, which we must [use] or try a begging box: for I see no other resource, since they seem to have abandoned me so particular[ly]. Got a coach by the coach and go ashore each day to sight 'seeing. Have the pleasure to meet Mr. and Mrs. Laing Laing Meason of Lindertis, and have their advice and assista[n]ce and company in our wanderings almost every day. Mr. Meason has made some valuable remarks on the *baia*, where the villas of the middle ages are founded [on] the lava shores, at least upon the ancient maritime villas of the Romans,—so the boot of the moderns gall[s] the kybe of the age preceding them. The reason seems to be the very great durability with which the Romans finishd their domestic architecture of maritime arches, with which they admitted the sea into their lower houses.

We have seen the *Strada Nuova*—a new access of extreme beauty which the Italians owe to Murat. We were run away with, into the grotto very nearly, but luckily stopd before we entered, and so saved our lives. The bay of Naples is one of the finest things I ever saw. Vesuvius controuls it on the opposite side to the town.

1832

JANUARY •

January 5, Thursday 1834 (1832).—Went by invitation to wait upon a priest, who almost rivals my fighting Bishop of Malta. He is the old Bishop of Tarentum, and, notwithstanding his age, eighty and upwards, is still a most interesting man, a face formed to express an interest in whatever passes ; caressing manners, and a total absence of that rigid stiffness which hardens the heart of the old & converts them like trees into a sort of petrification. Apparently his foible was a fondness for cats ; one of them, a superb brind[le]d persian cat, seemed a great beauty, and a particular favourite. I think we would have got on well together if I could have spoken English (*sic*) or French or Latin ; but Helas ! I once saw Lord Yarmouth have a persia[n] cat, but not quite so fine as that of the Bishop. He gave me a latin d[e]votional poem and an engraving of himself, & I came off about two o'clock.

January 6 to 12, 1834 (1832).—We reach the 12 January, amusing ourselves as we can, generally seeing company and taking airings in the forenoons in this fine country. Sir William Gell, a very pleasant man, one of my chief chicerone[s]. Lord Hertford for Lady Strahan's health comes to Naples. I am glad to keep up an old acquaintance made up in the days of George the fourth. He has got a breed from Maida, of which I gave him a puppy.

There was a great croud at the Palazzo, which all persons attended, being the King's Birthday, the apartments are magnificent, and the various kinds of persons who came to pay court were splendid. I went with the boys and in my old Brigadier general of the archers' guard, wore a very decent green uniform, laced at the cuffs, and pantaloons, and look[ed] as well as sixty could

make it out when sworded & featherd *comme il faut*. I passd well enough. Very much afraid of a fall on the slippery floor, but escaped that disgrazia. The ceremony was very long. I was introduced to many distinguish[cd] persons, and, but for the want of language, got on well enough. The King spoke to me about five minutes, of which I hardly understood five words. I answerd him in a speech of the same length, and all [I'll] be bound equally unintelligible. We made the general key [s]tone of the harangue *la belle langue et le beau ciel* of *sa majeste*. Ve[r]y fine dresses, very ma[n]y diamonds beauties these [lovers?]. A pretty spanish Ambassadress, Comptess da Costa, pretty, & her husband. Saw the Countess de Lubzetel [?] who has mad[e] an acquaintance [with us], and seems to be verry clever. I will endeavour to see her again. Introduced to another Russian countess of the Diplomacy. Got from court about two o'clock. •

I should have mentiond that I had a letter from Skene & one from Cadell, as far back as 2 December, a mo[n]strous time ago, [which] yet puts a period to my anxiety. I have written to Cadell for particulars and suppl[i]es, and, besides, havé written a great many pages of the siege of Malta, which I think will succeed. I think £200 a month, or thereby, will do very well, and it is no great advance.

January 16[-23].—Another piece of intelligence was certainly to be expected, but now it has come afflicts us much—poor Johnny Lockhart. The boy is gone whom we have made so much of. It could not have been later better and might have been much worse. I went in [the] evening to the Opera to see that amusement in its birth Place, which is now so widely receivd over Europe. The Opera House is suprrd (superb), but can seldom be quite full. On this night, however, it was. The Guards, Citizens, and all persons dependent [up]on the court, or having any thing to win or lose by it, are expected to take places liberally, and applaud with spirit.

The King bowd much on entrance, and was receivd in a popular manner, which he has no doubt deserved,

having relaxed many of his father's violent persecutions against the Liberals, mad[c] in some degree an amnesty, & employd many of thes[e] characters. He has made efforts to lessen his expences. But then he deals in military affairs, and that swallows up his savings, and Heaven only knows whether he will bring [his subjects ?] to fight, which the Martinet syst[em] alone will never do. His health is undermined by epileptic fits, which, with his great corpulence, makes men throw their thoughts on his brother prince Charles. It is a pity. The King is only two and twenty years old.

The Opera bustled off w[i]t[h]out any remarkable music, &, so far as I understand the language, no poetry ; and except the *Coup d'ail*, which [was] magnificent, it was poor work. It was on the subject of Constantin[e] and Crispus [?] —marvellous good matter, I assure you. I came home at half pas[t] nine, without waiting [for] the ballet, but I was dog sick of the whole of it.

Went to the Studio today and had no answer to my memorial to Mons. Reiper [?] the Minister of the interior, which it seems is necessary to make any copies from the old romances. I find it is an affair of state, and Monsr can only hope it will be grantd in two or three days to a man that may leave Naples tomorrow. He offers me a loan of what books I need, Royer's annals includedded (*sic*), but this is also a delay of two or three days. I think really the Italian men of letters do not know the use of time made by those of other places, but I must have patience. In the course of my return home I calld, by advice of my *valet de place*, at a Bookseller's, where he said all the great Messieurs went for books. It had very little the air of a place of such resort, being kept in a garet above a Coach house, wh[i]ch seemd to contribut[e] to the ease of the horses as well as that of the coach men and stable grooms. Here some twenty or thirty odd volumes were produced by an old woman, but nothing that was mercantile, so I left them for L orenzo's learn'd friends and yet I was sorry too, for the Lady who shewd them to me was very [civil], and, understanding that I was

the famous Chevalier, carried her kindness as far as I could desire. The Italians understand nothing of being in a hurry, but perhaps it is their way. If it be done to make the favour the greater why D—n these Posse tirare.

January 24.—The King grants the favour askd. To be perfect I should have the books [out] of the room, but this seems to [hurt ?] Monsr Delicteriis as he, kind and civil as he is, would hardly [allow me] to take my labours out of the Studio, where there ar[e] hosts of idlers and echoes and askers and no understanders of askers. I progress, however, as the Americans say. I have found that Sir William Gell's amanuensis is at present disengaged, and that he is quite the man for copying the romances, which is a plain black letter of 1377, at the cheap and easy rate of 3 quattrins a day. I am ashamed of the lowness of the remuneration, but it will dine him capital[ly], with a share of a bottle of wine, or, by our Lady, a whole one if he likes it ; and thrice the sum would hardly do that in England. But we dawdle, and that there is no avoiding. I have found another object in the Studio—the language of Naples. One work in this dialect, for such it is, was describe[d] to me as a history⁴ of ancient Neapolitan legends—*quite in my way* ; and it proves to be a dumpy fat 12mo edition of Mother Goose's tales, wt. my old friends puss in boots, Bluebeard, an[d] almost the whole stock of this ve[r]y collection. If this be the original of that charming book, it is very curious, for it shows the right of Naples to the authorship.⁴ But there are French éditions very early also. For there are two—whether French or Italian, I am uncertain—of different dates, both having claim to [be] the original edition, each omitting some tales wh[i]ch [the] [o]ther has ; to what common original we are to refer them the Lord knows. I will look into [this] very closely, and if this sam[e] copiator is worth his ears he can help me. My friend Mr. D— will aid me, but I doubt he hardly likes my familiar[it]y with the department of letters in which he has such an extensive and valuable charge. Yet he is very kind & civil, and promises me the loan of a Neapolitan vocabulary, which will set me up for the attack upon

Mother Goose. Spirit of Tom Thumb assist me ! I could, I think, make a neat thing of this, obnoxious to ridicule perhaps ; what then ! The author of *Ma Sœur Anne* was a cleve[r] man, and his tale will remain popular in spite of all gibes and flouts soever. So *vamos ! Caracci*. If it was not for the trifling and dawdling peculiar to this country, I should have tim[e] enough, but their trifling with time is the devil.

I will try to engage Mr. Gell in two researches in his way & more in mine, viz., the Andrea Ferrara & the Bonnet piece. Mr. Keppel Craven says Andrea de Ferraras are frequent in Italy, plenty to do if we had alert assistants.

But Gell and Laing Meason have both their own investi[ga]tions to puzzle out, and why should they mind these affairs ?

The weather is very cold, and I am the reverse of the idiot boy—

“ for as my body is growing worse,
My mind is growing better.”

Of this I am distinctly sensible, & thank God that the mist attending this whoreson apoplexy is w[e]a[r]ing off.

I went to the Studio and copied Bevis of Hampton, about two pages, for a pattern, from thence to Sir William Gell, and made an appointment at the studio with his writer to morrow at ten, when, I trust, I shall find Dedectrius (Delicteriis) there. But the gentleman with the classical name is rather kind & friendly in his neighbour's behalf.

January 16 (26).—This day arrived for the first time indeed answer to last post end of December, arrived an epistle from Caddell full of good tidings. *Castl[e] Dangerous* and *Sir Robert of Paris*, neither of whom I deemd sea worthy have performd 2 voyages—that is, each sold off[f] about £3400, & the same of the current year. It proves, what I have thought almost impossible, that I might write myself [out]. But as yet my spell holds fast. I have besides two or three good things in which I may advance with spirit. And with palmy hopes on the part of Caddell & myself, he thinks he will so[o]n cry *victoria* on the bet about his hat.

He was to get a new one when I had paid off all my debts. And I, uncorrected by misfortune, supposed an [the] who[le] plan had gone to the D[e]vil and seriously thought of thinking from the affair of my own exertions. Yet even when I was meditating all this I had, sure enough, to remark that it was a base cowardly think (thing) and that I should lose all the insurances which must come to £20,000 if I die without self Agency. I can hardly, now that I am assured all is well again, form an idea to myself that I could think it was otherwise.

And yet I think it is the publick that are mad[e] for passing thes[e] two volumes. But I will not be the first to cry them down in the market, for I have others in hand, which, judged with equal favor, will make fortunes of themselves. Let me see what I have on the stocks—

Cas[t]le Dangerous suppose future Editions,	1000
Robert of Paris, do. do.	1000
Lady Louisa Stuart, do. do.	500
Knight[s] of Malta, do. do.	2500
Trotcosiana Reliquia, do. do.	2500

I have returned to my old hopes, and think of giving Milne an offer for his estate £10,000

Letters or tour of Paul in thre[e] volumes	3000
Reprint of Bevys of Hampton for the Roxburghe Club,	
Essay on the n[e]apolitan dialect,	

FEBRUARY

February 10.—We went to Pompeii to day : a large party, all disposed to enjoy the sight thi[s] fine weathe[r]. We had Sir Frederick & Lady Adam, Sir William Gell, the Coryphæus of our party, who playd his part very well. Miss Feronnai (Ferronnays?) Daughters of Monsr Le Duc de la Feronpai (Ferronnays?) the head, I believe, of the Constitu[tional] royallists, very popular in France, and like to be calld back to the ministry, [*a gap of several lines*]

with two or three other ladies, particularly Mrs. Ashley, Born Miss Baillie, very pretty indeed, & lives in the same house. The Comtess de la Ferron[ays] have (*sic*) a great deal of talent both musical and dramatic.

February 16.—Sir William Gell calld & took me out to sights, one a Bookseller at the F [*illegible*] de C [*illegible*] whose stock is worth looking over. We saw, among the old buildings of the city, an ancient palace cald the Vicaría, which is changed into a prison. Then a new palace which was honord with royal residence insteasd of the old Dungeon. I saw allso a gate termd the Capuan where there is a fine arch and tower calld the Capuan Gate, formerly one of the City towers, and a very pretty one. We advanced to see the ruins of a palace said to be a habitation of Queen Joan[na] and w[h]ere she put her lovers to death chiefly by pot[i]oning, thence into a well, smothering them, and other little tenderly trifling matters of gallantry.

MARCH

March.—Embarked on an ex[c]ursion to Paestum, with Sir William Gell and Mr. Laing Meason, in order to see the fine ruins at Paestum. We went out by Pompeii, wh[i]ch we had visited before, and which fully maintains its character as one [of the] most striking piece[s] of antiquities, where the furniture treasure and household is (*sic*) preserved in the exavacated houses, just as found when excavated by the labourers appointed by Government. The inside of the apartments are (*sic*) adorn'd with curious painting[s] if I may call them such, in Mosaick. A meeting between Darius and Alexander is one of the most remarkable; the drawing is remarkably fine. A street, calld the street of *tombs*, begins and reaches a considerable way out of the City, having been flank[ed] by tombs on each side as the law directed. The entranc[e] into the town affords an interesting picture of the private life of the Romans. We came next to the vestiges of Herculancum, which is destroyd like Pompeii but by the Lava or molten stone, which cannot be removed, whereas the tufa or

volcanic ashes can be with ease removed from Pompeia, which it has filld up lightly and can be with ease removed if care is used. After having refreshd in a cottage in the desolate town, we proceed on [our] journey proceeding eastward, flanked by one set of heights stretching from vesuvius, and forming a prolongation of that famous mountain. Another chain of mountains seems to intersect our course in an opposite direction and descends upon the town of Caste[ll]amara. Different from the range of heights which is prolonged from Vesuvius, this second, which runs to Castellamare, is entirely composed of granite, and, as is always the case with mountains of this formation, betrays no trace of volcanick agency. Its range was indeed broken and split up into specimens of rock of most romantic appearance and great variety, displaying granite rock as the principal part of its composition. The country on which these hills border is remarkable for its powers of vegetation, and produces vast groves of vine, elm, ches[t]nut, and similar trees, which grow when stuck in by cuttings, and produce lacrymae Christi in great quant[i]ties—not a bad wine, though the stranger requires to be used to it. The sea shore of the bay of Naples forms the boundary on the right of the country through which our journey lies, and we continue to approach to the granite chain of eminenc[es] which stretch before us, as if to bar our passage.

As we advanced to meet the great barrier of cliffs, a feature becomes opposed to us of a very pronounced character, [whic]h seems qualified to interrupt our progress. A road leading straight across the branch of hills is carried up the steepest part of the mountain, ascending by a succession of zigzags, which the french la[i]d by scale strai[gh]t up the hill ; this I learnd was an improvement which led by a path connect[ed] with the tower to which it ascended. The tower is situated upon an artificial eminence, worked to a point and placed in a defensibly position between two summits, hills about nearly the same height, the access of the defenders of the which the defenders of the pass could effectually prohibit. Sir William Gell, whose knowlege of the antiquities of this country are

(*sic*) extremely remarkable, acquainted me with the history. In the middle ages the pasturages on the slope of these hills, especially on the other side of these hills, belonged to the rich republic of Amalphi, who built this Tower as an exploratory Gazabo from which they could watch the motions of the Saracens who were wont to annoy them with plundering excursions; but after this fastness [was built] the people of Amalphi usually defeated and chastized them. The ride over the opposite side of the mountain was described as so uncommonly pleasant as made me long to ride it with assistance of a pony. That, however, was impossible. We arrived at a country house occupying in a confused sort of a manner a large town situated in a ravine in a hollow and which was calld Lacava from some concavities which it exhibited. We received the most warm hospitality from Miss Whyte, an english Lady who has settled at la Cava, and she afford[ed] us the warmest hospitality that is consistent with a sadly cold dwelling house. They may say what they like of the fine climate of Naples --unquestionably they cannot say too much in its favour. But yet when a day or two of cold weather does come, the inhabitants are without the means of parrying the temporary inclemency, which even a scotsman would scorn to submit to. However, warm or cold, to bed we went, & rising next morning by seven we left La Cava, & making some thing like a sharp turn back wards, but keeping nearer to the gulph of Missian, we kept nearer to its shores than in yesterday's journey. We kep[t] a good road towards Paestum, and in defiance of a cold drizzling day we: [t] on at a round paice. The country through which we travelled was wooded and stockd with wild animals towards the fall of the hills, and we saw at a nearer distance a large swampy plain, pasturd by a singularly bizar[r]e looking fierce looking buffalo, though it might maintain a much preferable stock. This palace of Barsano [?] was anciently kept up for the King's Sport. But any young man having a certain degree of interest is allowd to show it [?] in the chase, which it is no longer an object to preserve. The guest, however, if he shoots

a deer, or a buffalo, or wild boar, must pay the Keeper at a certain price fixd, not much above its price in the market, which a sportsman would hardly think above its worth for game of his own killing.

The town of Sarentum is a beautiful seaport town, and it is, as it were, wrapt in an Italian Cloak hanging round the limbs, or, to speak common sense, the new streets which they are rebuilding. We made no stop at Sarentum, but continued to traverse the great plain of that name, within sight of the sea, which is chiefly pastured by that queer looking brute, the Buffalo, concerning which they have a notion that it returns its value sooner, and with less expence of feeding, than any other animal.

At length we came to two streams which join their forces, it would seem to flow across the plain to the bottom of the hills. One, however, flows so flat as almost scarcely to move, and sinking into a kind of stagnant pool is swallowd up by the earth, without proceeding any further untill, after remaining buried for two or three years under ground, it again bursts forth to the light, and resumes its course. When we crossd this stream by a bridge, which they are now repairing, we entered a second plain, very like that which we had [left] and displaying a similar rough and savage cultivation. There savage herds were under the guardianship of shepherds as wild as they were themselves, clothed in a species of sheep skins, and carried a sharp spear with which they herd and sometimes kill their buffaloes. Their farm houses are in very poor order, and with every mark of poverty, and they have the character of being moved to dishonesty by anny thing like opportunity. Of this there was a fatal instance, but so well avenged that it is not like to be repeated till it has long faded out of memory. The story, I am assured, happened exactly as follows.

A certain Mr. Hunt, lately married to a Lady of his own age, and, seeming to have had what is too often the Englishman's characteristic of More Money than wit, arrived at Naples a year or two ago *en famille*, and were (was) desirous of seeing all the sights in the vicinity of this celebrated place. Among others, Paestum was not forgot.

At one of the poor farm houses where they stoppd, the inhabitant set her eyes on a toilet apparatus which was composed of silver and had the appearance of great value. The woman who sp[r]cad this report addressd herself to a youth who had born[e] arms, and undoubtedly he [illegible] no more hesitation in on his companions than the person with [whom] the idea had originated. Five fellows, not known before this time for any particular evil, must however [have] agreed to rob the English gentleman of the Treasure of which he had made such an imprudent display. They were attackd by the banditti in several parties, but the principal attack was given to Mr. Hunt's carriage and a servant of that gentleman being, as well as himself, puld out of the carr[i]age and watchd by those who had undertaken to conduct this bad deed. The man who had been the soldier, probably to keep up his courage, began to bully, talk violently, and strike the *valet de place*, who screamd out in a plaintiff manner, "Do not injure me." His master, hoping to make some impression, said, "Do not hurt my servant," to which the principal Brigand replied, "If he dares to act [?], shoot him." The man who stood over Mr. Hunt unfortunately took the Captain at the word, and his unfortunate shot mortally wounded the unfortunate gentlem[an] and his wife, who both died next day at our landlady Miss White's, who had the charity to receive them that they might hear their ow[n] language on their death bed. The Neapolitan Government made the most uncommon exertions. The whole of the assassins were taken within a fortnight, and executed within a week afterwards. In this wild spot, renderd unpleasing by the sad remembrance of so inhuman an accident, and the cottages which serve for refuge for so wretched and wild a people, exist the celebrated ruins of Paestum and being without arms of any kind, the situation was a dreary one, & though I can scarce expect now to defend myself effectually, yet the presence of my pistol would have been an infinite cordual. The ruins are of very great antiquity, which for a very long time has not been suspected, as it was never suppose[d] that the sybarrites, a luxurious people, were early possessd of a

stile of architecture simple, chaste, and inconceivably grand, which was lost before the time of Augustus, who is said by Suetonius to have undertaken a journey on purpose to visit these remains of an architecture, the most simple and massive of which Italy at least has any other specimen. The Greeks have specimens of the same kind, but it is composed not of stone, like Paestum, but of marble. All this has been a discovery of recent date.

The ruins, which exist without exhibiting much demolition, are three in numbers. The first is a temple of immense size, having a portico of the largest columns of the most awful species of classick architecture. The roof which was composed of immense stones, was destroyed, but there are remains of the Cella, contrived for the sacrifices to which the priests and persons of high office were alone [admitted]. A piece of architecture more massive, without being cumbrous or heavy, was never invented by a mason.

A second temple in the same stile was dedicated to Ceres as the large one was to Neptune, on whose dominion they lookd, and who was the tutelar Deity of Paestum, and so calld from one of his Greek names. The fane of Ceres is finishd with the greatest accuracy and beauty of proportion and taste, and in looking upon it I forgot all the unpleasant & oppressive feelings which at first oppressd me.

The third was not a temple, but a Basilike, or species of town-house, as it was calld, having a third row of pillars running up the middle, betw[ee]n the two which surrounded the sides, and were common to the Basilike & temple both. These surprizing publick edifices have therefore all a resemblance to each other, though also points of distinction. If Sir William Gell makes clear his theory he will through (throw) a most precious light on the origin of civilization, proving that the sciences have not sprung at once into light & life, but rose gradually into extreme purity, and continued to be best practized best by those who first invented them. Full of these reflections, we returnd to our hospitable Miss Whyte in a drizzling evening, but unassassinated, and our hearts completely filld with the magnificence of what we had seen.

March 18.—Miss Whyte had in the mean[while] by her interest at La Trinità with the Abbot, had obtained us permission to pay a visit to him, and an invitation indeed to dinner, which only the weather and the health of Sir William Gel[l] and myself prevented our accepting.

March 18.—After breakfast, therefore, on the 18th of march, we set out for the convent, situated about two or thre[e] miles from the town in a very large ravine, not unlike the bed of the Roslin river, and traversed by roads which from their steepness and precipitance are not at all [*illegible*]. But the vi[ew]s were beautifull and changing incessant[ly], while the Spring advancing was spreading her green mantle over rock and tree, and making that beautiful which was lately a blighted and sterile thicket. The convent of trinità itself holds a most superb situation on the projection of an ample rock. It is a large edifice, but not a handsome on[e]—the Monks reserving their magnificence for their Churches—but was surrounded by a circuit of fortifications, which, when there was need, were mand by the vassalls of the convent in the true stile of the feudal system. This was in some degr[ee] the case at the present day. The Abbot, a gentlemanlike & respectable looking man, attended by several of his monks, received us with the greatest politeness, and conducted us to the building, where we saw two grea[t] sculptured vases or more properly sa[r]cofagi of mar[ble] well carved in the antique stile, and adorn'd with the story of Meleager. They were in the shap[e] of a large bath, and found, I think, at Paestum. The old church had pass'd to decay about a hundred years ago, when the present fabrick was built, which is a modern fabrick but very beautifully arranged, and worthy of the place, which is eminently beautiful, & of the Community, who are Benedictines—the most gentlemanlike order in the Roman Church.

We wer[e] conducted to the private repertory of the Chapel, which contains a number of interesting deeds granted by Sovereigns of the Grecian, Norman, and even Saracen descent. One from Roger, King of Sicily, extend[s] his Majestie's protection to some half dozen men of con-

sequence whose names attested their sarac[en]ism. In all the Society I have been since I commenced this tour, I chiefly regretted on the present occasion the not having refreshd my Italian for the purpose of conversation. I should like to have conversed with the churchmen very much, & they seemd to have the same inclination. But it is too late to be thought of, though I could rea[d] Italian well once.

The Church might boast of a grand organ, with fifty seven stops, all which we heard play[d] by the ingen[i]ous Organist.

We then returnd to Miss Whyte's for the evening, ate a mighty dinner, and battled cold weather as we might.

In further remarks on paestum I may say there is a city wall in wonderful preservation, one of the gates of which is partly entire and displays the figure of a syren, and under the architrave, but the antiquity of the sculpture is doubted, though not that of the inner part of the gate—so at least thinks Sir William, our best authority on such matters. Many antiquities have been, and many more probably will be, discovered. Paestum is a place which adds dignity to the peddling trade of the ordinary antiquarian.

March 19.—This morning we set off at seven in the morning for naples. We observed remains of an aqueduct in a narrow, apparen[tly] designd for the purpose of lead[ing] water to La Cava, but had no time to conjecture on the subject, & took our road back to pompeii, and passd through two towns of the same name, Nocera de [Superiore] and Nocera de Paganis. In the latter village the Saracens obtaind a place of Refuge, fr[o]m which it takes the name. It is also said that the circumstance is kept in memory by the complexion and features of this second Nocera, which are peculiarly of the African cast & tincture. After we passd Pompeii, where the continued severity of the weather did not permit us, according to our purpose, to take another survey, we saw in the adjacent village between us and Portici the scene of two assassinations, still kept in remembrance. The one I believe was from the motive of plunder. The head of the Assassin was set up after his execution

upon a pillar, which still exists, and it remained till the scull rotted to pieces.

The other was a story less in the common stile, & of a more interesting character. A farmer of an easy fortune, and who might be suppos[d] to leave to his daughter, a very pretty girl and an only child, a fortune thought in the village very considerable. She was, under the hope of shar[i]ng such a prize, made up to by a young man in the neighbourhood, handsome, active, and of a very good general character. He was of that sort of person who are generally successful among women, and the girl was supposed to have encouraged his addresses; but her father, on being applied to, gave him a direct and positive refusal. The gallant resolved to continue his addresses in hopes of overcoming this obstacle by his perseverance, but the father's opposition seemd only to increase by the lover's pertinacity. At length, as the father walked one evening smoking his pipe upon the Terrace before his door, the lover unhappily passd by, and, struck with the instant thought that the obstacle to the happiness of his life was now entirely in his own power, he rushd upon the father, piercd him with three mortal stabs of his knife, and killd him dead on the spot, and made his escape to the mountains. What was most remarkable was that he was protected against the police, who went, as was their duty, in quest of him, by the inhabitants of the neighbourhood, who allordd him both shelter and such food as he required, looking on him less as a willful crim[i]nal than an unfortunate man, who had been surprized by a strong & almost irresistible temptation, so congenial, at this moment, is the Love of vengeance to an Italian bosom, and though chastized in general by severe punishment, so much are criminals sympathised with by the community.

March 18 (20).—I went with Miss Talbott and Mr. Lushington & his sister to the great and celebrated church of Saint Domenico del (sic) Maggiore, which is the most august of the Dominican churches who once possessd eighteen shrines in this part of naples. It contains the

tomb of Saint Thomas of (*sic*) Aquinas, and also the tombs of the royal family, which remain in the vestry. There are some large boxes covered with yellow velvet which contain their remains, which stand ranged on a spec[i]es of shelves formed by the heads of a set of oaken presses which contain the vestment[s] of the monks. The pictures of the Kings are hung above their [*illegible*] boxes, containing their bones, without any other means of preserving them. At the bottom of the lofty & narrow room is the celebrated Marquis di [Lan— Pescara], one of Charles v.th's most renowned generals, who commanded at the Battle of Pavia. There are celebrated small portraits over his tomb; in one apartment is copied [?] a skeleton as moralizing the univer[s]al powe[r] of death engaged in destroying [*words illegible*]. The church itself is very large and extremely handsome, with many handsome marble tombs in a very good stile of Arch[i]tecture. The time being now nearly the second week in Lent, the church was full of worship[p]ers.

APRIL

Naples, 15 April 1832.—I am on the Eve of leaving Naples after a residence of three or four months, my strength strongly returning, though the weather has been very uncertain. What with the interruption occasioned by the Colera and other inconveniences, I have not done much. I have sent home only the Letters by L. L. Stuar[t] and three volumes of the Siege of Malta. I sent them by Lord Cowper's son—Mr. Cowper returning, his leave being out—[and] two chests of books by the Messrs. Turner, Malta, who are to put them on board a vessel, to be forwarded to Mr. Cadell through Whit[t]aker. I have hopes they will come to hand safe. I have bought a small closing carriage, warra[n]ted new & English, cost me £200, for the convenience of returning home. It carries Anne, Charles, and the two servants, and we start to-morrow morning for Rome, after which we shall be homeward steering, for the Greek scheme is blown up, as Sir Frederick Adam is said to be going to Madras, so he will be unable

to send a frigate as a promised. I have spent on the expences of medical persons & Books, &c. &c., about 20,000 Dollars, which is a large sum yet not excessive considering I have remitted about Dollallrs 1000 to which I will have perhaps had (*sic*) to add about £1000 more. Meantime we [may] have to add a curious journey of it. The Brigands, of whom there are so many strotories, a half dozen are afloat once more, & many carriages stopd. A curious and popular work for a work would be a history of these ruffians. Washington Irving has attempted something of the thing. But the person attempting this should be an Italian, perfectly acquainted with his country, character, and manners. Mr. Raxhealy [?], an apothecary, told me a singularly [occurrence] which happend in Calabria about six years ago, and which I may set down just now as coming from a respectable authority, though I do not [vouch for it].

DEATH OF EL BIZARRO

The man was calld, from his wily inextinguishable temper, Il Bizarro, i.e. the Bizar. He was captain of a gang of Banditti, whom he governd by his own authority, till he increasd them to 1000 men, both on foot and horseback, whom he maintaind in the mountains of Calabria, between the French & Neapolitan[s], both of which he defied, and pillaged the country. High rewards were set upon his head, to very little purpose, as he took care to guard himself against being betrayd by his own gang, the common fate of those banditti who became great in their vocation. A French Colonel, whose name I have forgot, occupied the count[r]y of Bizarro, with such success that he formd a cordon around him and his party, and in[c]luded him between the folds of a military column. Well nigh driven to submit himself, the robber with his wife, a very handsome wom[an] and a child of a few months old, took a possession beneath the arch of an old bridge, which crosst the [river], and, by an escape almost miraculous, were not

perceivd by a strong party whom the french maintaind on the top of the arch. Night at length [came] without a discovery, when every moment might have mad[e it]. When it became quite dark, the Brigand, enjoining strictest silance on the female and child, resolve[d] to steal from his place of shelter, and as the[y] issued forth, kept his hand on the child's throat. But as, when they began to be moved, the child naturally cried, its father in a rage stiffened his grip so relentlessly that the poor infant never offended more in the same manner.

This horrid [*illegible*] led to the con[c]lusion of the Robber's life. His wife had never been very fond of him, though he trusted her more than any who approach'd him. She had been originally the wif[e] of another man, murderd by her second husba[nd], which second marriage she was compelled to undergo, & to affect at least the conduct of an affectionate wife. In their wanderings she alone knew where he slept for the night. He left his men in a body upon the top of an open hill, round which they set watches. He then went apart into the woods with his wife, and having chusen a glen—or obscure & deep thicket of the woods, there took up his residence ~~in~~ of the night. A large Calabrian sheep dog, his constant attendant, was then tied to a tree at some distance to secure his slumbers, and having place[d] his carabine within reach of his lair, he consignd himself to such sleep as belongs to his calling. By such precautions he had secured his rest for many years.

But after the death of the child, the measure of his offence towards the unhappy mother was full to the brim, and her thoughts became determind on revenge. One evening he took up his quarters for the night with the [usual] Precautions, but without the usual success. He had laid his carabine near him as usual & betakend himself to rest as usual, when his partner arose from his side, and ere he became sensible she had done so, she seized [his carabine], and discharging [it] in his bosom, ended at once his life and crimes. She finishd her work by cutting off[f] the Brigand's head, and carrying it to the princ[i]pal town of the province, where she deliverd it to the police, &

claimd & obtaind the reward attachd to his head, which was paid accordingly. This female still lives, a stately, dangerous looking woman, yet scarc[e] ill thought of, considering the provocation.

The dog struggled extremely to get loose on hearing the shot. Some say the female shot it ; others that, in i[t]s rage, it very near gnawd through the stout young tree to which it was tied. He was worthy of a better master.

The distant encampment of the band was disturbd by the firing of the Bizarro's carabine at midnight. They waked and ran through the woods to seek the Captain. But finding him headless and lifeless, they became so much surprize[d] that many of them surrenderd to the government, & relinquishd their trade, and the band of Bizarro, as it lived by his ingenuity, broke 'up by his death.

A story is told even nearly as horrible as the above, respecting the cruelty of this Bandit, which seems to enti[t]le him to the title of one of the most odious wretches of his name. A French officer, who had been act[i]ve in pursuit of him, fell into his hands, and was made to die [the death] of Marsyas or Saint Polycarp—that is, the period being the middle of summer, he was flayd alive, and, being smeard with honey, was exposed to all the intolerable insects of a southern Sky. The corps was also informd where the[y] might find their officer if they thought proper to send for [him]. As more than two days elapsed before the wretched man was found, nothing save his miserable reliques could be found. I do not warrant thes[e] stories, but such are told currently.

TOUR FROM NAPLES TO ROME

14th April 1832

Having remaind several months at Naples, we resolvd to take a tower to Rome during the Holy Week and view the Ecclesiastical shows which take place, although diminishd in splendour, were expected to take place but diminishd by the Pope's poverty. Howeverly even to see

his diminish[ed] rites so on the 13 [?] we set [out] from Naples. We embarked on the famed Appian way which runs pre [uncompleted]. We set out according to agreement, my children unwell, on[e] with a pain in the stomach the other with the rhe[u]matism, both in very bad temper and my own not excellent. We started from Naples throu[gh] the reviewing Ground call[ed] Champ du Mars., and so on through the terra di lavoro, a rich & fertile country, & breakfasted at St. Agatha, a wretched place. But we had a disgrazi[a] as I had purchased a travelling carriage, assured that it was English build & all that. However, were we half a mile on our journey, a burst [?] star[tc]d, a wheel came off[f], and by dint of contrivances we got fought our way back to Agata, where we had a miserable lodging & wretched dinner. The people were civil, however, and no bandits abroad, being kept in awe by the escort of the King of Westphalians, who was on his road to Naples. The wheel was so effectually repaired by commencing the task at seven in the morning when we started with some apprehension of suffering from crossing the very moist Marshes calld the Pontine Bogs, which lie between Naples & Rome. This is not the time when their exhalations are most dangerous, though [they] seem to be safe at no time. We remarkd the celebrated Capua, which is distinguishd into the new and old. The New Capua is on the banks of the river Volturno, which conducts its waters into the moats. It is still a place of some strength in modern war. The approach to the old Capua is obstructed by an ancient bridge of a singular construction, and consists of a number of massive towers half ruind. We did not pass very near to these, but the site seems very strong. We passd all singuessa or Sessa, an ancient greek town, situated not far from [the] shore.

The road from Naples to Capua resembles an orchyard on both sides, but, alas ! it runs through these infernal marshes, which there is no shunning, and which the example of many of my friends proves to be exceeding dangerous. The road, though it has the appearance of

winding among hills, is in fact, on the left side, near[ly] limited by the Sea coast running northward. It comes into its more proper line at a celebrated sea marsh calld Camerina, concerning which the Oracle said "*Ne moveas Camerinam,*" and the transgression of which preecept brought on a pestilence. The road here composes a wild pass borderd by a procky pr[e]cip[i]ce; on one hand coverd with wild shrubs, flowers, and plants, and on the other by the sea. After this we came to [a] military position [?] where Murat used to quarter a body of troops and cannonade the English Gunboats, which were not slow in returning the compliment. The English then garrison[ed] Italy [and] Sicily under Sir Thom[as] Moore. We supt at this place, half fitted up as a barrack, half as an Inn. We supd there (the namg of the place Anx[ur] and is now calld Teracina) we suppd there terably [?] comfortbly [?].

Near Uri a ruind tower is shown, termd the tomb of Cicero, which may be doubted. I ought, before quitting Teracina, to have mentiond the view of the town & castle of Gaeta from the pass I have mentiond and from the inn. It is a castle of great s[r]en[g]th. I should have mentiond Aversa, remarkable for a house for insane persons, on the human plan of not agitating their passions.

After a long pilgrimgage on this beas[t]ly road we all fell asleep in spite of warnings to the contr[ar]y, and before we beat the *reveillez* were within twenty mile, which provd forty, of the City of Rome. I think I felt the effects of the bad air & damp in a very bad headache. After a steep climb up a slippry ill pav[ed] road Velletri receivd us like an answer & accomodated us in an ancient villa and château which is the original habitation of an old Noble. I would [have] liked much to have taken a look at it; but I am tired by my ride. I fear my time for such researches is now gone. Mont Albano, a pleasant place, should also be mentiond, especially a forest or avenue [?] of grand oaks, which leads y[o]u pretty directly into the vicinity of Rome.

My son Charles had requested the favour of our friend

Sir William Gell to bespeak a lodging for [us], which, considering his bad health, was scarcely fair. My daughter had imposed the same favour, but they had omitted to give precise direction how to correspond with their friends concerning the execution of their commission. So there we were, as we had reason to think, possessd of two apartments & not knowing the [way] to any of them. We enterd Rome by a gate su[r]mounted by one of the Old Pontiffs, but which I forget, and so paraded the streets by moonlight to discover, if possible, som[e] appearance of the learnd Sir William Gell or the pretty Mistress Astly (Ashley).

At length we found our old servant who guided us to the lodgings taken by Sir William Gell, where all was comfortable, a good fire, included, which our fatigue & the chilliness of the night required. We dispersed as soon as we had taken some food and wine & water.

We slept reason[a]bly, but on the next morning

NOTES

[Readers will find much information on the events recorded in the *Journal* of 1827-8 in Volume X of the Centenary Edition of the *Letters of Sir Walter Scott*.]

P. 1, l. 10, *occurd*. Scott's spelling is usually followed in this edition. He uniformly spells the following words in a fashion of his own:—*afflict*, *affluence*, *acomodate*, *atone*, *condoleance*, *chuse*, *controiv*, *confident* (for *-ant*), *embarass*, *knowlege*, *stile*, *wellcome*, and so on. In monosyllables Scott often doubles a final consonant—*bett*, *gigg*, *bunn*, *witt*, and so on.

Proper names, even of intimates, he often misspells. Thomas Thomson, the legal antiquary; John Thomson, minister of Duddingston; George Thomson, the tutor of Scott's sons; and David Thomson, the Galashiels bard, are all spelled "Thompson" in the *Journal*. Sir Robert Peel is nearly always "Peele," and even William Clerk is spelled with a final *-e*.

If Douglas had preserved Scott's spelling, a word *drumbly*, which is used in the *Journal* in the sense of "torpid" or "sluggish," and which Scott seems to connect with the verb "drumble," would probably have found a separate place in the *O.E.D.* As it is, it is entered under the same caption as "drumlie," used by Burns in the sense of "turbid."

P. 2, l. 8. John Clerk of Eldin (see *D.N.B.*), author of an *Essay on Naval Tactics*, is described in Cockburn's *Memorials* as "full of the peculiarities that distinguished the whole family," i.e. the Clerks of Penicuik. The most illustrious of the family was James Clerk Maxwell (1831-78). See an Appendix to Chapter I. of L. Campbell's *Life of James Clerk Maxwell* (1882).

William Clerk made Scott's acquaintance about 1787. They studied Scots Law and Civil Law together, and became members of the Faculty of Advocates on the same day of 1792. Lockhart was indebted to William Clerk for information about Scott's early manhood.

P. 3, l. 4. C. K. Sharpe's masterpiece—a caricature of Queen Elizabeth, into which he put all his malice—may be seen by visitors to Abbotsford. It represents the Queen dancing "high and disposedly" before Sir James Melville, the Scottish Ambassador in 1564. See the Bannatyne Club edition of Melville's *Memoirs* (p. 125).

P. 3, footnote. Miss Hawkins is mentioned in the *D.N.B.* (see article on Sir John Hawkins). Her *Anecdotes* (1822) came into Scott's hands when his preface to the *Castle of Otranto* (for Ballantyne's "Novelists' Library") was in the press. He quoted with high praise her early memories of Horace Walpole, and Lockhart was no doubt right in thinking that Scott wrote "Miss Aikin" (i.e. Mrs Barbauld) by a slip of memory for "Miss Hawkins."

P. 4, l. 10 from foot. Douglas printed "I was only left" for "I had only left." See *Macbeth*, I, 4, 20—

"Only I have left to say,
More is thy due than more than all can pay."

P. 4, l. 3 from foot. Scott wrote "hollowing" as Burns did in *Tam o' Shanter*—

"Sae Maggie rins, the witches follow
Wi' mony an eldritch skriech and hollo."

P. 5, l. 21. Sir Robert Dundas was one of Scott's colleagues at the Clerks' Table. Scott and his family lived, as Lockhart says, "in such constant familiarity of kindness with his colleagues at the Clerks' Table and their families, that the children all called their father's colleagues uncles and the mothers of their little friends aunts; and in truth the establishment was a brotherhood."

P. 8. For Sir John Sinclair, first baronet of Ulbster, see Cockburn's *Journal* (vol. i. p. 143). "Sir John's biographer," he says, "tries to make him out to have been a great man guiding the age, and acknowledged as their leader by most persons of contemporary eminence. This is not a mere filial error, it is one under which Sir John himself lived."

P. 26, l. 3. "He is (to use the orthography of old Logan) a *fowl*, which he explained by saying it was the civilest way of ca'ing a man a *guse*" (*Letters*, vol. v. p. 128).

P. 41, l. 14. See the Bannatyne Club edition of Sir James Melville's *Memoirs*, p. 124: "Sche inquyred quhilk of them (*i.e.* Mary Queen of Scots and herself) was of hiest stature. 'I said 'Our Quen.' Then sche said the Quen was ouer heych, and that hir self was nother ouer hich nor ouer laich."

P. 49, 12 lines from foot. *The Scotsman* of 15th February 1826 reproduces a paragraph from *The Age* which states that the affairs of this very respectable publisher (Whittaker) are likely to be satisfactorily arranged.

P. 81, 12 lines from foot. Constable's suggestion that Hurst and Robinson might take *Woodstock*, if banknotes were laid down, was acted on by Scott's Trustees. See p. 144 where Scott omitted the words "pay cash down."

P. 85, l. 17. Scott regularly uses the word "interfere" without any sense of "meddling" or "obstructing." When Burns was helping two rival compilers of collections of Scottish Songs, he wrote to one that he did not wish the other to know that he was interfering (*i.e.* helping) in the rival publication.

P. 86, l. 16 from foot. Lockhart printed "publication" instead of "vindication"—unnecessarily.

P. 88, l. 12. Aldiboronti was a nickname for James Ballantyne. See *Life* (ch. xix.) where Lockhart tells how Charles Matthews (p. 66) acted an imaginary scene in which he communicated to the two Ballantynes that Scott had given them new titles—Rigdumfunnidos for John Ballantyne, and Aldiborontiphoscophornio for James. "Rigdum's satisfaction and the other's indignant incredulity passing by degrees into tragical horror made a delicious contrast."

P. 93, l. 8. The name of Scott's assistant was Carmichael, as appears from a later entry. The 1890 text omits six lines after the words "half-past twelve."

P. 99. The 1890 edition omits the name "Latin or Laytoun." The letter which she sent with her novel was printed by Mr Wilfred Partington at pp. 227-8 of *The Private Letter-Books of Sir Walter Scott* (1930). The letters which Mrs Jemima Layton wrote to Scott belong to the years 1814-17 (W. Partington, *Sir Walter's Post-Bag*, p. 363).

P. 100, l. 17 from foot. The current text has "diluted." The scratches which denote *a* in the photostat are usually indistinguishable from those which denote *u*. "Dilated" (=expanded) seems more probable than "diluted" (=watered down).

P. 102, l. 16. Lockhart printed—"whose object is not to praise the works of such painters." Scott was using a very bad pen, but it is just possible to make out that he wrote—"whose object is not to favour the production(s) of such pictures" where the final *s* of "productions" is a slip of the pen for "production" (=the act of producing). The editor of the 1890 text as usual copies Lockhart instead of reading the MS. for himself.

P. 140, note 1. How Douglas came to print *emerint* is doubtful. He possibly misread the word *metuerint* as *memerint*, and then lopped off the initial *m* (in the fashion of Procrustes) to make it a Latin word.

P. 144, note 2. If Douglas had told his readers that "they" was the reading of the MS. most of them would have guessed what Scott was trying to say. But he "queered the pitch" for his readers by changing "they" into "he."

P. 149, l. 1. *Narrative of Travels in Northern and Central Africa in 1822, 1823 and 1824* by Major Denham, Captain Clapperton and the late Doctor Oudney, is reviewed in *The Scotsman* of 12th April 1826.

P. 157, l. 14. The letter Scott wrote to his son Charles is printed in *Letters*, vol. x. pp. 4-7.

P. 173, l. 17 from foot. Scott left a blank space, intending to insert the name of the clergyman later.

P. 225, l. 2. The phrase "A fine spot of work." This phrase is quoted only from Mrs Centlivre in the *O.E.D.* Though Scott puts it in the mouth of Mrs Balchristie in the *Heart of Midlothian* and other speakers of braid Scots, it does not appear to be distinctively Scottish.

P. 228, l. 22 from foot. Miss Millar had been governess to Sophia Scott and Anne Scott. The letters they wrote to their old governess were published with an introduction by the Warden of Wadham College in 1905.

P. 229. Sir Walter Scott's reply to Sir John Sinclair is printed in *Letters*, vol. x. pp. 103-4.

P. 230, l. 2. "He, too, is a prince of Bores." Scott seems from this time forward to have associated Lord Buchan with Sir John Sinclair (see p. 296). The former endeavoured to see Scott when he was very ill in 1819 to assure him that he (Lord B.) would take charge of his funeral arrangements, whereas Sir John Sinclair desired to play the part of match-maker.

P. 240, at foot of page. Douglas twice printed "named" for "christend." But Lockhart had printed a letter of 1810 in which Scott wrote that the Staffa boatmen "christend" a stone on which he sat "the bard's stone." Moreover, in the first chapter of *Waverley*, Scott has written "pages of inanity so christened," i.e. novels with such titles as *Belmour*, *Belville*, etc.

P. 242, l. 14. MS. 1570 in the National Library of Scotland, which consists of galley-proofs printed from the transcript of the *Journal* made for Lockhart (MS. 1569), has a marginal suggestion (perhaps from a press reader)

—"baits" for "baste." Lockhart—though it is hard to believe—seems to have adopted this suggestion and made other consequential changes. The whole difficulty disappears when it is seen that Scott omitted the word [them] after "baste."

P. 256, ll. 8, 9. Lockhart printed correctly "dine" and "spend." This part of the entry is "prophetic" as Scott writes in the entry of April 1, 1826 (p. 145). Douglas printed "dined" and "spent."

P. 268, l. 2. Douglas printed "frolics" for "fooleries."

P. 277, l. 8. Douglas printed "my morning here" for "my morning levee." A correspondent has kindly pointed out to me that "Bahauder Jah" (i.e. jaw) was Canning's nickname for Sir John Malcolm. See *Hobson-Jobson* by Yule and Burnell, s.v. "Bahadur."

P. 279, l. 12 from foot. Canning's "Witt and eloquence." In Scott's writing *t* and *l* are generally indistinguishable. Lockhart printed "wit," Douglas printed "will."

The transcriber of a letter to Lady Abercorn (*Letters*, vol. iii. p. 3) has given "attitudes" wrongly for "altitudes" (= raptures, extravagances).

P. 281, l. 4. "My patron and conductor." See pp. 190, 199.

P. 286, l. 7 from foot. Douglas, disregarding Scott's punctuation and changing "where" into "were," printed—"After coffee the Society were like Mungo in the *Padlock*."

P. 293, note 2. The same expression "Porte Esquiline" is used in *Letters*, vol. v. p. 409.

P. 315, l. 8 from foot. *Nos po: a natamus* comes from one of Gillray's caricatures, in which balls of horse dung are seen floating among apples—the former representing upstarts of the Revolution, the latter legitimate sovereigns. The upstarts claim equality with the legitimate sovereigns—"We apples float." See Gillray's *Works*, ed. Thomas Wright, p. 127. The phrase occurs again (*Journal*, Sept. 22, 1827).

P. 319, note 2. "An unco devel" = a knock-down blow.

P. 334, l. 9. "Tace is Latin for a candle"; comes from Swift (—Mum's the word).

P. 340, l. 3 from foot. "Friend" *Scotice* for kinsman. Scott elsewhere refers to the Laird of Raeburn as "the old Caliban" (*Journal*, May 1, 1826). See also *Journal*, May 23, 1830.

P. 347, l. 13. [resolved] must be supplied after "quite."

P. 350, l. 8 from foot. Richard Lockhart's death by drowning at Arracan is recorded in the *E.I. Annual Register*. He was an Ensign in the 68th B.N.I.

P. 359, l. 4. See Mr J. T Davidson's paper entitled "A Fife Family of Cadgers" in the *Scots Magazine* for September 1939, in which he shows that Scott meant to write "King's [cadger]" or "[cadgers]." Douglas printed "Keays," and did not see that a word was missing.

P. 381, l. 7. Lord H[ermand], for whom see Cockburn's *Memorials*.

P. 410. "Alnwick" a slip for "Durham" or some other place he had recently visited.

P. 411, l. 21. "the capability villain," i.e. "Capability Brown."

P. 415, l. 3 from foot. "Mr Jackson," known as "gentleman" Jackson, Byron's tutor in the art of self-defence. See *D.N.B.*

P. 428, l. 25. "A suspension." In *The Antiquary* Mr Sweepclean's proceedings against Sir Arthur Wardour are cut short by "a sist on a bill of suspension."

P. 434, l. 16. "The sound of five shillings sounds shabby." Lockhart would have altered this, if he had printed the passage. Scott, too, might have altered it if he had not "sworn" that he would not blot out what he had once written (*Journal*, March 5, 1826).

P. 448, note 2. Scott refers to Lord Eldon's Act of 1808 as the "Judicature Act" (*Letters*, ii, 456).

P. 449. "If I can rally . . . Crusaders." *The Betrothed*, which was a comparative failure, was followed by *The Talisman*, which was a great success.

P. 453, l. 8. James Simpson is the person mentioned on Feb. 8, 1827. See p. 317, note 2.

P. 461, l. 8. "it passed" (i.e. without a reprimand).

P. 467, last line. Should perhaps be punctuated—" (smoke the pun ?)." From Swift's *Journal to Stella*.

P. 522, l. 4 from foot. The matter on which Sir Walter Scott was to touch up Sir William Knighton may be found in the letter to Sir W. K. in a letter marked private and confidential (*Letters*, x, 4120), in which Scott writes that it is of the last importance that Lockhart as editor of the *Quarterly* should be able to learn through some confidential channel a hint from time to time "what he is to do and what forbear." See also a letter to Sir Robert Peel on the same topic (*Letters*, x, 413-14).

P. 568, l. 14 from foot. Miss D-- may be identified as the Miss Douglas of whose visit to Abbotsford in the autumn of 1828 Scott wrote to Miss Edgeworth (*Letters*, xi, 124).

P. 575, l. 6. "Began Simonds Switzerland." This was in preparation for *Anne of Geierstein*.

INDEX

- Abbeville : Scott at, 257, 270
- Abercromby (George), 2nd Baron Abercromby, of Aboukir and Tullibody : Scott on, 21-22 ; he dines with, 202
- Abud and Son, billbrokers, London : their legal proceedings against Scott temporarily delayed, 242 ; Mr Abud has given orders to take out diligence against Scott for his debt of £1500, 420 ; Scott's reflections on the matter, 421, 422, 425 ; proposed composition of six shillings per pound to be offered to, 423 ; usurious transaction between Abud and Hurst, Robinson and Co., 423-424, 425, 428, 429, 443 ; bad news of Abud's case, 445
- Acheson (Theodosia), daughter of Jno. Chambre Brabazon, 10th Earl of Meath, *afterwards* wife of Archibald Acheson, 3rd Earl of Gosford : she tells Scott that in Paris her father was often taken for the Duke of Wellington, 436
- Acland (Sir Thomas Dyke), politician and philanthropist : "my old and kind friend," 525 ; "the youngest man of his age I ever saw," 530
- Adam (Diamantina), second wife of Gen. Sir Frederick Adam, *née* Palatiano : Scott extols her beauty, 222
- Adam (Sir Frederick), general, fourth son of Lord Chief Commissioner Wm. Adam of Blair Adam, 222 ; Scott's report of Adam's ideas of the Greeks, 226-227 ; high opinion of Byron, 226 ; said to be going to Madras, 794.
- Adam (William), of Blair Adam, Lord Chief Commissioner of the Jury Court : Scott reviews his friendship with, 73 (see Cockburn's *Memorials*, 1856, pp. 296-299) ; Scott's great regard for his character, 74 ; Adam proposes an arrangement for Scott's financial relief, 110 ; his account of a blunder in the Annandale case, 121
- Addington (Henry), 1st Viscount Sidmouth : entertains Scott to dinner at Richmond Park and shows him letters which passed between Clatham and Sidmouth's father, 547-548 ; he and Scott in London, 747
- Addison (Joseph) : quoted, 90 and *n.*
- Adolphus (John), barrister and historical writer : breakfasts with Scott in London, 530 ; Scott much delighted with his talk, 530, 547 ; and dines with him, 546
- Adolphus (John Leycester), barrister and author : at Abbotsford, 388, 389 ; his *Letters to R. Heber* on Waverley Novels, 388 ; breakfasts with Scott in London, 530
- Advocates' Library, Edinburgh : new buildings for, 105-106 ; Scott's views on the rebuilding, 451 ; and on system of lending books from, 593
- Ainslie (George Robert), general : his information concerning the bonnet-piece of James V. and Andr. a de Ferrara, 496-497
- Ainsworth (William Harrison), novelist : Scott reads his (anonymous) *Sir John Chiverton*, 247 ; his remarks on Ainsworth's imitation of the Waverley Novels, 247, 248, 249
- Aitken (John), *or* John the Painter : attempted to set Portsmouth dock-yard on fire, 756^c ; hanged near outer fortifications, 756

- Albano : Scott passes it on approaching Rome, 799
- Alconbury Hill, Huntingdonshire : Scott at, 554
- Alexander (Wilhelmina), Mrs., of Ballochmyle, *née* Keating : Scott dines with her in London, 536
- Alexander (Sir William), Lord Chief Baron of Exchequer of England : Scott meets him in London, 528
- Algiers : Scott on, 766-767
- Allan (Thomas), banker, Edinburgh : his additions to Lauriston Castle, 441
- Allan (Sir William), painter : his picture, "The Landing of Queen Mary," 202 ; sketch of a picture for Abbotsford, 364, 388
- Allanton, Lanarkshire : visit to, 577
- Allardyce (J.), Dr. : 281-282
- Almacks*, a novel : Scott on, 329-330
- Alnwick Castle : visit to, 410-412
- Anecdote : story of young Italian who killed the father of the girl he loved because he opposed their match, 793
- Anne of Geierstein* : Cadell proposes Scott should start on, 511 ; progress of, 581, 582, 584, 585, 586, 587, 589, 594, 595, 596, 597, 599, 600, 603, 621, 622, 623, 630 ; finished, 630, 631
- Antiquaries, Society of Scottish, Edinburgh : Scott presents through Skene, a heart stuck full of pins to, 318 ; Scott becomes President of, 438
- Arabic : Scott thinks of learning, 772
- Arblay (Frances d'), novelist, *née* Burney : meeting between her and Scott in London, 277-278 ; Scott calls on, 550 ; the curious manner in which her *Evelina* came to be published, 550
- Arbuthnot (Charles), diplomatist : 275
- Arbuthnot (Harriett), wife of Chas. Arbuthnot, *née* Fane : 275
- Arden (William), and Baron Alvanley ; Scott dines with him in London, 531 ; and appreciates his wit, 531
- Arkwright (Frances Crawford), wife of Robt. Arkwright, *née* Kemble : Scott on some songs composed by, 409 ; his enthusiasm for her singing, 531, 534, 538, 539, 541
- Art : Scott's views on the fine arts, 101-102
- Ashiestiel ; Scott on, 147, 148
- Ashley (Maria Anne), wife of Hon. Wm. Ashley, second son of 6th Earl of Shaftesbury, *née* Baillie : at Pompeii with Scott, 785 ; "very pretty indeed," 785 ; Scott tries to find her in Rome, 800
- Auchinraith, Lanarkshire : visit to, 576
- Audubon (John James), American naturalist : visits Scott, 308 ; Scott's comments on, 308 ; his drawings, 308 ; and observations on the North American Indians, 309
- Austen, (Jane), novelist ; Scott's enthusiasm for her *Pride and Prejudice* and other novels, 135 ; and opinion on her writings, 400
- Avalos (Ferdinando Francesco d'), Marquis di Pescara : 791
- Aversa : Scott passes through, 799
- Aylesbury, Bucks : visit to, 519
- Ayton (Fanny), opera singer (*b.* 1806) : she performs at Edinburgh, 456 ; she and her father breakfast with Scott, 456
- Baillie (Charles), Lord Jerviswoode, Senator of College of Justice : a clever young man, 451
- Baillie (Joanna), dramatist ; writing her tragedy, *Witchcraft*, 376 ; Scott's impressions of her in London, 524 ; he disapproves of her writings on the Socinian controversy, 467
- Bainbridge (George), Liverpool banker ; breakfasts at Abbotsford, 166 ; Scott on, 166-167 ; Scott visits him at Gattonside House, 209, 212, 213 ; at Abbotsford, 303, 339 ; Scott dines with, 340 ; he fishes without success at Cauld-

- shields loch, 375 ; presents Scott with MS. collection of poetry said to be in Swift's hand, 403
- Balatz[?], Mount, on Tunisian coast : 768
- Balcaskie House, Fife ; with Blair Adam Club at, 360
- Ballantyne (Alexander), brother of James and John Ballantyne : obliges Scott with pecuniary accommodation, 169 ; Scott's appreciation of his violin playing, 379 ; he owes £500 to, 450
- Ballantyne (Christian), wife of Jas. Ballantyne, *née* Hogarth ; death of, 592 : Scott attends her funeral, 594
- Ballantyne (James), printer : 46, retains *Edinburgh Weekly Journal*, 46 ; attitude to Hurst, Robinson's failure, 50 ; on the carelessness of Scott's style, 63 ; letter from, 68 : reaction to Hurst, Robinson's failure, 70 : critical remarks on *Woodstock*, 87, 146, 163 : approbation of same, 110-111 ; thinks well of *Napoleon*, 185, 214, 238 ; and then criticises its carelessness, 225 ; bears up against misfortune, 237 ; dislikes "The Two Drovers," 376 ; finds fault with *Tales of a Grandfather*, 81 : cautions Scott about Gourgaud, 103 ; Scott on his type of criticism of novels, 146 ; criticisms of *Fair Maid of Perth*, 187, 193, 194 ; makes arrangements as if he had an idea he would die soon, 595 ; condemns *Anne of Gelestein*, 603, 622 : Scott thinks he is becoming hypochondriac and religiously distressed in mind, 620, 621 ; criticisms of *Count Robert*, 697, 700, 738
- Ballantyne (James Robert), son of Alexander Ballantyne : Scott tries to secure appointment for, 614
- Bankes (William John), traveller : expostulates on a Byron dedication, 10
- Banking Club of Scotland : Scott dines with, 603
- Bannatyne (Sir William Macleod), Lord Bannatyne, Senator of College of Justice : discoveries concerning Geo. Bannatyne, collector of Scottish poetry, and information about Macleods, 492
- Bannatyne Club ; meeting of the, 198-199 ; Scott attends meetings of, 313, 329, 441, 455, 483 ; Scott's great hopes of the Club's success, 313-314 ; his enthusiasm for the, 355 ; meetings of, 594, 780, 688
- Barham, frigate : placed at Scott's disposal by the King, 745 ; Scott on, 758
- Barnard Castle, co. Durham : visit to, 556
- Barrow (Sir John), secretary of the Admiralty ; informs Scott that British fleet are ordered to North Sea, 757
- Barsano [?], place of : Scott on, 787
- Bathurst (Lady Frances) : places her carriage at Scott's disposal, 772
- Bathurst (Henry), 3rd Earl Bathurst : at Abbotsford, 413, 414
- Bathurst (Julia), wife of lieut.-col. Thos. S. Bathurst, *née* Hankey : conveys Scott to see Church of St John at Valetta, 773
- Bathurst (Thomas Scymour), lieut.-col., third son of Harry, 3rd Earl Bathurst : Scott dines with, 774 ; conveys Scott to Bishop of Malta, 775
- Bauld, Mr., engineer : reads paper to Royal Socy. of Edinr. on the miner's compass, 600
- Bay of Biscay : Scott on the *Barham* in, 760
- Beacon, The : Scott refers to the Beacon affair (1821), 292 and *n.* (see Cockburn's *Memorials* and Scott's *Letters*, vii, 194-195)
- Beard (Thomas), puritan divine : Scott purchases his *Theatre of Gods Judgements*, 443, 444
- Beaumont (Sir George Howland), art patron and landscape painter ; his test of Crabbe's lack of imagination, 299 ; death of, 319 ; Scott's

- summary of his character and attainments, 319-320
- Beaumont and Fletcher, dramatists : comment on their *Love's Progress*, 40 ; Scott recommends Weber, the German composer, to set music to "Hence, all ye vain delights" from *The Nice Valour* by, 167
- Beauvais ; Scott at, 257
- Bell (George), Edinburgh⁴ surgeon : his anecdote of an old Lady Elphinstone and Graham of Claverhouse, 437
- Bell (Jane), North Shields : visits Scott at Edinburgh, 86 ; Scott's observations on her lawsuit with Thos. Hill, a methodist parson, 86-87 ; explains to Scott her lawsuit with Thos. Hill, 368-369
- Bell (John), barrister : Scott breakfasts with him in Great Ormond St., 531 ; his impression of him, 531
- Berners (Dame Juliana) : quoted 284
- Bethell (Christopher), Bishop of Gloucester, later Bishop of Bangor : Scott hears him preach, 410
- Beverley's Hotel, Valetta : Scott resides in, 772, 773
- Bevis of Hampton : Scott transcribes, 783
- Birmingham : Scott at, 282
- Bishop, Dr., brother of Sir H. R. Bishop (musical composer) : breakfasts with Scott in Edinburgh, 362
- Bishop (Sir Henry Rowley), musical composer : very ill when he wrote music for "Guy Mannering," 362
- Bishop of Tarentum : Scott on, 779
- Bizarro, II : Scott's account of death of, 795-797
- Black (James), captain R.N. : Scott meets him at Charleton, Fife, 361
- Blackwood (William), publisher, breakfasts with Scott at Abbotsford, 209
- Blackwood's Magazine* : Scott's article on Galt's *Omen* for, 179, 189 ; he writes part of a trifle for : 206 ; his critique on *Life of Lord Pitsligo*, prefixed to *Thoughts concerning Man's Condition*, in, 621 ; Scott and Lockhart abused by Jno. Wilson in, 724
- Blair (Sir David Hunter), 3rd Bart. of Blairquhan and Dunskey, Colonel of Ayrshire Militia : breakfasts with Scott, 590
- Blair (Eliza Hunter), wife of Major-Gen. Thos. Hunter Blair, *née* Norris ; drawings of India, 596 ; has been compared to Rebecca in *Ivanhoe*, 596
- Blair (Elizabeth), second wife of Sir David Hunter Blair, 3rd Bart., *née* Hay : her qualities, 590
- Blair (Henry Melville), lieut., R.N., fourth son of Wm. Blair of Blair : at Abbotsford, 731-732
- Blair (John Charles), capt. R.N., second son of Wm. Blair of Blair, at Abbotsford, 731-732
- Blair (Thomas Hunter) of Dunskey, major-gen., sixth son of Sir Jas. Hunter Blair, 1st Bart., of Blairquhan : anecdote about battle of Waterloo, 595-596
- Blair Adam Club : meeting of (June 1826), 190 ; outing (1827), 358-359 ; (1828), 565-568
- Blair Adam House, Kinross-shire : Scott at, 190, 222, 223 ; he describes surroundings of, 190-191 ; visit to, 678
- Blomfield (Charles James), Bishop of London : Scott meets him in London, 525
- Bloomfield (Benjamin) (1768-1846), 1st Baron Bloomfield, Minister Plenipotentiary at Stockholm, 1824 : letter to, 365
- Blore (Edward), architect : he and Scott in London, 747
- Boaden (James), dramatic author and critic : his *Life of Kemble* reviewed for *Quarterly Rev.*, 164
- Boerhaave (Herman), Dutch physician, Rector of Leyden University : bust of, at No. 100 South Bridge, Edinr., 609-610

- Bonaparte (Napoleon) : information about his conduct to the Empress Marie Louise, 130-131, 131-132 ; Scott on how Napoleon's plans deteriorated when he had a change of persons about him, 132
- "Bonnets of Bonny Dundee," song : composition of words to the air, 53, 56, 57
- Books : Scott catalogues some of his books returned from hinder, 203
- Borthwick (John) (1787-1845), of Crookston : Scott dines with, 321, 351
- Borthwick, Midlothian : Scott attends church at, 458
- Borthwick Castle : Scott at, 458
- Boufflers (Eléonore), dc, wife of Chevalier Stanislas de Boufflers, formerly Madame de Sabran : Scott interested in, 269
- Bouverie (Henry J.), Commissioner of Customs, England : 570
- Boyd (Walter), of Boyd, Benfield and Co., M.P., for Leamington : Scott meets him in London, 528 ; his account of how, despite poverty, distress, and imprisonment, Boyd eventually restored money due to his creditors, 528-529
- Boyer (Abel), miscellaneous writer *Annals of Queen Anne*, 781
- Boyle, Miss : visits Abbotsford, 689
- Boyle (David), Lord Justice-Clerk, afterwards Lord Justice-General : 8 (see Cockburn's *Journal*, 14th Nov. 1841)
- Brabazon (John Chambre), 10th Earl of Meath : strong resemblance to the Duke of Wellington, 436
- "Bran," deerhound : 712
- Brewster (Sir David), Principal of United Colleges at St Andrews, afterwards of Edinburgh University : Scott visits him and his wife (at Allerby, Melrose), 209, 217 ; he dines with, 389
- Bridge, Mr, of Rundell, Bridge, and Rundell, jewellers, 32 Ludgate Hill : diamond jewel worth £10,000, 536
- Brighton ; Scott at, 545
- Bristol : riot at, 763, 766
- Brocque, Mons., of Montpellier : breakfasts with Scott in Edinr., 129
- Brougham (Henry Peter), Baron Brougham, Lord Chancellor : will unite with Wellington and Peel to introduce Reform Bill, 745-746 ; Scott on, 746
- Brown (Lancelot), landscape gardener, known as "Capability Brown" : laid out park at Alnwick Castle, 410
- Brownlow (Isabella), wife of 3rd Marquess of Exeter, née Poyntz : her beauty and manner, 246
- Bruce, Mr., Persia : visits Abbotsford, 225 ; anecdotes told by, 225-226
- Bruce (John), historian, Prof. of Logic at Edinr. Univ., 1775-1792 : Scott's "old professor," 658
- Bruce (Thomas), 7th Earl of Elgin : supplies material for *Napoleon*, 130, 131 ; 287, 288
- Buchan (Peter), collector of ballads : Scott's opinion of his *Ancient Ballads* (1828), 388-389
- Buchanan (Alexander), of Arnprior and Cambusmore, of the 39th Regt., major in Forfarshire Militia (d. 1845) : Scott meets him at Lord Abercromby's, 455
- Buchanan (Hector Macdonald), of Ross and Drummikill : ill with rheumatism, 321 ; Scott dines with, 365 ; suffers from kidney trouble, 433
- Buchanan (James Graham Macdonald), younger of Ross and Drummikill : his death at Malta, 500
- Buchanan (John), of Achlishie or Auchlessie, Arnprior, and Cambusmore : Scott gained most information about the old Highlanders from, 455
- Buchanan (John), Register House, Edinr. : transcribes for Scott, 686, 689 ; and helps him with his papers, 687

- Buckingham : Scott at, 519
- Bugni (Smeraldo) : a good Italian teacher, 440
- Burghley House, Northants : visit to, 246
- Burke (Edmund), statesman : Scott sees some of his letters, 548 ; Burke's strange hallucination that his son had greater talents than himself, 549
- Burke (William), criminal : execution of, 583 ; exhibition of his corpse, 585
- Burn (William), architect : he would fain have had the old house of Lauriston Castle pulled down, 441 ; approves of Abbotsford architecture, 737
- Burns, poet : quoted, 96, 106, 178, 249, 290, 357
- Bury (Charlotte Susan Maria), Lady, *née* Campbell, *then* Campbell, novelist : is a little miffed at history of Gillespie Grunach in *Legend of Montrose*, 641 ; Scott dines with, 644
- Bury (Edward John), Rev., rector of Lichfield, Hants : "a thorough paced coxcomb," 650
- Bushey Grove, Herts. : Scott at, 550
- Byres, Colonel : at Abbotsford, 393
- Byron, poet : memoranda of, 1, 7 ; character of, 9-11, 95, 96 ; his high spirits when he and Scott dined together in 1815, 52 ; Moore's stories regarding, 95-96 ; Sir F. Adam's high opinion of, 226 ; might have done much for the Greeks had he lived, 227 ; he hung up portraits of Lady Oxford and Lady Caroline Lamb in his lodgings in the Albany, 549 ; Scott cannot find certain letters from Byron to himself for Tom Moore's use, 573 ; memoranda of Byron for Moore, 653
- Cadell (Hew Francis), sixth son of John Cadell of Cockenzie, brother of Robt. Cadell (Scott's publisher) : entertains Scott at Cockenzie, 683
- Cadell (Marie), wife of John Cadell of Cockenzie, *née* Buchan : Scott sees her in the family house at Cockenzie where she used to extend hospitality to Scott (in his childhood days) and his aunt, 683
- Cadell (Robert), publisher : Scott's admiration for the way in which Cadell receives the news of Hurst, Robinson's failure, 49 ; Cadell is apprehensive that the copyrights of Scott's works may be thrown away by a hasty sale, 75 ; has sought sanctuary as bankrupt in Holyrood Abbey Church, 89, 91 ; gloomy about extent of stock of Scott's novels on hand, 104 ; publishes *Chronicles of the Canon-gate*, First Series, 194 and *n.* ; pays Scott £250, second instalment in advance, on *Chronicles*, 242 ; breakfasts with Scott, 307 ; his terms for publishing and selling *Tales of a Grandfather*, 354, 356 ; plan for securing the copyright of the Waverley Novels, 399 ; and usurious transaction between Hurst, Robinson & Co., and Abud & Son, 423, 424, 428, 429 ; he and Scott joint purchasers of Scott's copyrights, 430-431, 432-433, 439, 445, 446, 447, 448, 448 ; *Fair Maid of Perth* sold to Cadell for £4000, 439 ; dissatisfied with moderate success of *Chronicles*, First Ser., 446 ; disapproves of about half the volume already written of *Chronicles*, Second Ser., and rurs his engagement, 446 ; Scott owes £500 to, 450 ; plan of a new, cheap edition of Waverley Novels, 452 ; Cadell buys Scott's copyrights for £8400, 455-456, 457 ; Scott's views on the purchase, 455-456 ; Cadell pleased with *Fair Maid of Perth*, 486, 509 ; proposes for three novels from Scott in eighteen months, 509 ; elated by success of the *Fair Maid*, 557-558 ; wishes to acquire one-half of the property of part of the "Magnum

- Opus," 695, 721, 722 ; remonstrates against the last vol. of *Count Robert*, 738
- Calais : Scott at, 256, 270
- "Camp," dog : picture of, 129
- Campbell (Archibald), of Blythswood : Scott visits him at Blythswood House, 670, 671
- Campbell (John), 2nd Duke of Argyll : proposed life of him by Scott, 624
- Campbell (Sir John), of Arkinglas : 287
- Campbell (Thomas), poet : his residence at Minto House, 54 ; Scott is disappointed that Campbell has not attained to a greater reputation, 192-193 ; Scott introduced to him by Leyden, 193 ; Leyden's praise of *Hohenlinden*, 193 ; calls on Scott in Edinr., 624 ; distressed about his wife and son, 529
- Canning (George), statesman : attacks *Malachi Malagrowther* in House of Commons, 137, 241 ; favourably disposed towards Lockhart entering politics, 340, 341 ; Tory government's personal dislike to, 342, 349 ; his negotiations with the Whigs, 372 ; dangerously ill, 383 ; death of, 384 ; Scott's verdict on his character 384-385 ; Godwin approached Canning to lead the Jacobins' revolution, 523-524
- Cape Ortegal : Scott on the *Barham* passes, 760
- Cape St Vincent : Scott on the *Barham* sights, 762
- Cape Sparte : Scott on the *Barham* sights, 762
- Cape Trafalgar ; Scott on the *Barham* sights, 762
- Capua, old and new : observed on way to Rome, 798
- Caradori-Allan (Maria Caterina Rosalbina), soprano singer : sings "Jock o' Hazeldean" at Hopetoun House, 647 ; and sings it to Scott in Edinr., 650
- Carlisle : visits to, 514, 556-557
- Caroline Ferdinande Louise, wife of Charles Ferdinand de Bourbon, Duke of Berry : her appearance, 267
- Carr (Arthur), surveyor of excise : at Abbotsford, 620, 621
- Carr, the Misses, sisters of Arthur Carr : at Abbotsford, 620, 621
- Carriage : Scott buys a small closing carriage at Naples, 794
- Caruana (Don Francis), Bishop of Malta : visits between Scott and, 776
- Cashiobury Park, Herts. : Scott at, 552
- Castellammare : mountain range descending to, 786
- Castle Campbell, Clackmannanshire : Scott at, 566 ; his description of, 566
- Castle Dangerous* : sale of, 783
- Cathcart (David), Lord Alloway, Scottish judge, 570
- Catholic Emancipation : Scott on, 598-599, 603-604, 618, 620
- Cava dei Tirreni : Scott receives hospitality at, 787
- Cavendish (William George Spender), 6th Duke of Devonshire : at Roxburghe Club dinner, 542, 543
- Cay (John), of Charlton, Northumberland : 19
- Celtic Society of Edinburgh : Scott receives present of a broadsword from, 82 ; he dines with, 605-606
- Cervantes Saavedra (Miguel de) : quoted, 142 ; cited, 307
- Chambers (Robert), author and publisher : his *History of the Rebellion of 1745*, 430 ; introduces "a pretty little romantic girl" to Scott, 590 ; his *Beauties of Scotland* inaccurate, 591 ; "a clever young fellow," 591
- Chantrey (Sir Francis Legatt), sculptor : Scott sits to him for the completion of the bust of himself, 543 ; and breakfasts with him, 547
- Charlecote Park, Warwickshire : visit to, 517

- Charles X., King of France : speaks to Scott in Paris, 266 ; Scott remembers him at Holyrood House (about 1794), 267
- Chaworth (Mary Ann), later Mrs Chaworth-Musters, one of Byron's early loves : frightened by Reform mob in London, 750
- Cheape (Douglas), advocate, Prof. of Civil Law, Edinburgh (1827-42) : 291-292
- Cheape (George), of Wellfield : one of Scott's colleagues in the Roy. Edinr. Volunteer Light Dragoons, 669
- Cheltenham : Scott at, 281
- Chessmen : thrown up by the sea on Scottish coast and offered for sale, 752
- Chiefswood Cottage, on Abbotsford estate : additional plantation for, 163-164
- Chiswick, Middlesex : visit to, 543
- Christie (Jonathan Henry), certified conveyancer, second son of Rev. Alexander Christie, rector of Fyvie, Aberdeenshire, and Dean of Aberdeen : 279
- Christie (Mary), wife of J. H. Christie, *née* Connor : 279
- Chronicles of the Canongate*, First Series : commencement of, 176-177 ; Mrs Anne Murray Keith (as Mrs Bethune Baliol) introduced into, 177 ; progress of, 187, 188, 194, 197, 199, 217 : to be published by Cadell, 194 and *n.* ; £250, second instalment of advance payment, on, 242 ; progress of, 364, 367, 368, 369, 373-374, 379, 387 ; idea of a third volume of *Chronicles* given up, 92 ; finished, 103 ; Cadell dissatisfied with moderate success of, 149 ; Second Series : Scott begins, 426 ; progress of, 435, 436, 442-443, 445, 446, 447, 451-452, 473, 474, 477, 478, 480, 484, 486, 487, 488, 490, 491, 494, 496, 498, 499, 505, 506-507, 508, 511 ; sold to Cadell for £4000, 439 ; Cadell disapproves of about half the volume already written and rues his engagement, 446 ; finished, 511
- Clapperton (Hugh), African explorer : Scott on *Travels and Discoveries in Northern and Central Africa*, of which Clapperton was part-author, 149
- Clarkson (Ebenezer), physician : attends Scott at Abbotsford, 712
- Clarkson (James), surgeon, son of Ebenezer Clarkson : at Abbotsford 511, 735
- Cleasby (Richard), philologist : at Abbotsford, 617 ; Scott on, 618
- Cleghorn (Hugh), (1751-1834), of Stravithie : at Charleton, Fife, 360 ; Scott on, 361
- Clephane (Anna Jane Douglas Maclean), of Torloisk, second daughter of Mrs Maclean Clephane ; her taste and talent, 396 ; Scott reads MS. of her comedy, 396
- Clephane (Marianne Douglas Maclean), wife of Major-Gen. Wm. Douglas Clephane, of Carslogie, *née* Maclean : Scott meets her in Glasgow, 396
- Clerk (Elizabeth), daughter of Jno. Clerk of Eldin, sister of Wm. Clerk : death of, 70
- Clerk (Sir George), 6th Bart., of Penicuik : dinner given by Clerk to his electors, 349
- Clerk (William), advocate : Scott's high opinion of, 2 ; Clerk's theory on vitrefied forts, 40 ; he and Scott laugh at some foolery or other, 90 and *n.* ; Scott used to execute landscape sketches under Clerk's instruction, 119 ; Scott dines at Clerk's house, 327-328 ; Scott asks if he will act as his second should Gen. Gourgaud challenge him to a duel, 390 ; Clerk willing to do so if need be, 394 ; visit from, 581
- Clerkship of Session : retirement from, 671, 689, 695
- Clive, (Edward), Baron Clive of Walcot and Earl of Powis : Scott beside him at Roxburghe Club dinner, 542

- Club, the* : Scott at dinners of, 662-663, 686
- Clunie (John) (1791-1819), minister of Northwick : Scott on, 458
- Cockburn (Sir George), admiral : his despatches and journal for *Napoleon*, 251, 254
- Cockburn (Henry), Lord Cockburn, Senator of College of Justice : 289
- Cockenzie, East Lothian : visit to, 683
- Coke (Thomas William), 1st Earl of Leicester of Holkham, agriculturist : discussion on tree planting with, 547
- Colburn (Henry), publisher : invites Scott to write life of Garrick, 449
- Coleridge (Samuel Taylor), poet : quoted, 87 ; his harangue at Sotheby's and his theory regarding Homer's "Iliad," 526
- Colquhoun (John Campbell), 4th of Killermont and 9th of Garscadden : he and his wife breakfast with Scott, 677
- Compton (Margaret), Marchioness of Northampton, styled Lady Compton, nee Douglas Maclean, Clephane : Scott dines with her in Edinburgh and then travels with her to Glasgow, 394, 395-396 ; (see *The Complete Peerage*, by G.E.C., Vol. ix, 1936, p. 687) ; death of, 675
- Constable (Archibald), publisher : his firm will fail automatically with the failure of Hurst, Robinson, for whom they act as their Edinburgh agents, 11 and *n.*, 45-46, 47 ; Scott's proposal that Constable's *Miscellany* should be dedicated to King George IV., 32, 51 and *n.* ; purpose of the *Miscellany*, 33 ; attitude to Hurst, Robinson's failure, 50, 53 ; plan of publishing the works of the Author of *Waverley*, 56 ; Scott anxious about the firm's condition, 60, 63 ; letters from, 68, 71 ; has gone to London to try to extricate whatever may be entangled, 68 ; Scott supposes Hurst, Robinson's failure infers the failure of Constable's firm, 69 ; Bank of Scotland resolve to serve the firm and Scott to the uttermost, 71 ; Hurst, Robinson's and Constable's failures might have had less serious results if Constable had not delayed his visit to London, 71-72 ; financial affairs are worse than Scott apprehended, 75 ; wishes to resume management of his own affairs without Cadell, and relies on Scott's connection to help him in his failure, 78-79, 81 ; his business seems unintelligible, 83 ; indifferent news from the firm, 144 ; strange behaviour of, 160 ; his creditors' claim to copyright of *Woodstock* and *Napoleon*, 179-180, 132 ; death of, 376 ; Scott's summary of his career, character, and abilities, 377
- Conversation : Scott on the art of, 222-223
- Conway (Francis Charles), 3rd Marquess of Hertford : goes to Naples, 779 ; Scott gave him a puppy from breed of "Maida," 779
- Cooper (James Fenimore), American novelist : he and Scott in Paris, 266, 268, 269 ; Scott's criticism of his *Red Rover*, 472 ; and of his *Prairie*, 478 ; undertakes to make enquiries at Lyons on Scott's behalf for the baptismal certificates of Lady Scott and her brother, 533
- Cooper (Samuel), miniature painter : an original miniature of Milton by, 245-246
- Copleston (Edward), Bishop of Llandaff : Scott meets him in London, 524, 542 ; his political attitude to Roman Catholic Emancipation, 542
- Copyrights : copyrights of Scott's novels to be exposed to sale, 439, 445, 446-447, 452 ; bought by Cadell for £8400, 455-456, 457

- Corder (William), murderer : Scott's observation on him after reading his trial, 681
- Cork : Scott receives silver snuff box and freedom of city from, 64
- Cormont : Scott at, 256
- Corporal punishment : Scott's views on, 290-291
- Corradino, emperor : cited, 777
- Corri (Natalc), musician : cited, 560
- Costa Comtesse da, Spanish ambassadress : attends court at Naples on Ferdinand's birthday, 780
- Coulter (William), hosier, Lord Provost of Edinburgh (1808-1810) : cited, 151 and n.
- Count Robert of Paris : begun, 697, 698, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 722, 723, 724, 729, 730, 733, 734, 736, 738 ; sale of, 783 ; laid aside, 739 ; revise of introduction to, 750
- Court of Session : Scott's views on the new regulations for preparing cases in the Outer House, 183
- Coutts (Harriot), wife of Thomas Coutts, banker, afterwards wife of 9th Duke of St Albans, *née* Mellon : Scott on, 15-16 ; she secures cadetship for Pringle Shortreed, 79 ; her tragi-comic distress over the marriage of her presumptive heir with daughter of Lucien Bonaparte, 251
- Cowan (Alexander), of Valleyfield : to be Constable's trustee, 83, 126 ; upset price of copyrights of the Waverley Novels, 452
- Cowdenknowes, mansion, Berwickshire : mysterious letters over the principal door, 236-237
- Crabbe (George), poet : cited, 211 ; Wordsworth's story of how Crabbe's lack of imagination was put to the test, 299
- Craig (Sir James Gibson), 1st Bart., of Riccarton, formerly Gibson ; he and Scott to go to Parliament to represent the disastrous affairs of the Oil Gas Co., 432
- Craigcrook Castle, Midlothian : dining with Jeffrey at, 646
- Crampton, Mrs, wife of Philip (afterwards Sir Philip, Bart.) Crampton, surgeon-general to the forces in Ireland : she and the Misses Crampton at Abbotsford, 217-218
- Cranstoun (George), Lord Corchouse, Senator of College of Justice : Scott consults him about Constable's creditors' claim to copyright of *Woodstock* and *Napoleon*, 181 ; Scott dines with, 329 ; and visits him at Corchouse, 396-397
- Cranstoun (Henry Kerr), eldest son of George Cranstoun, brother of Countess Purgstall : visits Scott to deliver him a letter from the Countess Purgstall, 212 ; at Abbotsford, 339
- Cranstoun (Mary Anne), wife of H. K. Cranstoun, *née* Whiteford : "Burns's Maria of Ballochmyle," 339
- Craven (Keppel Richard), traveller : and Andrea Ferraras, 783
- Crockat (William), Lieut.-gen., 20th Regt. of Foot, attended on Napoleon at St Helena : calls on Scott in Edinr., 324
- Croker (John Wilson), politician and essayist : attacks *Malachi Malagrowther* in *The Courier*, 137 ; letters from, 139, 143 ; disowns any idea of a personal attack against Scott in his reply to *Malachi*, 143 ; documents for *Napoleon* from, 251, 272, 275, 276 ; is pleased with *Napoleon*, 337 ; Scott dines with him in London, 526, 529 ; "very decisive and overbearing" in his conversation, 534 ; Scott supplies him with material for his *Boswells' Johnson*, 584, 613
- Croker (Thomas Crofton), Irish antiquary : Scott meets, 251, 254
- Culloden Papers : review of them for *Prose Works* (1827), 363, 364, 364, 367

- Culross, Fife : visit to, 678-679
- Cumberland (Richard), dramatist :
Mathews's imitation of, 67
- Cunliffe, Mrs : Scott meets friends
at her house in London, 523
- Cunningham (Allan), miscellaneous
writer : 254 ; Scott on him and
his work, 274-275
- Cunningham (Joseph Davey), his-
torian of the Sikhs, eldest son of
Allan Cunningham : cadetship in
India for, 544, 547
- Curle, or Curll (Barbara), wife of
Wm. Curle, or Curll, farmer,
Yethyre, *née* Scott, aunt of Sir
Walter : indisposition prevents
Scott from attending her funeral,
66 ; her character, 66
- Curle (James), writer, Melrose : has
lent Scott £600, 61
- Currency : Scott proposes to interfere
in altering the currency as affecting
Scotland, 109, 114, 115 ; effect
of same, 120, 122-123, 125-126, 133,
137-138, 168
- Cutler (Sir John), alderman of
London, created a baronet by
Charles II : cited, 62
- D., Miss, a " lion-huntress " of the
Lake District : dines with Scott
in Edin., 508, 570
- Dalhousie Castle, Midlothian : visits
to, 459, 636
- Dalkeith Palace : visit to, 580
- Dallas (William), W.S., fourth son
of Wm. Dallas, Writer, Edinr. :
presents Scott with pedigree of
the McIntoshes, 578
- Dalmahoy House, Midlothian : visits
to, 500, 506
- Dalrymple (Jean), eldest daughter of
David Dalrymple, Lord Westhall,
afterwards the wife of John Anderson
of Winterfield : Scott's recollection
of his calf love for her during his
childhood days at Prestonpans,
682 : (see *The Scots Peerage*, Vol.
viii (1911), p. 137)
- Daveis (Charles Stewart), American
barrister : visits Scott in Edinr.,
683-684, 685-686
- D'Avenant (Sir William), poet and
dramatist : 101
- Davidoff, Davidov, or Davydov
(Denis, Vasilevitch), Russian
general and writer : letters from,
154, 432 ; Scott hopes to obtain
from him anecdotes concerning
Napoleon's Moscow campaign,
451 ; and sends him engraving
of Raeburn portrait of himself,
483
- Davidoff, Davidov, or Davydov
(Vladimir), Count : at Abbotsford
and Edinburgh, 12, 56, 195 ;
explains the cause of the late
discontents in Russia, 196 ; at
Abbotsford, 387, 393, 440, 510 ;
Scott receives present of steel
snuff box from, 432
- Davy (Jane), wife of Sir Humphry
Davy, *née* Kerr : her career and
character, 91-92 ; Scott attends
her parties in London, 526-527,
541-542
- Dawson (Euphemia), wife of capt.
Geo. Dawson, *née* Erskine : meet-
ing between her and Scott at
Malta, 770, 771
- Dawson (George), capt., 73rd Regt. :
meeting between him and Scott
at Malta, 770, 771
- Defauconpret (Charles Auguste),
French author : at Abbotsford,
399
- Defauconpret, Madame, wife of C. A.
Defauconpret : at Abbotsford,
399
- Defoe (Daniel), author : quoted,
197 ; cited, 303 ; criticism on
Defoe for *Poese Works* (1827), 343,
345
- Delictieriis, Monsieur, *see* Lictieriis,
Chevalier de
- Demgarten [?], Chevalier de : break-
fasts with Scott in Edinr., 676
- Dempster (George), of Dunnichen :
Scott's acquaintance with, 612
- Dempster (George), of Skibo : 608 ;
at Abbotsford, 611-612
- Dempster (Joanna), wife of Geo.
Dempster of Skibo, *née* Dundas :
Scott on, 608 ; at Abbotsford, 611

- Denham (Dixon), lieut.-colonel, African traveller : Scott on *Travels and Discoveries in Northern and Central Africa*, of which Denham was part author, 149
- Denham (Sir James Steuart), 8th Bart., of Westshield and Coltness, general : his anecdote concerning the Rebellion of 1745, 98 and *n.*
- Derby : Scott at, 515
- Dickinson (John), of Nash Mill, Herts., papermaker : 673
- Disraeli (Benjamin), 1st Earl of Beaconsfield : comes to Scotland in connection with Lockhart's editorship of *Quarterly Review*, 18, 19 : his *Vivian Grey*, 358
- Dobie (James), Beith : presents Scott with candlestick said to be that of Guthrie, minister of Fenwick in 17th century, 491
- Don (Sir Alexander), 6th Bart., of Newton Don, M.P. : Scott was anxious he should be the successful candidate for Roxburghshire at contested election in 1805, 55 ; death of, 153, 155 ; his character and habits, 153-154 ; Scott attends his funeral, 157, 159
- Doom of Devorgoil* : Scott thinks of publishing, 80-81 ; re-read and corrected, 629
- Dorset (Catherine Anne), poetess, wife of Michael Dorset (army captain), *née* Turner : Scott calls on her at Brighton, 546 ; her *Peacock at Home* : "one of the prettiest and liveliest *jeux d'esprit* in our language," 546 ; "a fine stately old lady," 546
- Douglas (Archibald), 2nd Baron Douglas of Douglas : Scott meets, 576
- Douglas (Catherine), wife of Charles, 3rd Duke of Queensberry, *née* Hyde (Prior's "Kitty young and gay") : her walk at Drumlanrig Castle, 220 and *n.*
- Douglas (Charles), Hon., second son of Archibald, Lord Douglas, and grandson of Henry, 3rd Duke of Buccleuch : at Drumlanrig Castle, 219 ; Scott talks with him at Oxford, 281
- Douglas (Frances Theodora), wife of 18th Earl of Morton, daughter of Sir Geo. Rose : 494
- Douglas (George Sholto), 18th Earl of Morton : Scott on, 494
- Douglas (Jean), wife of Thos. Douglas, 5th Earl of Selkirk, *née* Wedderburn-Colville : Scott meets her at Lady Davy's house in London, 524
- Douglas (Sir John James Scott), 3rd Bart., of Springwood Park : candidate for Roxburgh county, 154 ; letter from, 154 ; unsuccessful candidate, 156
- Dover : Scott at Dover Castle and Shakespeare Cliff, 270-271
- Dragut, Algerian pirate : his death a fine subject for a poem, 772
- Draycott House, Derbyshire : visit to, 515
- Drumlanrig Castle, Dumfriesshire : visit to, 218-219 ; Scott's reflections on its vicissitudes, 219
- Drummond (Thomas Robert Hay), 11th Earl of Kinnoull, Lord Lyon of Arms, 1804-1866 : 442
- Dudley, Lord, *see* Ward (J. W.), 4th Viscount
- Dumergue (*bap.* Antoinette Adelaide), *known* as Sophia : Scott dines at her house in London, 256
- Dumergue (Charles Joseph), surgeon-dentist to royal family : Scott breakfasts with him in London, 529
- Dumergue (Walter Scott), son of Charles Joseph Dumergue, Scott's godson : Scott sees him in London, 529
- Duncan (Henry), capt. R.N. : 747, 753-754
- Dundas (Elizabeth), widow of Robt. Dundas of Arniston (Lord Chief Baron of Exchequer), *née* Dundas : Scott dines with, 323
- Dundas (Lilias), wife of Robt. Dundas (1797-1838), of Arniston, *née* Calderwood : appearance of, 51

- Dundas (Robert), 4th Viscount Melville, third son of 2nd Viscount Melville: dangerously ill in Russia, 235
- Dundas (Robert Saunders), 2nd Viscount Melville: his resentment and remonstrance against *Malachi Malagrowther*, 127, 128, 129; which has caused a breach between him and Scott, 128; their friendship restored, 202; wishes to be candidate for the Bannatyne Club, 364, 365; resignation from the Admiralty discussed between himself and Scott, 371-372; they also discuss Canning's negotiations with the Whigs, 372; breaks his collar bone by fall from horse, 423, 435
- Durham: Scott at, 405
- Eckford (John), hosier in Hawick: claimant on the bastard estate of one Hector Lithgow, 277; (see *Juridical Review*, August 1943, pp. 55-64)
- Edgeworth (Maria), novelist: letter to, 211
- Edinburgh: although Scott is averse to the proposed alterations in Edinburgh, he decides he will not interfere in the matter, 301; Scott on Exhibition of Art (1827) in, 319, 322; heavy snow in, 580
- Edinburgh: 3 Walker Street, 284
- Edinburgh Academy: meeting of directors to discuss flogging, 290-291; Scott consulted about the retention of the northern pronunciation of Latin in, 309-310; he is impressed by pupils' aptness in classics when he visited, 73
- Edinburgh Assurance Company: Scott attends the Company's meeting as a director, 42-43
- Edinburgh Castle: restoration of Mons Meg to, 604
- Edwards, Mr.: candidate for Edinr. Academy Rectorship, 485
- Egerton (Francis), 1st Earl of Ellesmere, formerly Leveson Gower: his *Mill* (in verse: 1826), 348; dines at Abbotsford, 398; Scott breakfasts with him and his wife in London, 531, 534; and dines with him, 539
- Egerton (Harriet Catherine), wife of Francis Egerton, 1st Earl of Ellesmere, formerly Leveson Gower, née Bentinck: a beautiful and courteous woman, 539
- Elie House, Fife: Scott with Blair Adam Club at, 360
- Elliott (Sir William Francis), 7th Bart., of Stobs: candidate for Roxburgh county, 154; unsuccessful candidate, 156
- Elliot (Lady Anna Maria), eldest daughter of 1st Earl of Minto: Scott's high opinion of, 213-214; her wit and good humour, 415
- Ellis (Anne), wife of George Ellis, née Parker: her appearance when she visited Abbotsford, 460; is unwell, 462, 465
- Ellis (Charles), colonel, nephew of Geo. Ellis: at Abbotsford, 460-461; "an enthusiastic soldier," 460
- Ellis (George), author: the best converser Scott has known, 222; his wit, learning, and knowledge of the world, 465
- Ellis, Mrs., wife of col. Chas. Ellis: at Abbotsford, 460
- Ellis (William), missionary: account of progress of civilisation in South Sea Islands, 637
- Erödy [?], Count: at Abbotsford, 745
- Erskine (David) (1772-1847), of Cardross: Scott meets him after thirty years, 498
- Erskine (David Steuart), 24th Earl of Buchan: "a prince of Bores," 230, 296; death of, 626; Scott on, 626-627, 628-629; he attends his funeral, 628
- Erskine (Euphemia), daughter of Wm. Erskine, Lord Kinnedder: Scott at her marriage, 578
- Erskine (Helen), daughter of Wm. Erskine, Lord Kinnedder: cir-

- cumstances have led her to go to India, 473
- Erskine (Henry), Lord Advocate : Scott on, 627
- Erskine (William), Lord Kinneuder, Senator of the College of Justice : 76
- Erskine (Rachel), wife of James Erskine, Lord Grange, *née* Chiesley : Scott advises her history to be inserted in Macaulay's *History of St Kilda*, 578
- Erskine (Thomas), 1st Baron Erskine : Scott on, 627
- Escars, Duchess d' : statement concerning Napoleon from, 254
- Fair Maid of Perth* : Scott begins, 426 ; progress of, 435, 436, 442-443, 445, 446, 447, 450-451, 451-452, 473, 474, 477, 478, 480, 484, 486, 487, 488, 490, 491, 494, 496, 498, 499, 505, 506-507, 508, 511 ; sold to Cadell for £4000, 439 ; Cadell disapproves of about half the volume already written and rues his engagement, 446 ; Jas. Ballantyne's criticism of, 48, 509 ; finished, 511 ; proofs of, 521 ; success of, 558
- Falkland Palace, Fife : Scott on, 658-659
- Fauche Borel (Louis), secret agent of Louis xviii : his *Mémoires*, 593
- Fellenburg (Philippe Emmanuel de), Swiss educationist : breakfasts with Scott, 676
- Felton (John), assassin : stabbed Duke of Buckingham at Portsmouth, 756
- Ferdinand II, King of Naples, nicknamed "King Bomba" : he and Scott converse when Scott pays court on his birthday, 780 ; Scott on, 781
- Ferguson (Sir Adam), deputy keeper of the Regalia, eldest son of Prof. Adam Ferguson : tries over Scott's verses to the tune of "Bonnie Dundee," 57 ; has had a fall with his horse, 322, 324
- Ferguson (Bell), eldest daughter of Prof. Adam Ferguson : death of, 700 ; Scott at her funeral, 701
- Ferguson (James), colonel, 23rd Bengal N.I. : brother of Sir Adam Ferguson : ill with rheumatism, 321 : his memoranda of Indian affairs for *Surgeon's Daughter*, 398, 400, 401
- Ferguson (John), capt., R.N., brother of Sir Adam Ferguson : Scott hears from him his adventures in Spanish Main, 332, 340
- Ferguson (Mary), second daughter of Prof. Adam Ferguson : death of, 581 ; Scott on, 581
- Ferguson (Robert), physician : attends Scott in London, 530
- Ferrier (James), Senior Clerk of Session, father of Susan Ferrier, the novelist : cited, 87 ; his accident against a lamp-post, 307 ; death of, 577-578 ; Scott at his funeral, 579
- Ferrier (Susan Edmonstone), novelist : visits Abbotsford, 739, 741 ; Scott on, 739-740, 741
- Ferrounays, *see* La Ferrounays
- Ferrybridge, Yorkshire. Scott at, 554
- Fielding (Henry), novelist : quoted, 101 ; his *Voyage to Lisbon*, 758
- Fincastle, Lord, *see* Murray (George), 5th Earl of Dunmore
- Fletcher (Joseph), theological writer : 656
- Foley (Sir Thomas), admiral : invites Scott to entertainment at Portsmouth, 755
- Foote, Miss, actress : Scott on, 363
- Foote (Samuel) : his *Commissary*, 300
- Forbes (Alexander), 4th Lord Forbes of Pitsligo : his Life, prefixed to *Thoughts concerning Man's Condition*, reviewed by Scott, 621
- Forbes (James Ochonchar), 18th Lord Forbes : his experience of outbreak of fire at Castle Forbes, 13-14
- Forbes (Hon. John), lieut. 79th Regt., fifth son of Jas. Ochonchar, 18th Lord Forbes : visits Scott in London, 702

- Forbes (John Hay), Lord Medwyn, judge : Scott dines with, 197, 320 ; candidate for membership of Bannatyne Club, 680
- Forbes (Walter), 19th Baron Forbes : H.M. High Commissioner to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland (1829), 641
- Forbes (Sir William), 7th Bart., of Pitsligo : offers assistance to Scott in his financial distress, 73 : Scott looks back on scenes he has shared with, 82
- Forbes (William), advocate, eldest son of John Hay Forbes, Lord Medwyn : at Abbotford, 617 ; his singing of Italian music, 618, 619
- Fortune (James), artificial leg maker, Edinr. : mechanical contrivance for Scott's lame leg, 712, 714
- Foscolo (Ugo), Italian author : comments on, 12
- Foy (Maximilien Sébastien), French general : his *Histoire de la guerre de la Péninsule sous Napoléon* (1827), 407 and n., 408
- France : Scott on, 258, 264
- Francklin (William), colonel : Scott on, 656 ; *Military Memoirs of George Thomas*, 656 and n.
- Frauchs, Irishman : breakfasts with Scott in Edinr., 128 ; his *Tales of Chivalry and Romance*, 128
- Frederick, Duke of York and Albany : his appearance, 277, 279 ; death of, 301 : Scott's opinion of, 301-302 ; funeral of, 307
- Frere (John Hookham), diplomatist and author : Scott visits him at Malta, 774 : Scott on, 774, 776-777 ; prints of Siege of Malta from, 775
- Fulke (Henry Richard), 3rd Earl of Warwick : he and his wife welcome Scott at Warwick Castle, 516
- Funerals : Scott's distaste of, 150-152, 157
- Gaeta : Scott views the town and castle from pass near Terracina, 799
- Gaiety : Scott thinks the young people of the age are less socially gay than those of his youth, 303
- Galashiels, Selkirkshire : Scott at Galashiels to settle a lawsuit, 302 ; proposed new road between Galashiels and Selkirk, 670, 674, 675, 702, 707-708 ; warrant officers pursued by mob from, 740
- Galignani (Jean Antoine), editor : 258 ; he and his brother offer Scott £105 to have his *Napoleon* transmitted and reprinted at Paris in English, 269
- Galitzin (Praskavya Andrieyevna), Princess, née Shuvalov : Scott meets her in Paris, 265, 266, 269 ; death of, 613
- Gallois (Jean Antoine Cauvain), French politician : 258, 260, 262, 264, 266
- Galt (John), novelist : his *Omen*, 113 : reviewed for *Blackwood's Magazine*, 179 ; Scott receives £10 for the review, 189 ; his *Spawife*, 667 ; and *Lawrie Todd*, 689
- Garrick (David), actor : Scott asked to edit an edition of Garrick's correspondence, 223 ; Scott invited by Colburn to take charge of the Garrick papers and to write a life of Garrick, 449 : story about him and his wife, 752-753
- Garstang, Lancashire : Scott at, 515
- Gell (Sir William), archæologist : acts as one of Scott's cicerone at Naples, 779, 785 ; his help wanted in research, 783 ; guide at Pompeii, 784 ; and at Paestum, 785 ; his remarkable knowledge of Italian antiquities, 786, 792 ; secured lodgings for Scott at Rome, 800
- George II., King of Great Britain and Ireland : specimen of his broken English when in a passion, 540
- George III., King of Great Britain and Ireland : Scott's Memoir of him for *Prose Works* (1827), 318 ; at one time he made a point of reading every word of every Act

- of Parliament before giving his assent to it, 414
- George IV., King of Great Britain and Ireland : entertains Scott at the Royal Lodge, Windsor, 251-252 ; Scott's admiration of, 251-252 ; illness of, 355 ; calls Lord Goderich a blubbing fool, 394 ; his dilemma over administration, 458 ; Scott dines with, 539 ; the King accepts the dedication to him of the *Magnum Opus*, 539 ; death of, 583
- Ghost-seeing : story of, 750-752
- Gibbons, Bill : his replies to the expostulations of Mr Jackson, 415-416
- Gibraltar : Scott on, 762-765
- Gibson (John), Junr., W.S. ; Scott's private law-agent and one of the trustees of his affairs : 70 ; brings Scott bad news of Constable's financial position, 75, 144 ; advises Scott to execute a trust deed, 70, 81 ; Scott borrows £240 from him to pay for his nephew's outfit and passage to India, 91 ; does not despair of Scott's affairs, 96 ; Scott gives him his father's cabinet, 129 ; looks unwell, 144 ; in high spirits over Scott's views on the nature of Constable's creditors' claim to copyright of *Woodstock* and *Napoleon*, 179 ; letter from him to inform Scott that Lord Newton has adjudged the profits of *Woodstock* and *Napoleon* are to be Scott's own, 378 ; another letter to say Newton has decided most questions in Scott's favour, 419 ; strongly advises Scott to take out a sequestration, 124 ; informs him that the trustees authorise the launching of the *Magnum Opus*, 558
- Gifford (Harriet Maria), wife of Robt. Gifford, 1st Baron Gifford, of St Leonard's, *née* Drewe : Scott breakfasts with, 747
- Gifford (Robert), 1st Baron Gifford, judge : his satisfactory judgment in appeal cases, 183
- Gifford (William), editor (1809-24) of *Quarterly Review* : his curtailment of Southey's articles annoys Southey, 23 ; summary of his character, 305 ; and of his habits, 306
- Gilbert (Davies), formerly Giddy, President of the Royal Society : Scott breakfasts with him at Somerset House, London, 535
- Gilbert (John Graham), painter : his portrait of Scott, 515, 519, 582, 585, 586, 651, 652
- Gillespie (Malcolm) : trial of, 432
- Gillies (Adam), Lord Gillies, Senator of the College of Justice : presides at Jedburgh Circuit Court, 156 ; Scott at dinner with, 593
- Gillies (Robert Pearce), of Balma-kewan, advocate : his character, talents, and circumstances, 28-29, 44-45, 47 ; Lockhart hopes to help, 28 ; writes a satire in manner of Byron's *Don Juan*, 196 ; Scott tries to mediate between him and his uncle, Lord Gillies, 201 ; letters from, 236, 242, 243 ; proposes to launch a foreign journal, 242, 243 ; Scott on his troublesome letters and applications, 336 ; article on Hoffmann's Works for, 344, 345, 357, 380 ; letter from, 345 ; his improvident mode of living, 381, 525 ; article on Molière for, 445, 466, 467, 468, 470, 471, 480 ; calls on Scott in London, 525, 529 ; Scott remonstrates on his irregular affairs, 651
- Gill's Hill Lane, Radlett, Herts., scene of murder of Weare by Thurtell : Scott visits, 552-554
- Gilly (Mary), wife of W. S. Gilly, Canon of Durham, *née* Colberg : at Abbotsford, 373
- Gilly (William Stephen), Canon of Durham : Scott hears the history of the discovery of St Cuthbert's body at Durham Cathedral from, 376 ; Scott breakfasts with him in London, 530
- Glasgow : visit to, 396-397 ; trade, 639

- "Glee for King Charles": 91 and *n.*
- Godwin (William), philosopher: he approached Canning to lead the Jacobins' revolution, 523; Scott sees him in London, 542
- Goethe (Johann Wolfgang von): letter from, 320; Scott compares him with Ariosto and Voltaire, 320
- Goldsmith: quoted, 159
- Gooch (Robert), physician: attends on Sophia, 134; consulted about Johnnie Lockhart, 253; to examine, and report on, Stuart papers, 662
- Gordon (George Huntly), amanuensis to Scott, 61, 85, 130; Scott hopes Gordon will not meet with the same fate as Henry Weber, 130; used to keep Scott's papers and books in order, 304; at Abbotsford, 380; lends Scott his father's MS. memoirs, 381; arranges Scott's letters from about 1810 onwards, 383, 384; wishes to publish *Religious Discourses of a Layman* which Scott once wrote for him, 453; Scott's views on this, 453-454; sells the work for £250, 476; Scott revises proofs of the *Discourses*, 488, 495
- Gordon (Sir John Watson), portrait painter: portrait of Scott, 727
- Gordon (Pryse Lockhart) major: two anecdotes in his MS. memoirs which have struck Scott, 381-382
- Gourgaud (Gaspard), Baron, French general: Scott has quoted Gourgaud's evidence in his *Napoleon*, 353; Gourgaud may take vengeance as a result, 353; Scott is quite prepared to meet a possible challenge from him, 390, 394; accuses Scott of combining with the ministry to slander his reputation, 398; Scott's printed reply to, 399, 400; Gourgaud negotiated with French Government to the last moment before leaving London, 413; the censors of the French press have prohibited the insertion of Scott's reply to Gourgaud, 416; letter to Scott about Gourgaud, 422
- Gower (Elizabeth Leveson), Duchess of Sutherland, *formerly* Marchioness of Stafford, *née* Gower: her countenance for Sophia in London, 42; her Gaelic title of "Banamhorar-Chat" (the Great Lady of the Cat), 42 and *n.*; Scott and Anne dine with her in London, 273; Scott calls on her in London, 529; he has a great regard for, 541; he dines with, 547
- Gower (Granville Leveson), 1st Viscount Granville, diplomatist: 258, 261, 263; Scott and Anne dine with him in Paris, 262, 263, 268; Scott's description of his Paris residence, 262; attends Lady Granville's route, 266
- Gozo, island: Scott on, 769-770
- Graham (Clementina Stirling), cf Duntrune, *formerly* Stirling: her personifications of Scottish character, 439, 500
- Graham (Fanny), wife of Sir Jas. R. G. Graham, statesman, *née* Callender: parting visit to Scott at Portsmouth from, 759
- Graham (James Gillespie), architect: his drawings for repairing Murthly House, 685
- Graham (Sir James Robert George), 2nd Bart., of Netherby, statesman: calls on Scott at Portsmouth, 757
- Graham (John), of Claverhouse, 1st Viscount Dundee: anecdote of his visit to an old Lady Elphinstone, 437
- Graham (Lord William): nearly murdered by mob at Dunbarton, 742
- Graham (William Cunninghame Cunninghame), 7th of Gartmore: he bid against Scott for a portrait of Nell Gwynn, 482
- Graham's Island: Scott surveys, 769
- Grant (Anne), of Laggan, *née* Macvicar, authoress: pension for, 25, 35-36; and story of haunted glen in Laggan, 740

- Grant (Emily), first wife of Sir Francis Grant, P.R.A., *née* Farquharson : 726
- Grant (Sir Francis), portrait painter : Scott visits a sale of Grant's pictures, 315 ; and comments on them, 316 ; he and his second wife at Abbotsford, 726 ; Scott on, 726-727 ; portrait of Scott, 727
- Grant (Isabella), second wife of Sir Francis Grant, P.R.A., *née* Norman, niece of Duke of Rutland : "a beautiful and fashionable young woman," 727
- Grant (Sir William), master of the rolls : Scott sees him in London, 539
- Gray (Charles), of Carse : writes to offer Scott half the profits of a patent medicine, "the anti-radical Laika," 99
- Gray (Francis) (1765-1842), 14th Baron Gray : wishes Scott to write preliminary matter to the Master of Gray's correspondence, 363
- Gray (Patrick), Master of Gray, then 7th Lord Gray : Scott considers he was a great rogue, 363
- Gray (Thomas), poet : quoted, 114
- Green Shields (John), sculptor : his statue of George IV. and a proposed one of Burns's Jolly Beggars, 577 ; Scott writes to Lord Elgin about, 578
- Grenville (Rt. Hon. Thomas), statesman and book-collector : 273-274, 547
- Griffin (Gerald), dramatist, novelist, poet : his *Tales of the Munster Festivals*, 505-506
- Grove, the, Herts. : Scott at, 552
- Guizard (Louis de), Directeur-Général des Beaux Arts : breakfasts with Scott at Edinburgh, 362
- Guy Mannering : notes on, 476, 478, 480
- Gwynn (Nell), actress : Scott buys a portrait of, 482
- Haig (Barbara), 26th of Bemersyde, eldest daughter of Jas. Z. Haig, 24th of Bemersyde : her singing of Italian music, 417
- Haliburton (David), East India Co.'s Madras establishment (retired) : at Abbotsford, 208
- Halidon Hill : comparative failure of, 81
- Hall (Basil), capt. R.N., second son of Sir Jas. Hall, Bart., of Dunglass : 286 ; visits Scott with Audubon, 308 ; *Fragments of Voyages*, 733 ; he and Scott in London, 747
- Hamilton (Charlotte Baillie), wife of Ven. Chas. Baillie Hamilton, *née* Hume : Scott renews his acquaintance with her at Brighton, 546
- Hamilton (Jane), wife of Sir Hew Dalrymple Hamilton, 4th Bart., of North Berwick, *née* Duncan : she informs Scott that Count Pozzo di Borgo is willing to supply him with particulars of Napoleon's early life, 240
- Hamilton (Thomas), captain, 29th Regiment, author of *Cyril Thornton* : Scott's opinion of, 195 (see *Noctes Ambrosianae*, 89, in Wilson's *Collected Works*) ; 217 ; his *Cyril Thornton*, 347, 375, 387 ; finishing his *Annals of the Peninsular Campaign*, 653
- Hamilton (Sir William), Bart., metaphysician : essay to the Royal Socy. of Edinr., 592
- Hampden (Jane Maria), second wife of Thomas Hampden, 2nd Viscount Hampden, *née* Brown : at Abbotsford, 398, 436
- Hamper (William), antiquary : suicide of, 738
- Hampton Court : Scott at, 525-526, 549
- Handley (Thomas), Gray's Inn : letters from Handley about funds supposed to belong to Lady Scott or to the estate of her late brother, Charles Carpenter, 140, 152, 164-165 ; Scott hears from him an account of claim arising on the estate of one Mrs Owen, 276 and *n.* ; Scott reports progress in Chancery suit to, 542

- Hardyknute*, ballad : quoted, 122
- Harper (George), Sydney, N.S. Wales : two emus from, 374, 523
- Harral (Thomas) . has written against the Waverley Novels in *La Belle Assemblée*, 662
- Harris (George), capt. R.N. : calls on Scott at Portsmouth, 757
- Hartshorne (Charles Henry), antiquary : *Ancient Metrical Tales*, 594
- Hastings (Francis Rawdon), 1st Marquis of Hastings, 2nd Earl of Moira : death of, 295
- Hawick, Roxburghshire : Scott at, 557
- Hay (E. W. Auriol Drummond), secy. of Socy. of Antiquaries of Scotland : he and Scott lament the unlikelihood that Government will give the Museum £2000 to purchase the bronze Apollo lately found in France, 502 ; he is "a considerable bore," 504 ; he presents Scott with bronze statue of Hercules, 504, 583 ; and the restoration of "Mons Meg" to Edinr. Castle, 593, 595, 599, 600, 761 ; Consul to Tangiers, 646, 761 ; Scott on, 761
- Hay (Sir John), 5th Bt., of Haystoun : Scott dines at his Edinr. house, 316
- Hay (Robert William), Colonial Office : 256
- Haydon (Benjamin Robert), painter : letter from, 316 ; Scott breakfasts with him in London, 533 ; and sits to him for his portrait, 533 ; the King has bought his picture, "The Mock Election," 533 ; Scott on, 533-534
- Haydon (Mary), wife of B. R. Haydon, *née* Hymans : Scott meets her in London, 534
- Heart of Midlothian* : a correspondent's opinion of, 38
- Heath (Charles), engraver : visits Scott in Edinr., 478, 479 ; asks Scott to become editor of *The Keepsake*, 478 ; Scott declines the offer, 478, 479 ; but con-
- tributes to *Keepsake*, 495 ; "My Aunt Margaret's Mirror" for *Keepsake*, 521 ; proposed engraving for Scott's *Magnum Opus*, 597, 598
- Heber (Reginald), Bishop of Calcutta : recollections of him at Oxford, 607
- Heber (Richard), book collector : rumours of his unnatural practices, 190, 199 ; conducted Scott round Oxford, 281
- Hemans (Felicia Dorothea), Mrs. poetess, *née* Browne : her verses in honour of Lord Jas. Murray, 363 ; at Chiefswood, 665-666, 667 ; Scott on, 666, 667
- Henderson (Alexander), of Eildon Hall, banker : Scott attends funeral of, 493 ; "a kind-hearted, honest man," 493
- Henry II. de Lorraine, Duke de Guise : Scott reviews his *Expedition* for *Foreign Quarterly*, 632-633, 634
- Herbert (Henry George), 2nd Earl of Carnarvon . he and Scott meet at Minto House, 375 ; at Abbotsford, 398
- Herbert (Henry John George), Lord Porchester, afterwards 3rd Earl of Carnarvon : 11 and n.
- Herculeanum : visit to, 785
- Herries (John Charles), statesman and financier : the Whigs want him to be Chancellor of the Exchequer in Goderich's ministry, 393
- Hertford, Lord *see* Conway (Francis C.), 3rd Marquess
- Highland Widow* : progress of, 197
- History of Scotland* : for Lardner's *Cabinet Cyclopædia*, 623-625, 627, 628, 631, 633, 638, 646, 654, 655, 665, 666, 667
- Hobhouse (John Cam), Baron Broughton : writes a highly flattering dedication to himself but purporting to be by Byron, 10
- Hoffmann (Ernst Theodor Willhelm), German romance writer : article on Hoffmann's Works for *Foreign Quarterly*, 344, 345, 357, 380

- Hogarth (George), W.S., brother-in-law of Jas. Ballantyne : advises Scott to execute trust of his property for payment of his obligations, 70 ; at Abbotsford, 379, 380
- Hogg (James), poet : breakfasts with Scott in Edinburgh, 41 ; his disapproval of Tom Moore's verses, 41 ; pecuniary difficulties of, 106 ; quoted, 163 ; financial help for, 169 ; loses his farm, 314-315 ; Scott hopes Hogg can be helped by the Roy. Socy. of Literature, 346 ; wishes Scott to intercede with the Duke of Buccleuch about his farm, 461-462
- Hogg (Robert), nephew of Jas. Hogg, (the Ettrick Shepherd) : transcribes for Scott, 351-352, 354
- Holland (Sir Henry), 1st Bart., physician : 255
- Holland House : Scott stays at, 543-544
- Home (Alexander), 10th Earl of Home : Scott meets him at Drumlanrig Castle, 219
- Home (Elizabeth), wife of 10th Earl of Home, second daughter of Henry, 3rd Duke of Buccleuch : Scott meets her at Drumlanrig Castle, 219
- Home (John), poet : Scott reviews Mackenzie's edition of Home's Works, 331, 342, 343
- Hone (William), author and book-seller : *Every Day Book*, 685
- Hook (Theodore Edward), novelist and wit : Scott meets, 272-275 ; his *Sayings and Doings*, 490 ; Scott meets him in London, 526 ; he "looks unhealthy and bloated," 526
- Hoole (John), translator : his regular method of writing verse translations, 180
- Hope (John), Lord Hope, Solicitor-General, afterwards Lord Justice-Clerk : Scott's estimate of, 43 ; he is reserved and cautious regarding the proposed change in currency as affecting Scotland, 117
- Hope (Louisa), wife of Jno. Hope, 5th Earl of Hopetoun, *née* Macdonald : Scott accompanies her at the restoration of "Mons Meg" at Edinr. Castle, 604, 605
- Hope (Sir William Johnstone), admiral, G.C.B. : 221
- Horner (Leonard), geologist and educationist : consults Scott about the retention of the northern pronunciation of Latin in Edinburgh Academy, 309
- Horton (Anne Beatrix), wife of Sir Robt. John Wilmot Horton, *née* Horton : the original of Byron's "She walks in Beauty," 255
- Horton (Sir Robert John Wilmot), 3rd Bart., politician, Governor of Ceylon : his plan of relieving the poor's rates by emigration, 253 ; Scott dines with, 255
- Hotham (Frances Anne Juliana), wife of vice-admiral Sir Henry Hotham, *née* Rous : takes Scott a drive at Malta, 774
- House of Aspen* : for *The Keepsake*, 597, 621, 625, 633
- Howley (William), Archbishop of Canterbury : Scott meets, 524
- Hughes (John), author and artist, son of Thos. Hughes, Canon of St Pauls : 254, 280
- Hughes (Mary Ann), Mrs. of Uffington, *née* Watts : 279 ; Scott breakfasts with, 542
- Hughes (Thomas), Canon of St Paul's Cathedral : 254, 279
- Hull, the Messrs, sons of Edward Hull, Donaghadee : visit Scott in Edinr., 657
- Hume (David), philosopher and historian : his nephew's account of his last moments, 370-371
- Hume (David), judge, Baron of Scottish Exchequer : Scott calls on, 317 ; gives Scott an account of David Hume's last moments, 370-371
- Hume (Joseph), radical politician : he says Scott is interested in keeping up taxes, 140 ; has cheated the loan raised in 1824

- to assist the Greek insurgents, 272 and *n.*
- Hume, Mrs, Warwick Castle : " my old friend," 516, 517
- Hunt, Mr : story of assassination of him and his wife at Paestum, 788-789
- Hunt (James Henry Leigh), essayist and poet : *The Liberal* and Byron's association with it, 10 ; in *Byron and his Contemporaries* he has mixed up Horace Smith with Shelley as though he had shared Shelley's irreligious opinions, 184 ; but has published a contradiction of the inference thus derived from the association of their names, 184 ; " the wretched publication of Leigh Hunt," 200
- Hurst, Robinson and Co., publishers : their financial failure will affect Constable & Co., their Edinburgh agents, 8, 45-46, 47, 49 ; better news from, 53, 71 ; their failure, 69, 71, 144, 159 ; they may go on and pay, 81 ; usurious transaction between them and Abud & Son, 423-424, 425, 429, 445 ; they have sold upwards of 20,000 copies of the 8vo sets of Scott's novels, 456, 457
- Huskisson (William), statesman : 241, 279 ; he and Scott in London, 277, 529
- Huxley (Jessie), wife of col. Thos. Huxley, *née* Scott : 281
- Huxley (Thomas). Colonel : suicide of, 284-285, 286, 291
- Illnesses : attack (or Dec. 26, 1825), 57, 59 ; gloomy fits, 132, 133, 152 ; attack of pain, 293, 294, 295, 296 ; rheumatism, 299, 300, 302-303, 304, 307, 313, 315, 320, 328, 339, 402, 561, 568, 570 ; 324, 569, 570
- Impey (Edward), acting judge of Provincial Court of Appeal at Moorshedabad, youngest son of Sir Elijah Impey : his address and conversation, 222 (see *Record of Old Westminster*, by Barker and Stenning, 1928, 1, 501)
- Impey (Julia), wife of Edward Impey, *née* de L'Etang : her fondness for music and Scotch airs, 223
- Inglis (Sir Robert Harry), 2nd Bart., of Milton Bryant, politician : 256 ; Scott dines with, 525 ; and breakfasts with, 746
- Innes (George Burnet), son of Gilbert Innes of Stow : Scott at his funeral, 686
- Ireland and the Irish : Scott on his tour in Ireland and on the Irish people, 1-2, 3, 94-95
- Irving (Alexander), Lord Newlon, Senator of College of Justice : acts as arbiter on the property of *Woodstock* and *Napoleon*, 223 ; has adjudged that the profits of *Woodstock* and *Napoleon* are to be Scott's own, 378, 396, 397 ; Scott's deposition before Newton in case between him and Constable's creditors, 402 ; has decided in Scott's favour, 419, 441
- Irving (Edward), preacher : Scott misses seeing him, 531 ; Scott on, 641, 642
- Irving (Washington) : attempted something of a history of Italian brigands, 795
- Isle of Wight : Scott sails past, 758
- Italian language : Scott regrets not having refreshed his knowledge of the, 792
- Itterburg, Count, assumed name of Prince Gustavus Vasa, son of Gustavus IV. : 343 (see J. Skene's *Memoirs of Sir Walter Scott*, 1909, 11-88)
- Ivanhoe* : stage version in Paris, 261 ; corrected for *Magnum* ed., 655
- Jackson, Mr : his expostulations and the replies of Bill Gibbons, 415-416
- Jacob (William), statistical writer : Scott meets, 523 ; his proposal

- to compel the poor to labour by military force and under military discipline, 523
- James (George Payne Rainsford), novelist : he and his wife at Abbotsford, 708
- Jamieson (John), antiquary, philologist, and anti-burgher minister : at Abbotsford, 206 ; Scott describes him, 206, 207
- Jardine (Sir Henry), of Harwood, King's Remembrancer : 71 : Scott dines with, 319, 654
- Jedburgh, Roxburghshire : Scott attends circuit court at, 156, 232 ; has attended these circuits regularly since 1792, 156 ; attends election meeting at, 166 ; case of an assault on a deaf and dumb woman at circuit court, 232-233 : Scott attends election at, 741
- Jeffrey (Francis), Lord Jeffrey, judge and critic : his address on "Combinations of Workmen," 14-15 ; 289 ; his adverse criticism of Wordsworth's schoolmaster, 298 ; Scott dines with, 315 ; unwell as result of prolonged pleading in poison case, 322 ; Scott dines with him at Craigcrook Castle, 646 ; and delinquents at Gala-shiels, 742
- Jenkinson (Robert Banks), 2nd Earl of Liverpool, statesman : change in the Liverpool ministry, 241 : serious illness, 322
- Jobson (Rachel), wife of Wm. Jobson, of Lochore, *née* Stewart : at Abbotsford, 215 ; Scott dines with, 284-285 ; and takes possession of her Edinr. house, 425
- Johnson (Samuel), lexicographer : cited, 76 ; quoted, 127 ; his advice to Boswell how to keep a diary, 614, 631
- Johnstone (Christian Isobel), Mrs., novelist : her *Elizabeth de Bruce*, 308 ; opinion on it, 310-311.
- Johnstones, the, of Annandale : how three brothers of the family changed their names, 185
- Jollie (James), W.S. : acts as trustee of Scott's affairs, 83, 197 ; consents to publication of, small ed. of Waverley Novels, 197
- Jonson (Benjamin), dramatist : cited, 146
- Journal* : Scott wonders how his *Journal* will be read after his death in the light of his financial trouble, 50 ; wonders at the regularity with which he has continued writing his, 339 ; begins to tire of it, 418 ; is afraid he may lose the habit of keeping it, 471 ; he brings it up-to-date, 519, 523 ; discontinues it for two or three days, 572 ; resumed (May 23, 1830) after discontinuance (July 20, 1829), 669 ; discontinued for several weeks (July 18 to Sept. 5, and Sept. 5 to Dec. 20, 1830), 691, 693, 694 ; discontinued (May 25 to Sept. 1831), 743, 744
- Judgeship : offered to Scott, 93 ; he declines, 93
- Karr (Andrew Seton), of Kippilaw : has been struck with a palsy, 625
- Keepsake, The*, an annual : Scott asked to become editor of, 478 ; he declines the offer, 478, 479 ; but contributes to, 495 ; receives £200 for the contribution, 502 ; more contributions for, 504 ; "My Aunt Margaret's Mirror," for, 521 ; drawing of the Laird's Jock for, 525
- Keiry Craigs, Kilmross-shire : visit to, 679
- Keith (Anne Murray), Mrs., daughter of Robert Keith of Craig, ambassador : her Tale of the Deserter (for incorporation into *Chronicles of the Canongate*, First Series, 176 ; she is introduced (as Mrs Bethune Baliol) into the *Chronicles*, 177
- Kelly (Michael), vocalist, actor, composer : review of his *Reminiscences*, 164
- Kelso : Scott revisits Rosebank cottage at Kelso where he spent part of his childhood, 391

- Kemble (Charles), actor : criticism of his acting in *Much Ado*, 327
- Kemble (Frances Anne), afterwards Mrs Butler, actress : Scott sees her in Southerne's *Fatal Marriage* at Edinr., 677 ; Scott on, 677, 681
- Kendal, Westmorland : Scott at, 282
- Kenilworth Castle : Scott at, 516
- Kennedy (Thomas Francis), of Dunure : Scott meets, 375 ; the Whigs wish him to be admitted a member of the Bannatyne Club, 680
- Kent (Victoria Mary Louisa), wife of Edward Augustus Duke of Kent : Scott dines with, 545
- Kerr (John William Robert), 7th Marquess of Lothian : his account of the disunion at the Congress of Vienna just before Napoleon's return from Elba, 411-412
- Kerr, the Misses : Scott on, 467
- Kinloch (George), of Kinloch, M.P. for Dundee : has considered *Letters of Malachi* seditious, 200 ; outlawed for his inflammatory incitement of Dundee weavers, 200
- Kinloch (George Ritchie), keeper of Register of Deeds, Register House, Edinburgh : Scott cites notes on his *Ancient Scottish Ballads*, 328
- Kinnear (Thomas), banker : bids farewell at Abbotsford before going to London, 613
- Knight (Henry Gally), writer on architecture : Scott breakfasts with, 532
- Knight (John Prescott), portrait-painter : portrait of Scott, 64-65, 67, 72
- Knighton (Sir William), physician and private secretary to George IV. : 123, 250, 252, 253 ; Scott sees him, 523 ; his efforts to secure a post for Lockhart, 523
- Knox (Robert), anatomist : proposal to read an essay on dissection to the Royal Socy. of Edinburgh, 574, 575 ; a committee to inquire into his traffic with the West Port (Burke and Hare), murders, 580
- Knox (William), poet : comments on him and his poetry, 34-35
- Kynynmound (Anna Maria), wife of 1st Earl of Minto, *née* Amyand : she and Scott meet at Minto House and rub up recollections of the time when Scott was more intimate with the family, 375-376
- Kynynmound (Gilbert Elliot Murray), 1st Earl of Minto, formerly Elliot : Scott's intimacy with, and admiration for, 54-55 ; changes of opinion in political crises, 54-55 ; his apparition supposed to haunt the precincts of Minto House, 55-56
- Kynynmound (Gilbert Elliot Murray), 2nd Earl of Minto, formerly Elliot : Scott's opinion of, 54, 375
- Kynynmound (Mary), wife of 2nd Earl of Minto, *née* Brydone : 375
- Lacrimae Christi, the Italian wine : Scott on, 786
- La Ferronnays (?) (Auguste Pierre Marie Ferron), Comte de, French politician : 784
- La Ferronnays (?), Comtesse de : her musical and dramatic talent, 785
- La Ferronnays (?), the Misses de : at Pompeii, 784
- Laggan, Inverness-shire : story of haunted glen in, 740
- Laidlaw (William), steward at Abbotsford : Scott discusses with him economy in the farming at Abbotsford. 89, 94 ; loses an infant child, 150 ; Scott thinks he talks nonsense about the new government. 347 ; acts as amanuensis on *Count Robert*. 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 723, 730, 733 ; unpunctuality of, 718
- Laidlaw (William), steward at Abbotsford : Scott discusses with him economy in the farming at Abbotsford. 89, 94 ; loses an infant child, 150 ; Scott thinks he talks nonsense about the new government. 347 ; acts as amanuensis on *Count Robert*. 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 723, 730, 733 ; unpunctuality of, 718
- Laidleyworm of Spindlestonchaugh : 161 and n.
- Lainé (T. T.), French consul in Edinr., 663

- Laing (David), antiquary : visit to, 357 ; young woman resembles, 454
- Laing-Meason, *see* Meason
- "Laird's Jock" : drawing of Laird's Jock for publication of the tale in *The Keepsake*, 525
- Lalaine (Jacques de) : *Vie de Jacques de Lalaine*, 110
- Lambeth Palace, London : repairs at, 747
- Lameness : increasing weakness in Scott's lame leg, 572, 573, 577, 588, 591, 697
- Lanark : Scott at, 397
- "Landscape Gardening, Essay on" : for *Quarterly Review*, 426, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 440, 444, 445 ; Murray offers Scott his own terms for a volume on planting and landscape gardening, 449
- Landseer (Sir Edwin Henry), painter : Scott's high opinion of his dog pictures, 102-103 ; and enthusiasm for his pictures, 438 ; picture of Abbotsford, 483
- Land's End : Scott sails near, 759
- Lang (Andrew), sheriff clerk for Selkirkshire : 487 ; and address concerning Reform Bill, 720
- Lardner (Dionysius), scientific writer : *Hist. of Scotland for Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia*, 628, 631, 633, 638, 654, 655
- La Rochjacquelin (Marie Louise Victorine), Marquise de : preface and notes for translation of her *Mémoires*, 56, 57
- Latouche (Mrs Peter), Dublin : Scott on, 680, 689-690
- Laurie (Sir Peter), Lord Mayor of London : Scott learns information concerning the Jews from, 530
- Lauriston Castle, Midlothian : Scott on good taste shown in the additions to, 441
- Law (Jacques Alexandre Bernard), Marquis de Lauriston, marshal of France : Scott meets, 269
- Lawrence (Sir Thomas), portrait-painter : 250, 254, 255 ; portrait of Scott for George IV., 273, 279 ; informs Scott he has been chosen Prof. of Antiquities to Royal Academy, 344
- Le Chevalier (Jean Baptiste), French traveller and archæologist : Scott sees his old friend at the College Henri IV., Paris, 262
- Lee and Kennedy, nurserymen, London : Scott orders seeds and flowers from, 532
- Le Noir, Monsr. : at Abbotsford, 545
- Leopold, Prince : 545
- Leslie (Charles Robert), painter : portrait of Scott, 64 and 65 n. ; has great powers, 103
- Letters from Malachi Malagrowth* : 109, 110, 111 and n., 112, 113-114, 115-116, 117, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124-125, 126, 133, 140, 156, 184 ; angry and bitter reprobation of, 127, 137-138, 140 ; £72 odd from sales of, 197, 231, 250
- Letters on Demology* : 670, 672, 675, 680-681, 683, 686, 689, 690
- Lévis (Pierre Marc Gaston), Duc de : awkward meeting with him at Abbotsford, 620 ; his book [*The Carbonaro, a Tale*?] dedicated to Scott, 620
- Lewis, London : his mechanical contrivance for amending handwriting, 199
- Lewis (Matthew Gregory), author : personal appearance of, 6
- Leyden (John), physician and poet : he introduced Scott to Tom Campbell, 193 ; praised *Hohenlinden*, 193
- Licteriis, Chevalier de, chief librarian in Royal Library, Naples : shows attention to Scott, 782-783
- Liddell (Henry Thomas), 1st Earl of Ravensworth : at Abbotsford 728, 744-745 ; shows Scott a poem in hexameters, 729 ; Scott on, 729
- Liddell (Sir John), director-gen. of Medical Dept., R.N. : and coast of N. Africa, 765, 768, 775
- Lisbon : Scott on the *Barham* passes, 760

- Lister (Thomas Henry), registrar-general of England and Wales : his *Granby*, 144
- Liston (Sir Robert), diplomatist : Scott visits, 562-563 ; his residence, 563
- Lizard Point : Scott sails near, 759
- Loch (James), advocate : 547
- Loch (John), director of East India Co. : has promised Scott a cadetship for Allan Cunningham's son, 547
- Lochore House and Estate, Fife : Scott visits, 223
- Locker (Edward Hawke), commissioner of Greenwich Hospital : 241, 255
- Lockhart (Charlotte Sophia), wife of J. G. Lockhart, *née* Scott : Scott's comments on, 20 ; letter from, 179 ; returns to Scotland, 652, 655
- Lockhart (John Gibson), biographer, son-in-law of Sir Walter : his management and editorship of *Quarterly Review*, 18-20, 22-3, 33-4 : Scott on, 20-21 ; hopes to help R. P. Gillies, 28 ; farewell dinner (at Edinr.) given to, 29 ; departs for London, 29 ; Scott does not like Lockhart's article on Sheridan's *Life* in *Quarterly*, 152 ; points out solecisms in Scott's style, 158 ; letters from, 340, 341, 346, 354, 369 ; arrives from London, 383 ; he and Scott dine at Sotheby's in London, 526 ; hears Mrs Arkwright sing, 541 ; his *Burns*, 257 ; to be editor of Stuart Papers, 586, 662 ; proposal that Lockhart should do something for a newspaper on the part of the Government which he has declined, 617-618 ; reputation established, 672 ; abused in *Blackwood's*, 724 ; at Abbotsford, 740
- Lockhart (John Hugh), elder son of J. G. Lockhart : Scott concerned about his delicate health, 28, 138, 146, 158, 191-192, 275, 279, 280 ; spinal illness, 137, 191-92, 248 ; good news of, 237 ; great hopes that his health will be established, 253 ; Scott tells him the history of Battle of Prestonpans, 368 ; is very ill, 525, 526, 527, 546, 561 ; Sophia takes him to Brighton, 526, 527 ; his illness increases, 652, 655 ; Scott on, 672, 674, 736 ; death of, 780
- Lockhart (Laurence), Rev., minister of Inchinnan, brother of J. G. Lockhart : Scott visits him at Inchinnan, 396 (see *Burke's Landed Gentry*)
- Lockhart (Mary Jane), wife of Wm. Lockhart of Milton Lockhart, *née* Palliser : 246, 254
- Lockhart (Richard Dickson), ensign 68th N.I. Bengal, half-brother of J. G. Lockhart : his death by drowning, 350 (see *Burke's Landed Gentry*)
- Lockhart (Robert), brother of J. G. Lockhart : character of, 31-2
- Lockhart (William), of Milton, Lockhart, M.P. for Lanarkshire, half-brother of J. G. Lockhart, 246, 254 ; in Edinr. 656
- Lockhart (William Elliott), of Borthwickbrae, M.P. for Selkirkshire : dines with Scott at Cassiobury Park, Herts., 552
- London : Scott in, 247, 519-551, 745-754
- Longman (Thomas Norton), publisher, including Longman and Co. : Longmans take on the publication of *Woodstock*, 159 ; and that of *Napoleon*, 241 ; grumbling letter from them about bringing out a second edition of *Napoleon*, 369
- Lovaine, Lords, see Percy (George) ; Percy (Algernon George)
- Low (Alexander), Rev., schoolmaster at Clatt, *later* minister of Keig : Scott on, 677
- Lubzeta. [?], Comtesse de : Scott becomes acquainted with her at Naples, 780
- Lucy (George), of Charlccote, M.P. for Fowey : receives Scott at

- Charlecote, 517-518 (see *Burke's Landed Gentry*)
- Lucy (Mary Elizabeth), wife of Geo. Lucy, of Charlecote, *née* Williams : shows Scott hospitality at Charlecote, 518
- Luscar House, Fife : visit to, 679
- Lushington, Mr : accompanies Scott to Church of St Domenico Maggiore, Naples, 793
- Luttrell (Henry), wit and poet of society : 250
- Lyttelton (William Henry), 5th Baron Lyttelton of Frankley : Scott meets him, 542 ; Scott on, 542
- Macaulay (Kenneth), minister of Ardnamurchan ; suggested reprint of his *History of St Kilda*, 578
- Macburnet (Helen), Mrs : letter of protest from, 513
- Macclesfield, Cheshire : Scott at, 282
- McCombie (Charles), Rev., Tillyfour, Aberdeenshire : visits Scott in connection with the re-translation of the Psalmody, 644
- McCormick (Joseph), minister, of Prestonpans : Scott as a boy sat under him, 682
- McCulloch (David), merchant, Bengal : seriously ill, 212 ; death of, 281
- McCulloch (Robert), of Navy Pay Office : Government claim on 747-748
- Macdonald (Jacques Étienne Joseph Alexandre), Duc de Tarente : Scott dines with him in Paris, 269
- Macdonald (Lawrence), sculptor : bust of Sir Walter, 707, 708
- Macdonald (Ranald George), *titular* 6th Baron Clanranald : tells Scott of an instance of Highland belief in the fabulous Water Cow, 435-436
- Macdonell (Alexander Ranaldson), of Glengarry : Scott's affection for, 103 ; eccentricities of, 103-104 ; death of, 474 ; Scott on, 474
- Mackay, Mr, Ireland : visits Scott to inform him about the reform of prisons, 488 ; and of the excellent state of those in Ireland, 490
- Mackay (Mackintosh), Gaelic scholar and divine : completing Gaelic Dictionary, 484 ; breakfasts with Scott in Edinr., 564 ; "modest, intelligent, and gentle," 564 ; fails to obtain the church at Cupar, 565 ; Scott on, 565 ; read's Scott's curious Irish MS., 644 ; ed. of Rob Donn's *Poems*, 647 ; visits Abbotsford, 740 ; Scott on, 740
- Mackay (Robert), *commonly called* Rob Donn, the Sutherlandshire poet : his *Poems*, 647
- Mackenzie (Colin), of Portmore, W.S. : 71 ; wishes to recommend some moderate proceeding to Constable's creditors so that he may turn that species of property to account, 75 ; approves of *Malachi Malagrowthie*, 120 ; letter from, 154 ; office of Keeper of Register of Entails, 417 ; his asthmatic complaint, 451 ; resignation from Clerkship of Session, 472 ; Scott on, 472, 676-677, 687 ; very unwell, 687 ; his "Ellandonan Castle" ballad, 744 and *n.*
- Mackenzie (Henry), "the Man of Feeling," novelist : his activity and high spirits in old age, 30-31 ; death of, 709
- Mackenzie (John Hay), of Cromartie : visits Scott at Abbotsford, 728
- Mackenzie (Joshua Henry), of Belmont, Lord Mackenzie, Senator of the College of Justice, eldest son of Henry Mackenzie ("the Man of Feeling") : he and Scott discuss the new regulations for preparing cases in the Outer House of the Court of Session, 183, 223
- Mackenzie (Hon. Mary Frederica Elizabeth Stewart), *née* Mackenzie, *then* Hood : Scott calls on her and delights in her friendship, 561
- Mackenzie (May), wife of F. H. Mackenzie, Lord Seaforth, *née*

- Proby : Scott at her funeral, 602
- Mackenzie (William Forbes), eldest son of Colin Mackenzie of Portmore, politician : Scott dines with, 361
- Mackenzie, capt. of the 72nd Regt. : at Abbotsford, 414 ; his story of a Hector Maclean at Battle of Sheriffmuir, 415
- Mackintosh (Sir James), philosopher : letter from, 97 ; contributes to *Lardner's [erroneously Longman's] Cyclopaedia*, 623
- "Mackrimmon's Lament," poem by Scott : quoted, 135 and n.
- MacLachlan (Bell), Miss, Craigen-terive : she and her mother at Abbotsford, 716 ; wants words for Celtic melodies, 716 ; Scott on, 716
- MacLaurin (Colin) : associated with Scott at Edinr. University, 677
- Macturk (James), lieut., 4th Dragoon Guards : writes to Scott that, identifying himself with Capt. Macturk of *St Roman's Well*, he proposes Scott should apply to the King for his promotion as atonement for the injury done to him, 428
- McV——, Mr : a candidate for admission to Royal Society of Edinr., 590 ; his pamphlet, *Apology for Astronomy*, 590
- Magnum Opus* : in great demand and an increase in copies, 600-601, 602, 673 ; proof sheets and dedication, 618 ; progress of, 622, 650, 701, 717, 718 ; success of, 635, 636, 639-640, 643, 645, 646, 647, 648, 651, 652, 671, 673, 694, 695, 721, 744 ; additional notes for, 643 ; size of, 731
- "Maida," bloodhound : he was so often sketched that he went away whenever he saw an artist prepare his materials, 65
- Maitland (Sir Frederick Lewis), rear-admiral : extracts from his *Surrender of Buonaparte for Napoleon*, 126, 130
- Maitland Club : Scott admitted member of, 602
- Malcolm (Sir John), Indian administrator : 277 ; his story about Garrick and his wife, 752-753
- Malta : Scott on, 771, 771 ; he arrives at, 770 ; ball in his honour at, 774 ; earthquake at, 776
- Maltby (Edward), Bishop of Durham : Scott breakfasts with, 539 ; and heard him preach, 539
- Manchester : Scott at, 282
- Manzoni (Alessandro), Italian poet and novelist : his *Promessi Sposi*, 686
- Marie Thérèse Charlotte, wife of Louis Antoine, Duke of Angoulême, last dauphin of France : her appearance, 267
- Marmion* : copyright of, 648, 651
- Marsden [?], Mr, master extraordinary in chancery : affidavit made before, 758
- Marshall, Mr : conducts service on board the *Barham*, 759
- Marshman (Joshua), orientalist and missionary : his appearance, and his opinions from some of which Scott differs, 311-312 ; an old friend of Jno. Leyden, 312
- Mary, Queen of Scots : portraits of, 3
- Masaniello (Tommaso Aniello), Neapolitan fisherman : Scott visits "pot in old church at Naples where he was shot, 777
- Mathews (Charles), actor : "a very clever man," 41 ; Scott's meetings with, 52 ; visits Abbotsford, 66, 67 ; his accomplishments, 66, 67
- Mathews (Charles James), actor and dramatist, son of Charles Mathews : his ability, 51-52, 66 ; visits Abbotsford, 66
- Mathieson (Peter), coachman of Sir Walter : expert handling of the horses of Scott's carriage avoided a nasty accident, 203
- Meason (Gilbert), of Lindertis : he and his wife with Scott at Naples, 778 ; has made valuable remarks

- on Baïæ, 778 ; his investigations, 783 ; accompanies Scott to Paestum, 785
- Mcrose Hunt : Scott attends, 419
- Melville (Sir James), of Halhill : his *Memoirs* quoted, 41 ; same published by the Bannatyne Club, 355, 357
- Melville Castle, Midlothian : visit to, 235
- Memorials of George Bannatyne* : Scott's introduction to, 454
- Menzies (John), (1756-1843), of Pitfodols : Scott visits, 311 ; Scott on, 312
- Mertoun House, Berwickshire : visit to, 205
- Meyersdorf (August von), Baron, of Courland : at Abbotsford, 612 ; Scott on, 612-613
- Middleton (Thomas), dramatist : his play, *Michaelmas Term*, 209
- Mildert (William Van), Bishop of Durham : Scott entertained at Durham by, 406 ; Scott on, 406-407
- Millar (Jessie), governess : at Abbotsford : goes to Stirling, 228
- Miller (William), general, in Peruvian army : Jno. Miller's *Memoirs of a General* [Wm.] *Miller in Peru*, 653 ; visits Scott in Edinr., 652 ; Scott on, 653
- Milnan (Henry Hart), Dean of St Paul's : Scott meets him in London, 748-749
- Milne, Rev. Mr. of Quebec : at Abbotsford, 705
- Milne (Nicol), son of Nicol Milne of Faldonside : will become a pleasant lad if he has a little polish, 509
- Milton : quoted, 229 ; an original miniature of Milton by Samuel Cooper, 245-246
- Milton Lockhart, Lanarkshire : visit to, 576-577
- Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border* : frontispiece to first vol. of Kelso ed. of, 119
- Minto House, Roxburghshire : visit to, 213
- Mirbel, Madame de, wife of Charles François Brisseau de Mirbel : paints portrait of Scott in Paris, 264-265, 266, 267, 268 ; and one of Anne, 266, 268
- Miscellaneous Prose Works* (1826 ed.) : progress of, 241, 242
- Molé (Louis Matthieu), Comte, French statesman : Scott sees him in Paris, 269
- Molière (Jean Baptiste Poquelin), dramatist : quoted, 210 ; Scott's article on Molière for R. P. Gillies, 445, 466, 467, 468, 470, 471, 480
- "Mons Meg," cannon : Scott will negotiate to bring back "Mons Meg" from England to Edinburgh Castle, 604-605
- Montagu (William), 5th Duke of Manchester : at Holland House, 544
- Monte Albano : Scott passes through, 799
- Monteath (Robert), king's forester : Scott reviews his *Forester's Guide*, 389, 390, 392
- Montholon (Charles Tristan), Comte de, French general : he and Scott converse in Paris, 267
- Monypenny (Alexander), W.S., one of the trustees of Scott's affairs : favourable opinion of, 108
- Monypenny (David), Lord Pitmilny, Senator of the College of Justice : 108 (see Cockburn's *Memorials*, 1856, pp. 299-300) ; Scott dines with, 344
- Moodie (John), labourer at Abbotsford : a saying of his quoted, 242
- Moor Park, Herts. : visit to, 551-552
- Moore (Thomas), poet : favourable opinion of, 6-7 ; parody on his *Minstrel Boy*, 109 and *n.* ; his *Twopenny Post-Bag* cited, 161 and *n.* ; *Life of Byron* to be dedicated to Scott, 497 ; at Hampton Court with Scott, 549 ; contributes to *Lardner's* [erroneously Longman's] *Cyclopædia*, 623

- Mordaunt (Charles), 3rd Earl of Peterborough : proposed Life of him by Scott, 624
- Morgan (Sydney), Lady, wife of Sir Thos. Charles Morgan, *née* Owenson, novelist : her novel *O'Donnel*, 134-135
- Morritt (John Bacon Sawrey), of Rokeby, traveller and classical scholar : Scott visits him, 244 and *n.*, 245 ; Morritt's pamphlet on Catholic Emancipation, 245 ; possesses an original miniature of Milton by Samuel Cooper, 245-246 ; he and Scott meet in London, 524 ; dines at Sotheby's with Scott, 526 ; contest with Coleridge over his theory regarding Homer's "Iliad," 526 ; Scott visits, 555-556 ; Scott on, 555
- Moscheles (Charlotte), wife of Ignaz Moscheles, *née* Embden : breakfasts with Scott in Edinr., 474, 475 ; her attractive appearance, 474, 475, 476
- Moscheles (Ignaz), German pianist : breakfasts with Scott in Edinr., 474, 475 ; his piano playing, 475, 476-477 •
- Mother Goose's Tales* : Italian edition of, 782, 783
- Mudford (William), author and journalist : his *Five Nights of St Albans*, 651
- Muffe (John), of Auchendrane : Scott reads the trial of Mure out of which he thinks he can compose a work, 557
- Murray (Archibald), R.N., half-brother of Jno. Murray, publisher : original of Boiardo on loan from, 775
- Murray (Lady Caroline), daughter of David Murray, 2nd Earl of Mansfield : musical accomplishments of, 591
- Murray (George), 5th Earl of Dunmore, formerly Viscount Fin-castle : dines with Scott, 734
- Murray (James Wolfe), Lord Goring-letic, Senator of College of Justice : 290, 494
- Murray (John), publisher : engages J. G. Lockhart to be editor of *Quarterly Review*, 18, 19, 22, 33 ; breakfasts with Scott, 312 ; offers Scott his own terms for book on landscape gardening, 449
- Murray (Sir John Archibald), Lord Murray, judge : Scott has supper at house of, 200, 315, 336, 445
- Murray (Mary), wife of Sir Jno. Archibald Murray, Lord Murray, *née* Rigby : her accomplishments, 315, 336, 445 ; her manners, 336
- Murray (Sir Patrick), 6th Bart., of Ochertyre : offers his assistance to negotiate a judgeship for Scott, 93
- Murray (William), of Henderland, Counsellor-at-Law, 290, 288
- Murray (William Henry), actor and manager : calls on Scott to arrange for the Theatrical Fund Dinner, 322
- Musgrave, Capt., of Edenhall : dines with Scott in Edinr., 430
- Music : Scott on, 5, 102 ; his response to, 379, 380, 417, 475
- "My Aunt Margaret's Mirror" : 441, 443, 445, 446, 447, 451-452, 521, 527 ; designed for *The Keepsake*, 521, 527
- Napier (Sir William Francis Patrick), general and historian : his *History of the Peninsular War*, 555-556
- Naples : arrival at, 777 ; Scott on, 778, 785 ; opera at, 780-781 ; Scott on Church of St Domenico Maggiore at, 793-794 ; departure from, 798
- Napoleon Bonaparte, Life of* : Scott's views on, 53 ; progress of, 83, 130, 145, 147, 152, 154, 155, 160, 161, 163, 165, 180, 181, 182-183, 184-185, 186, 204, 206, 211, 214, 215, 217, 224, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 243, 254, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 294 ; Capt. Maitland's account of Napoleon's capture to be included in, 126, 130 ; other material for, 130, 207, 240, 242.

- 251, 254, 255, 271, 276; will extend to seven vols., 227; Longmans to be given the publication of, 241; transaction for French trans. of, 250; progress of, 299, 300, 303, 307, 308, 311, 312, 317, 318, 319, 321, 322, 324, 326, 327, 329, 332, 334, 335, 337, 338, 339, 341, 342, 351, 352, 353, 355, 356, 362, 469, 470, 473; eighth volume for, 307, 311; material for, 311; favourable sale of, 366, 456; second edition of, 369, 374; letter from Brussels booksellers to Scott to say *Napoleon* has been a loss to them, 385; has failed on the Continent and perhaps in England, 386; balance of cash from agreement for foreign editions of, 442
- Nares (Robert), philologist, archdeacon of Stafford: Scott meets, 532
- Nelson, one of Scott's amanuenses: his crow-quill drawing of Melrose Abbey, 129; Scott on, 129
- Neukomm (Sigismund), Chevalier von, German musician: Scott meets him at Jas. Ballantyne's house, 663
- Newark Castle, Selkirkshire: Scott on, 461
- Newton (Gilbert Stuart), painter: portrait of Scott, 64; scenes from Molière excellent, 103
- Nicoll (Francis), Scottish divine, Principal of St Andrews University: Scott converses with him at Melville Castle, 235-236
- Nicolson (Jane): Scott visits her and obtains facts from her concerning the Charpentier funds in Chancery, 531, 534; Scott secures her affidavit respecting the money, 542
- "Nimrod," staghound: 330
- Nocera dei Pagani: Scott passes through, 792
- Nocera Superiore: Scott passes through, 792
- Northcote (James), painter and author: Scott sits to Northcote for his portrait, 535, 538, 539, 540; Northcote's recollections of Reynolds, 538-539
- Nundcomar, Rajah: cited, 541
- O'Callaghan (John Cornelius), poet: Scott on, 24
- O'Callaghan (Sir Robert William), general: Scott on, 24
- Ogilvy (James), 1st Earl of Seafield, Lord High Chancellor of Scotland: quoted, 184
- Oil Gas Co.: meetings of, 5, 36, 37, 317, 351, 358, 362, 432, 558
- Oliphant (Jean), wife of John Hope Oliphant, *née* Wedderburn: Scott meets her at the Wedderburn's house in Edinr., 436
- Oporto: Scott on the *Barham* passes, 760
- Oran: Scott on, 765-766
- Order: Scott dislikes having to keep his things in order, 304
- Ormiston (Bell), female servant at Abbotsford: Scott attends funeral of her husband, "a capital mason," 514
- Ormsby, Mrs: an old mad woman who thought she was descended from Shakespeare, 517
- Ossian: quoted, 124
- Oxenford Castle, Midlothian: Scott at, 570
- Oxford: Scott and Anne at, 280; impressions of, 281
- Pacstum: visit to, 785-790; Scott on, 789-790, 792
- Painting: Scott on, 102-103; recalls his lessons in, 118-119
- Paley (Edmund), rector of Easingwold, friend of Chas. Scott: at Abbotsford, 391
- Palgrave (Sir Francis), historian deputy-keeper of the public records, 255
- Paris: Scott at, 258; he and Anne see opera of *Ivanhoe* at the Odéon, 262
- Parkgate, hamlet, Dumfriesshire: visit to, 219, 220, 221

- Parry, Captain : " a handsome and pleasant man," 523
- Pasta (Giuditta), Madame, Italian singer : sings in Edinr., 431
- Pastoret (Amédée David), Marquis de : Scott may write an essay for the *Quarterly* on his *Le Duc de Guise à Naples* and *Mémoires*, 126 and *n.*
- Paterson (David), accomplice of Dr Knox the anatomist : suggests Scott should write on Burke and Hare, 618
- Paterson (Nathanial), Rev., minister of Galashiels : conducts service at laying of foundation stones of two bridges over the Tweed and Ettrick, 732
- Paul's Letters to His Kinsfolk* : copyrights of, 452
- Peel (Sir Robert), 2nd Bart. : 275-276, 278 ; Scott dines with, 533
- Pelet (Jean Jacques Germain), French general : Scott consults his *Mémoires sur la Guerre de 1809* for *Napoleon*, 300
- Penrith, Cumberland : Scott at, 282, 514
- Pentland Hills : admiration of, 428
- Penrith, Cumberland : Scott at, 282, 514
- Pentland Hills : admiration of, 428
- Pepys (Samuel), diarist : Scott's review of Pepys's *Memoirs* for *Quarterly*, 58, 69, 156 ; receives £100 for same, 156
- Perceval (Dudley Montagu ?), son of Spencer Perceval (1762-1812), statesman : at Abbotsford, 296, 297
- Perceval (Nancy), wife of Dudley Montagu (?) Perceval, *née* Macleod : at Abbotsford, 296, 297
- Percy (Algernon), Baron Prudhoe, of Prudhoe Castle, *later* 6th Duke of Northumberland : and ghost-seeing story, 750
- Percy (Algernon George), *styled* Lord Lovaine, *later* 8th Duke of Northumberland : calls on Scott in London, 746
- Percy (Charlotte Florentia), wife of 5th Duke of Northumberland, *née* Clive : Scott on, 410
- Percy (George), *styled* Lord Lovaine, *later* 7th Duke of Northumberland : 634
- Percy (Hugh), 5th Duke of Northumberland : Scott on, 410, 411
- Percy (Josceline), vice-admiral, fourth son of 1st Earl of Beverley and brother of George Percy (*styled* Lord Lovaine and *then* 7th Duke of Northumberland) : at Abbotsford, 634 ; " an amiable, easy, and accomplished man," 634
- Pescara, Marquis di, *see* Avalos (F. F. d')
- Pettigrew (Thomas Joseph), surgeon and antiquary : invites Scott to see Duke of Sussex's library, 530
- Pettycur Fife : visit to, 361
- Petty-Fitzmaurice (Sir Henry), 3rd Marquis of Lansdowne : better fitted for the Premiership than Goderich, 394
- Philips, Mr and Mrs : 370 ; at Abbotsford, 386-387
- Philips (Sir George) : Scott breakfasts with, 524, 540
- Phillips (Sir Richard), author, bookseller, and publisher : letter from, 315 ; has been ruined, 315
- Phillipotts (Henry), Bishop of Exeter : Scott dines with, 524
- Phips, Mrs : Lady L. Stuart's anecdote of Mrs Phipps's trick on Charles James Fox, 537-538
- Pickering (William), publisher, Chancery Lane, London : Scott buys some dramatic reprints from, 542-543, 548 ; wishes Scott to contribute to ed. of Cotton's *Angler*, 548
- Pigot (Sir Hugh), admiral, commands the *Barham* in which Scott was conveyed to Italy : 753, 758, 771, 778 ; with Scott at Malta, 772, 774 ; will take Scott to Naples, 776
- Pinkie House, Midlothian : visit to, 480
- Piozzi (Hester Lynch), authoress, *née*

- Salisbury, *then* Thrale : anecdote concerning, 278 ; Dr Johnson recommended *Evelina* to, 550
- Piper (Edward), mail coach contractor : consents to new line of road, 672
- Planta (Joseph), secretary to the treasury : Scott sees, 541
- Plymouth : Scott sails near, 759
- Poetry : Scott's views on, 102
- Pole (J. Frederick), teacher of the harp : offers £500 or £600 to Scott in his financial distress : 76
- Politics : Scott's attitude to, 109
- Pompeii : visits to, 784, 785 ; Scott on, 785
- Ponsonby, Mr and Mrs : at Abbotsford, 413
- Ponsonby (Frederick), (1758-1843), 3rd Earl of Bessborough : visits Abbotsford, 413
- Ponsonby (Henrietta), wife of 3rd Earl of Bessborough, *née* Spencer : she used to be civil to Scott in London, 413
- Ponsonby (Lady Sarah) : Scott on her beauty, 540
- Pontey (William), writer on forestry : at Abbotsford, 732 ; Scott on, 732
- Pope (Alexander), poet : quoted,^a 108, 111, 131, 155
- Portland Bill : Scott sails near, 758
- Portsmouth : at, 754-758 ; Scott on, 755 ; Portsmouth Literary and Philosophical Society present Scott with honorary freedom of their body, 756 ; "Fountain" Inn at, 757, 758 ; Scott on rampart at, 758
- Potocki (Jean), Comte ; Scott on some stories from his romance, *Manuscrit trouvé à Saragossa*, 395-396
- Potocki (Wladislaus de), Comte, Polish nobleman : at Abbotsford, 690
- Pozzo di Borgo (Carlo Andrea), Count, diplomatist : 258, 261, 268
- Preston (Sir Robert), 6th Bart., of Valleyfield : Scott on, 678-679
- Prestonpans, East Lothian : on a visit Scott recalls his early days there, 681-683
- Pringle (Alexander), of Whytbank and Yair : breakfasts with Scott at Abbotsford, 508 ; his great understanding of genealogy, 508
- Pringle (James), of Torwoodlee (*d.* 1840) : dislike of being confined to the house with illness, 304-305
- Pringle (John), of Haining : his death from an accident, 737
- Pringle (Thomas), poet : has returned from the Cape and brought Scott curiosities from there, 254
- Prisons : Scott on the conditions and reformation of, 488-490
- Proctor (Bryan Waller), *alias* "Barry Cornwall," poet : letter of condolence from, 196
- Provincial Antiquities and Picturesque Scenery of Scotland* : Scott gives Chas. Heath his copies of the work to dispose of, 527-528
- Prudhoe, Lord, *see* Percy (Algernon), Baron Prudhoe
- Psalmody, Scottish : Scott on, 151
- Purdie (Thomas), grievance at Abbotsford : his devotion to Scott, 65, 69, 145
- Purgstall (Jane Anne), wife of Count Wenceslaus Gottfried Purgstall, *née* Cranston : letter from, 212 (*see* Basil Hall's *Schloss Hainfeld*, 1836)
- Pusey (?), Mr : visits Scott in Edinr., 684
- Quillinan (Jemina), first wife of Edward Quillinan, poet, *née* Brydges : Scott and Lockhart (in London) visit, 540
- Rae (Mary), wife of Sir Wm. Rae, 3rd Bart., Lord Advocate, *née* Stuart : an old friend of Lady Scott, 180
- Rae (Sir William), 3rd Bart., Lord Advocate : 71, 123-124
- Raeburn (Sir Henry), portrait-painter : Scott receives a present of two engravings from Raeburn's

- portrait of him, 186 and *n.* ;
 portrait of Scott at Dalkeith
 Palace by, 290
 Ramsay (Allan), poet : and Edgewell
 tree, 636
 Ramsay (Edward Bannerman), Dean
 of Edinburgh : officiates at Lady
 Scott's funeral, 174
 Ramsay (George), 9th Earl of
 Dalhousie : Scott recalls him as
 a school companion of a "steady,
 wise, and generous" nature, 459
 (see *Burke's Peerage*) ; Scott on,
 616, 636 ; gives Scott account
 of the American Indians, 616-617
 Ramsay (George), eldest son of 9th
 Earl of Dalhousie, styled Lord
 Ramsay (*d.* 1832) : Scott sees him
 at Dalkeith Palace, 580
 Ramsay (Robert Wardlaw), 11th
 Laird of Whitehill : Scott dines
 with, 586
 Ravensworth Castle, co. Durham :
 Scott at, 405-409
 Raxhealy [?], Mr, apothecary : and
 tale of Bizarro, 795
 Reddoch (J. W.), Falkirk : sends
 Scott an iron mallet found in
 Graeme's Dike at Falkirk, 132-
 133
Redgauntlet : for *Magnum* ed., 71 ;
 Rees (Owen), publisher, of Longman
 & Co. : at Abbotsford about
Napoleon, 379
 Reform : Scott on, 698
 Reform Bill : Scott's address against,
 719-720, 725, 745, 746 ; London
 mob and, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750
 Regime : Scott on his, 145
 Reiper (?), Monsieur, minister of
 the interior, Naples : 781
Reliquiæ Trottosienses : publication
 will probably help pecuniary
 matters, 744
 Rémusat (Charles de), member of
 the French Academy and
 successively minister of the interior
 and for foreign affairs : he break-
 fasts with Scott in Edinr., 26
 Renaud, Mrs, afterwards Mrs Powell,
 actress : takes leave of the stage,
 651
 Rennie (Sir John), civil engineer :
 introduced to Scott, 310
 Reynolds (Frederic Mansel), editor
 of *Keepsake* : visits Scott in Edinr.,
 478, 479 ; accepts contribution
 from Scott for *Keepsake*, 495 ;
 calls on Scott in London about
 drawing of the Laird's Jock for
Keepsake, 525
 Reynolds (Sir Joshua), painter :
 quoted, 5-6
 Rice (Thomas Spring), 1st Baron
 Monteagle of Brandon : Scott
 dines beside him at Duchess of
 Kent's, 545
 Richardson (Henry Cockburn, son
 of Jno. Richardson) : Scott at
 christening of, 430
 Richardson (John), of Kirklands,
 Parliamentary solicitor : Scott
 dines with, 528 ; breakfasts with
 Scott, 543
 Riddell (Thomas), younger of
 Camieston, sergeant-major of
 Ldintr. Troop : death of, 158
 Ritson (Joseph), antiquary : Scott
 reviews his *Annals of Caledonia*,
 622, 634
 Robinson (Frederick John), Viscount
 Goderich, afterwards 1st Earl of
 Ripon : when Goderich with
 tears entreated Herries to decline
 accepting the Chancellorship of
 Exchequer, George IV. called him
 a blubbing fool, 394 ; his resig-
 nation as premier, 457, and then
 returns, 458
Rob Roy : quoted, 168 ; in Edinr.
 Scott attends performance of, 499
 Robson (Thomas), engraver : pro-
 posed review of his *British Herald*,
 7
 Rogers (Samuel), poet : 250, 254,
 273, 276 ; episode between him
 and lady of fashion, 521-522 ;
 Scott dines with, 524 ; dines at
 Holland House, 543 ; at Hampton
 Court with Scott, 549 ; presents
 Scott with gold-mounted eye-
 glasses, 550
 Rokeby, Yorkshire : Scott at, 255-
 256

- Rolland (Adam), of Gask, advocate :
 Raeburn's painting of him at
 Luscar House, Fife, 679 ; prototype
 for Pleydell in *Guy Mannering*, 679
- Rome : arrival at, 850
- Rose (William Stewart), poet :
 recollections of Byron, 9 ; quoted,
 60 ; trans. of Ariosto, 250-251 ;
 Scott and he dine with the Lock-
 harts at Brighton, 546
- Ross (Adolphus), physician : attends
 on Sir Walter, 307
- Rossiter (Nathan T.), Williamstown,
 N.Y. City : offers Scott collection
 of poems by Byron said to have
 been found in Italy, 730
- Rousseau (Jean Jacques), French
 philosopher : quoted, 298
- Roxburghe Club : Scott on late
 publications of, 403-404 ; he meets
 and dines with the Club, 531, 542
- Royal Academy, London : at dinner
 of, 532-533
- Royal Society of Edinburgh : Scott
 (as President) at dinner of, 286-
 287
- Royal Society of Literature : Scott's
 views on it and kindred societies,
 346 ; he dines with members of,
 532
- Russell (Georgina), wife of John
 Russell, 9th Duke of Bedford, *née*
 Gordon : Scott renews acquaint-
 ance with, 437-438
- Russell (Sir James), of Ashiestiel,
 general : Scott on, 25-6 ; on
 the burnings of widows in India,
 26, 61, 62 ; account of how the
 Last of the Moguls refused to
 meet Lord Hastings, Governor
 General of India, 64 ; settled at
 Ashiestiel, 147 ; at Abbotsford,
 339, 346, 347, 385, 508
- Russell (John), W.S. : consults Scott
 about the retention of the northern
 pronunciation of Latin in Edin-
 burgh Academy, 309
- Russell (Wriothlesley), Rev., canon
 of Windsor, fourth son of Jno.
 Russell, 6th Duke of Bedford :
 Scott goes with him to Dalkeith
 House, 440 ; Scott on, 440
- Rutherford (Christian), wife of Jno.
 Rutherford, minister of Yarrow,
née Shaw, great-grandmother of
 Sir Walter : possessed the MS.
 respecting the murder of the Shaws
 by the Master of Sinclair, 508
- Rutherford (Christian), aunt of Sir
 Walter : 76
- Rutty (John), physician : quoted,
 60
- St Agata : Scott at, 798
- St Andrews : with Blair Adam Club
 at, 359
- St Catherine's, house of Sir Wm.
 Rae, near Edinburgh : Scott at,
 427
- Saint Cloud : Scott and Anne at,
 265
- St Monance, *or* St Monans, Fife :
 with Blair Adam Club at church
 of, 360
- St Ronan's Well* : Scott's criticism
 of, 207 ; 1000 copies of it and
 subsequent Waverley Novels, 468-
 469, 471 ; stage version at Edinr.,
 651
- Sandeman, Mr, Edinburgh banker :
 his "very intellectual head," 496
- Sarentum (*i.e.* Surrentum), *see*
 Sorrento
- Schutze, Mr, brother-in-law of Geo.
 Ellis : Scott meets, 664
- Schwab (Gustavus) of Koenigs-
 berg : visits Scott in Edinburgh,
 365
- Scott (Anne), younger daughter of
 Sir Walter : plays Scots songs to
 please her father in Sophia's
 absence, 34 ; reaction to the
 financial crash, 48 ; illness of, 80,
 82 ; effect of her mother's death
 on, 170, 171, 172, 173-174, 177 ;
 becomes unwell during a perform-
 ance at Terry's Theatre in London,
 253 ; sits to M^{de}. de Mirbel
 for her portrait, 266 ; comment
 on Wordsworth's story intended
 to show Crabbe's lack of imagina-
 tion, 299 ; mismanagement of
 household accounts, 578, 582 ;

- bonnet set on fire at restoration of "Mons Meg" to Edinr. Castle, 605; to accompany her father to Italy, 745
- Scott (Anne Rutherford), second daughter of Tom Scott, niece of Sir Walter: assists in nursing Lady Scott, 157, 165; acts as amanuensis in cataloguing Scott's books returned from the binder, 203; opinion of, 212; prospective marriage with a Dr Allardyce, 230-231, 281
- Scott (Barbara), daughter of Walter Scott of Raeburn, cousin of Sir Walter: visits Abbotsford to see Lady Scott during her serious illness, 164
- Scott (Charles), younger son of Sir Walter: comes from Oxford to attend his mother's funeral, 173; returns to Oxford, 178; Scott and Anne visit him there, 280; thinks seriously of general study, 376; difficulty of advising Charles to a good course of Scottish history, 378; takes his degree at Oxford, 420; post in Foreign Office, 439, 484, 519; receives coaching in French etymology from Surenne, 440; returns to Scotland, 655; promotion in the F.O., 704; letters from Palmerston and Taylor in favour of, 729; to accompany his father to Italy, 745
- Scott (Charles Andrew), son of Wm. Scott, younger of Woll: Scott considers him clever and smart, 382 (see G. Tancred, *Annals of a Border Club*, 1899, p. 428, and Keith S. M. Scott, *Scott 1118-1923*: 1923, p. 162)
- Scott (Charles Balfour), of Woll, W.S.: lays foundation stone of bridge over the Ettrick, 458
- Scott (Charles William Henry), 4th Duke of Buccleuch, son of Duke Henry, also Earl of Dalkeith till 1812, died in Portugal in 1819: Scott's most kind friend, 55; 123; had "enough of ill-nature to keep your good-nature from being abused," 221
- Scott (Charlotte Harriet Jane Hope), wife of Jas. Robt. Hope Scott, of Abbotsford, *née* Lockhart, then Hope: birth of, 466, 467; "Whippity Stourie" applied to, 67?
- Scott (Lady Diana), wife of Walter Scott, 11th of Harden, *de jure* Barones Polwarth, *née* Campbell: death of, 376; Scott on, 376
- Scott (Elizabeth), wife of Henry, 3rd Duke of Buccleuch: death of, 435; Scott on, 435
- Scott (Elizabeth), wife of Thomas Scott, *née* McCulloch, sister-in-law of Sir Walter: 281; Scott pays her £150 of his mother's legacy, 747
- Scott (George William), Rev., rector of Kentisbeare, Devon, fourth son of Hugh Scott, 12th of Harden: has ascended in an air balloon, 418; death of, 676
- Scott (Henry), 3rd Duke of Buccleuch: his "kindness sometimes mastered his excellent understanding," 221
- Scott (Henry Francis Hepburne), 7th Baron Polwarth, eldest son of Hugh Scott, 12th of Harden: prospects as candidate for Roxburgh county, 154, 155, 156, 159; elected for same without opposition, 165; re-elected for Jedburgh, 741
- Scott (James), son of Thomas Scott of Monkland, cousin of Sir Walter: at Abbotsford, 243
- Scott (James), cousin-german of Walter Scott, W.S.: Scott on, 635
- Scott (James), lecturer at Haslar Hospital: visits Scott in Edinr., 645
- Scott (James), young painter: Scott on, 277
- Scott (Jean), wife of Sir Walter Scott of Raeburn, Lady Raeburn, *née* Scott, aunt of Sir Walter: Scott

- his daughter Anne and niece Anne visit her, at Lessudden, in her ninetyeth year, 206
- Scott (John), 8th of Gala : prospect of his moving his residence, 482 ; has recovered from an accident, 483 ; "one of the kindest and best-informed men," 483
- Scott (John), major, 8th Bengal N.C., fifth son of Walter Scott of Raeburn : has resolved to sell his house of "Ravenswood" near Melrose, 730 ; Scott's parting with him, 730-731
- Scott (Keith), grandson of Jas. Scott, cousin-german of Walter Scott, W.S. : "a fine lively boy with good spirits and amiable manners," 633, 634, 635
- Scott (Marguerite Charlotte), Lady, *née* Charpentier, or Carpenter : her reaction to the financial crash, 48-49 ; serious illness of, 139, 155-156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 162, 164, 165, 167 ; death of, 170 ; effect of her death on Scott, 170-171, 172, 174, 176, 178, 182, 184, 187, 216, 218, 224, 229, 243, 292
- Scott (Robert), capt., R.N., brother of Sir Walter : Capt. Jas. Watson's tales of hardships in the Navy failed to dissuade him from going to sea, 723
- Scott (Robert), second son of Walter Scott of Raeburn : Scott on, 690
- Scott (Sir Walter), 2nd Bart., of Abbotsford, elder son of Sir Walter : rumour that his regiment (15th Hussars) is going to India, 61, 85 ; he and his wife offer financial assistance to Scott, 85 ; arrives from Ireland to attend his mother's funeral, 174 ; returns to Ireland, 175 ; ordered to go with his regiment to Gort, 305 ; Scott visits his quarters at Hampton Court, 525, 526 ; has had an inflammatory attack, 636-637, 640 ; expresses desire to possess the Abbotsford library and moveables, 705 ; returns to Sheffield, 738 ; at Abbotsford, 744 ; to accompany his father to Italy, 745 ; to be sent on an obnoxious service, 749
- Scott (Walter), chief engineer of Sind, nephew of Sir Walter : Scott writes to him to caution him against a tendency to satire which may prove a stumbling-block in his career, 87 ; favourable opinion of, 87 ; Scott pays for his outfit and passage to India, 91 ; letter from, 238 ; Scott's great expectations of, 238 ; Scott provides £240 for his outfit for India, 449-450
- Scott (Walter), of Raeburn : Scott at funeral of, 669 ; breach between Scott and, 669-670
- Scott (Walter Francis), 5th Duke of Buccleuch, son of Duke Charles, died in 1884 : 93, 123 ; Scott's great expectations of how he will fulfil his position, 219-220 ; "he is a hawk of a good nest," 301 ; Scott offers him the two emus he received from Harper, 375 ; arrangements to celebrate his coming of age, 435 ; concerned about his sister's infirm health, 481, 482 ; his sense and spirit, 578 ; shows much character, 780 ; has been offered title of Monmouth, 728
- Scott (Walter Scott Lockhart), of Abbotsford, formerly Lockhart, second son of J. G. Lockhart : birth of, 159 ; christening of, 173
- Scott (Sir William), 7th Bart., of Ancrum : and contest between Oliver and Elliot for Collectorship of the Cess, 523
- Scott (William), Baron Stowell, of Stowell Park : Scott on, 548 ; cited, 759
- Scott (William), younger of Raeburn : at Abbotsford, 690
- Scott (William), natural son of Daniel Scott (Sir Walter's brother) : Scott on, 709
- Scott (William Henry Walter), 6th

- Duke of Buccleuch : Scott to attend the christening of, 746
- Scottish Union Insurance Company : Scott (as Governor) attends meeting of, 444-445
- Scotts of Harden : at Abbotsford, 463, 465-466
- Scrope (William), sportsman : letter from, 63 ; at Abbotsford, 66, 152 ; Scott thinks him one of the very best amateur painters, 95 ; at Abbotsford, 300, 303, 373, 375, 508, 509 ; Scott visits Scrope's house, 302, 377 ; and dines with him, 336, 345 ; picture of Tivoli, 346
- Selkirk : Scott dines in Club at, 229 ; proposed new road between Selkirk and Galashiels, 670, 674, 675, 702, 707-708 ; election at, 742
- Selkirk Forest Club : Scott at dinner of, 417
- Sessa Aurunca : Scott passes through, 798
- Seton (Sir Reginald Macdonald Stewart), of Staffa : supplies Scott with Gaelic words, 492
- Shakespeare : quoted (with variants), 112, 127, 149, 165, 287, 291 ; quoted, 114, 156, 159, 160, 164, 168, 234, 243, 256, 290 ; , oted, 299, 334, 352, 433 ; Scott's recollection of seeing *As You Like It* when a child at Bath, 363
- Shap fells, drive over the : 282
- Sharp (Richard), known as "Conversation Sharp" : 222-223, 250, 256
- Sharpe (Charles Kirkpatrick), antiquary : Scott on, 2-3
- Shelley (Frances), wife of Sir Jno. Shelley, 6th Bart., née Winckley : Scott breakfasts with, 543 ; and visits, 547
- Shelley (Sir John), 6th Bart., of Michelgrove : Scott dines with, 540
- Shelley (Percy Bysshe), poet : his connection with *The Liberal* and Byron, 10
- Shepherd (Sir Samuel), Lord Chief Baron of Exchequer of Scotland : Scott's favourable estimate of, 51 ; Latin quotation applied to Scott in letter to Chief Commissioner Wm. Adam from, 168-169 ; Scott tries to get his opinion about the question of Constable's creditors' claim to copyright of *Woodstock* and *Napoleon*, 182 ; Scott meets, 528 ; returns to England, having retired from Barony of Exchequer, 678
- Sheridan (Richard Brinsley), dramatist : Scott sends Lockhart four pages on Sheridan's plays for his article on Moore's *Life of Sheridan* to appear in *Quarterly*, 60 ; behaviour in society, 68 ; Scott's impression of his appearance, 68 ; quoted, 179, 203, 232-233 ; Scott reads *The Critic* to his family, 300
- Sheridan (Thomas) : C. K. Sharpe's anecdote of, 521
- Shortreed (Andrew), printer, son of Robt. Shortreed : transcribes for Scott, 344
- Shortreed (Pringle), lieutenant-col., 17th Bengal Native Infantry, H.E.I.C.S., youngest son of Robt. Shortreed : 547
- Shortreed (Robert), sheriff-substitute of Roxburghshire : 156 ; gives Scott a ring found in a grave at Melrose Abbey to be kept in memory of his son Thomas, 232 ; death of, 664 ; Scott on, 664
- Shortreed (Thomas), procurator-fiscal of Roxburghshire, eldest son of Robt. Shortreed, sheriff-substitute : death of, 232 and n.
- Shortt (Thomas), army surgeon : Scott visits, 317, 319 ; and obtains information about Bonaparte at St Helena for his *Napoleon*, 319, 324
- Siddons (Harriet), wife of Henry Siddons, née Murray, actress : her playing in *Venice Preserved* at Edin., 481
- "Siege of Malta" : Scott at work on, 771, 772, 776, 780 ; three vols. sent home from Naples, 794

- Sievwright (Sir John) : Scott on, 535
- Simond (Louis), French traveller and author : Scott reads his *Voyage en Suisse* in preparation for *Anne of Geierstein*, 571
- Simpkin and Marshall, booksellers, London : Scott calls on them and hears favourable report of sale of *Chronicles*, 544
- Simson (William), historical and landscape painter : Scott meets him at Scrope's house, 336
- Sinclair (Diana), second wife of Sir Jno. Sinclair, 1st Bart. of Ulbster, *née* Macdonald : story of a decrepit man who kept a toll at Rowantree on border of Ayrshire and Dumfriesshire, 502-503
- Sinclair (Sir George), 2nd Bart. of Ulbster : invites Scott to be one of committee to inquire into Knox the anatomist's traffic with the West Port (Burke and Hare) murders, 580
- Sinclair (Sir John), 1st Bart., of Ulbster : 8 (*see* Cockburn's *Journal*, 25th July 1837) ; proposes that Hurst, Robinson should sell their prints, 72 ; letter proposing that Scott should think of marrying the Dowager Duchess of Roxburgh, 229 ; (*see* Anderson's *Scottish Nation*, III, 1863) ; 296 ; his trade of "boring," 579
- Singleton (Thomas), archdeacon of Northumberland : reads prayers at Alnwick Castle, 41
- Skene (James), of Rubislaw : Scott on his character, career, and attainments, 63, 71 ; Scott walks with him in Princes Street Gardens, 77-78 (*see* Skene's *Memories*, pp. 137-8) ; information from his journal for *Anne of Geierstein*, 593 ; his sketches for *Waverley*, 655
- Skirving (Archibald), portrait-painter : Scott's high opinion of his portrait of Walker, art teacher, 119
- Slade (James), of Doctors' Commons : Scott consults him about the Chancery suit, 542
- Slezer (John), captain of artillery : drawings of Falkland Palace, 658
- Smith, Mrs : case of poisoning, 316, 321-322
- Smith (Charlotte), wife of Benjamin Smith, *née* Turner, novelist : *Desmond* her worst work, 136 ; critique on her novels for "Novelist's Library," 306
- Smith (Colvin), portrait-painter : Scott sits for his portrait to, 477, 480, 491, 494, 558, 560 ; portrait of Scott, 579, 638, 643, 676
- Smith (Horace), poet and author : his *Brambletye House*, 247 ; Smith's imitation of the Waverley Novels, 247, 248, 249 ; letter from him, complaining that Leigh Hunt had mixed him up with Shelley as though he had shared Shelley's irreligious opinions, 481 ; his *New Forest*, 757
- Smith (John), builder, Darnick, Roxburghshire : architect of bridges over Tweed and Ettrick, 732 and *n.*
- Smith (Sydney), Canon of St Paul's : Scott visits, 322 ; "full of fun and spirits," 540
- Smith (William), dramatist : his *Hector of Germanie*, 209-210
- Smoking : 4
- Smollett (Tobias George), novelist : cited, 321
- Solitude : Scott's love of, 143
- Somerset House : Scott breakfasts at, 535
- Somerville (John Southey), 14th Lord Somerville : Scott's Memoir of him for *Prose Works* (1827), 318
- Somerville (Thomas), minister of Jedburgh : Scott breakfasts with him, 233 ; his character and qualities, 233
- Sorrento (*Lat.* Surrentum) : Scott passes through, 788
- Sotheby (William), author : wishes Scott to review his "polyglot Virgil," 256 ; Scott sees him, 519-520 ; and dines with him, 526
- Southey (Robert), poet : his letters

- about change in editorship of *Quarterly Review*, 22, 23, 33 ; Scott on, 22-3 ; annoyed with Jno. Murray, 33 ; sympathy for Scott in his troubles, 188 ; Scott's criticism of his *Peninsular War*, 250 ; breakfasts with Scott, 549 ; Scott compares him with Wordsworth, 549 ; and thinks of reviewing his ed. of *Pilgrim's Progress*, 685
- Souza Botelho (Adèle Marie Emilie Filleul), Comtesse de Flahaut, French authoress : Scott meets her in Paris, 262
- Spectacles : Scott's optical delusion after laying aside his spectacles, 41-42
- Spectral illusions : 41-42
- Speech-making : Scott's rules for after dinner speeches, 323
- Spencer (William Robert), poet and wit : 264, 266 ; quoted, 348
- "Spice," terrier : lost, 375, 725
- Steuart (John), (1799-1881), 10th of Dalguise : visits Abbotsford to collect materials for description of it in *Views of Gentlemen's Seats*, 466, 467 •
- Stevens, a master in Chancery : anecdote of, 191
- Stevenson (John), bookseller, Edinburgh : pictures of "Camp" and Melrose Abbey given to, 129 ; binds some of Scott's books, 366, 388
- Stewart (Charles, William), 3rd Marquess of Londonderry : assaulted by Reform mob, 748 ; Scott on, 748
- Stewart (Dugald), philosopher : death of, 560 ; Scott on, 560
- Stewart (Frederick William Robert), 4th Marquess of Londonderry, styled Viscount Castlereagh 1822-1854 : at Abbotsford, 444 ; Scott on, 414
- Stewart (Sir Henry Seaton), 1st Bart., of Allanton : Scott writes to him about his queries concerning transplanted trees, 404 ; planting of, 577
- Stewart (James), of Brugh, Orkney : affairs of, 17
- Stewart (Robert), Viscount Castlereagh, then 2nd Marquess of Londonderry : Scott's recollections of seeing much of him in his Paris residence in 1815, 262-263 ; Scott asked to undertake his biography, 419 ; Scott's reasons for declining same, 419
- Stewart (Thomas), nephew of Duke of Wellington : at Abbotsford, 344
- Stirling, of Drumpellier : murdered at sea by pirates, 654
- Stirling (Graham), general : 82
- Stoddart (John Frederick), advocate, son of Sir John Stoddart, editor of *The Times* : dines with Scott in Edinburgh, 473-474
- Stokoe (John), Dr : 293
- Stopford (Charlotte Albinia), wife of Lord Stopford, afterwards 4th Earl of Courtoun, second daughter of Charles, 4th Duke of Buccleuch : at Drumlanrig Castle, 219 ; in poor health, 481, 482
- Stopford (James Thomas), Lord Stopford, afterwards 4th Earl of Courtoun : at Drumlanrig Castle, 219
- Straiton (William), labourer at Abbotsford : death of, 136 ; Scott on, 136
- St. atford-on-Avon : visit to, 517
- Stuart (Charles), Baron Stuart de Rothesay, grand-nephew of Lady Louisa Stuart : at Abbotsford, 612 •
- Stuart (Charles Edward Louis Philip Casimir), Prince : Scott advised to write a personal history of, 737
- Stuart (James), younger of Dunearn, W.S. : sale of pictures of, 582, 587, 589
- Stuart (Lady Jane), of Fettercairn, nee Leslie, then Belsches, then Wishart, mother of Scott's first love : letter from, 418 ; Scott talks over old stories with, 427 ; and visits, 437, 446
- Stuart (John), second son of Francis

- Stuart, 25th Earl of Moray, and afterwards 27th Earl of Moray : 82
- Stuart (Sir John James), 7th Bart., of Allanbank : letter about Corfe Castle from, 365
- Stuart (John Sobieski Stolberg), Jacobite Pretender, formerly John Hay Allan : Scott on *Vestiarium Scoticum* edited by, 649
- Stuart (Lady Louisa), sixth daughter of John, 3rd Earl of Bute : 91, 279
- Style : solecisms in, 158
- Sunderland : reception of Duke of Wellington at, 408-409
- Surenne (Gabriel) : Charles Scott receives coaching in French etymology from, 440
- Surgeon's Daughter* : Scott engaged on, 388, 389 ; finished, 400
- Surtees (Sir Stephen Villiers), of Silkmore House, Staffs., Judge of Vice-Admiralty Court, Mauritius : Chas. Scott's friend at Oxford, 280, 281
- Sutton (Charles Manners), 1st Viscount Canterbury, speaker of the House of Commons : 275
- Swanston (John), forester at Abbotsford : 139, 704, 706 ; cutting wood, 214, 387
- Swift (Jonathan) : quoted, 321, 326, 335 ; MS. collection of poetry said to be in Swift's hand, 403
- Swinton (Anne Elizabeth), wife of Geo. Swinton, chief secy. to Governor-Genl. of India, *née* Swinton : at Abbotsford, 383
- Swinton (John), of Swinton : presents Scott with skull of his ancestor, Sir Allan Swinton, 500, 504
- Swinton (John Campbell), 2nd of Kimmerghame, capt. 91st Highlanders : visits Scott, 181
- T—, Mde. : proposes historical subjects for Scott, 573
- Tait (Archibald Campbell), Archbishop of Canterbury : Scott sees him as a pupil at Edinr. Academy, 370
- Talbot, Miss : accompanies Scott to Church of St Domenico Maggiore, Naples, 793
- Tales of a Grandfather* : First Series : first idea of, 352 ; transactions for publication and sale of, 354, 356 ; progress of, 374, 375, 378, 400, 401, 403, 404, 413, 414, 416, 422 ; finished, 432 ; revised ed. of, 462, 463, 467-468, 510 ; in demand and new ed. of, 485, 509, 510
- Tales of a Grandfather*, Second Series : terms for, 475 ; Scott begins, 521
- Tales of a Grandfather* : new edition of First Series and enlargement of Third, 636 ; progress of, 648, 656, 661, 662, 702, 741, 732, 743
- Talleyrand - Périgord (Charles Maurice de), Prince of Benevento : cited, 254
- Tamworth, Staffordshire : Scott at, 515
- Tarifa : Scott on the *Barham* rights, 762
- Taylor (Watson) : Scott dines with, 534
- Temple (Henry John), 3rd Viscount Palmerston, statesman : the Tories want him to be Chancellor of the Exchequer in Goderich's ministry, 393, his letter in Charles's favour, 729
- Terracina : Scott at, 799
- Terra di Lavoro : Scott passes through, 798
- Terry (Daniel), actor : at Abbotsford, 206 ; Scott and Anne see him act in *The Pilot* in London, 252-253 ; payment due to, 315 ; bankruptcy of, 522, 529
- Terry (Elizabeth), wife of Daniel Terry, *née* Nasmyth : at Abbotsford, 206
- Theatrical Fund Dinner, Edinburgh : 322, 323, 324 ; Scott's avowal of authorship of Waverley Novels at, 324
- Theobald, Mr and Mrs : at Abbotsford, 510
- Thoms (George), adventurer in India, and Irishman : comment on, 656

- Thomson (David), "Galashiels poet": visits Scott in Edinr., 41
- Thomson (George), Rev., formerly tutor of Scott's sons: Scott wishes to see him married and provided with a country kirk, 59; at Abbotsford, 300
- Thomson (John), minister of Duddingston, landscape-painter: Scott's admiration for his "Dunluce," 95; he praises his picture of Turnberry, 483; Scott accompanies him on Blair Adam Club outing, 565; he describes to Scott the dungeon in the old tower at Cassilis, 566: one of his pictures for Duke of Buccleuch, 743
- Thomson (John Anstruther), of Charleton, Fifeshire: at Abbotsford, 334, 335; entertains Blair Adam Club at Charleton, 359, 678
- Thomson (Thomas), depute clerk register: his ed. of *Sir Jas. Melville's Memoirs* (Bannatyne Club, 1827), 329; (see Cosmo Innes's *Memoir of Thomas Thomson*, 1854); meetings between him and Scott, 375, 377-378
- Thornhill, Colonel, 7th Hussars: 239, 240
- Thrale, Mrs., see Piozzi
- Thurtell (John), murderer: Scott reads a variorum edition of Thurtell's murder of Wm. Weare at Gill's-Hill, 204; Scott's pamphlets relating to the tragedy, 204 n.
- Ticknor (George), Spanish scholar: 65 and n.
- Tod (Thomas), old schoolmate: dines at Abbotsford, 234
- Torre del Carmine: visit to, 777
- Train (Joseph), antiquary: efforts for his promotion in excise, 625
- Treuttel and Wurtz, London, booksellers: payments from, 466, 505
- Trial: a trial for poisoning at Edinr. Justiciary Court, 316-317, 321-322
- Trinità della Cava, Benedictine abbey: visit to, 791
- Tripp, Baron, a Dutch nobleman: Scott remembers him, 408
- Trust deed: Scott advised to execute, 70-71, 81, 88, 106, 114
- Tunis: coast of, 768-769
- Turner (John Matthias), Bishop of Calcutta: letter from him to say Lord Londonderry asks if Scott would undertake to write the biography of 2nd Marquess of Londonderry, 419; letter to Turner declining the task, 420
- Turner (Joseph Mallord William), landscape-painter: illustrates Scott's *Poetical Works*, 734; invited to Abbotsford for that purpose, 734
- Tweed, river: Scott lays foundation stone of bridge over, 732
- "Two Drovers": Scott on, 373; Jas. Ballantyne dislikes, 376
- Tyroler: Scott's esteem for the, 674
- Tytler (Alexander Fraser), Lord Woodhouselee: Scott on, 212; Scott's German studies encouraged and helped by, 212 n.
- Tytler (Ann Fraser), wife of Alex. Fraser Tytler, Lord Woodhouselee, née Fraser: her kindness to the Scotts at Lasswade Cottage, 212; she and Scott talk of past times, 213
- Tytler (Patrick Fraser), historian, son of Alex. Fraser Tytler, Lord Woodhouselee: reads essay, on the first encourager of Greek learning in England, to the Royal Socy. of Edinr., 316; review of his *Hist. of Scotland*, 607, 614, 616, 618, 620
- Universities: Scott appointed a Commissioner for enquiring into the condition of Scottish Universities, 231, 232; Scott's idea that bursaries and scholarships should be given for success in literary attainments and distinction at school, 235; he attends meeting of Commissioners, 294; and attends an Essay at Edinburgh

- College during which there was disputed the order of precedence in the procession of the Royal Commission on the Scottish Universities, 426-427
- Upcott (William), antiquary, assistant librarian of London Institution: letter from, asking Scott to edit Garrick's Correspondence, 223
- Upton, General: his story of Mr Jackson and Bill Gibbons, 415-416
- Uri: ruined tower supposed to be Cicero's tomb near, 799
- Valetta, Malta: visits to Church of St John at, 773-774, 774-775; libraries in, 775
- Vane (Charles William), 3rd Marquess of Londonderry, formerly Stewart: asks if Scott will undertake biography of the 2nd Marquess of Londonderry, 419, *see* Stewart (C. W.)
- Vane (Frances Anne Emily), second wife of C. W. Vane, 3rd Marquess of Londonderry, *née* Vane-Tempest: tells Scott that in feeding animals one should never wear a glove, 535
- Veitch (James), astronomer: spy-glass for repair sent to, 621
- Velletri: Scott at, 799
- Vere (Elizabeth Hope), wife of James Joseph Hope Vere (1785-1843), of Blackwood and Craigie Hall, *née* Hay: Scott on, 445 (*see* *Burke's Peerage* under Linlithgow and Tweeddale)
- Victoria, Queen of Great Britain and Ireland: Scott presented to her when she was a little princess, 545
- Vidocq (Eugène François): his *Mémoires*, 598, 599
- Vienna, Congress of: account of great disunion at, 411-412
- Villiers (George), 1st Duke of Buckingham: his assassination at Portsmouth, 756
- Walker, Mr, teacher of drawing: Scott on, 118-119
- Walker (Helen), elder daughter of Wm. Walker, labourer at Cluden, Kirkcudbrightshire, prototype of Jeanie Deans: monument to her memory in Kirkpatrick Inongray churchyard nearly completed, 737; Scott's inscription for same, 737
- Walker (William), engraver: engraving of Raeburn's portrait of Scott, 353-354
- Walking: Scott's walking powers diminish, 204
- Wallace (Sir William), Scottish hero: his sword carried from Dunbarton Castle to England, 38
- Walpole (Horace), 4th Earl of Orford: his *Historic Doubts on Richard III.*, 325-326; catalogue of goods and chattels at Strawberry Hill, 466
- Ward (John William), 4th Viscount Dudley: dines with Scott in London, 273; informs Scott that Charles will get the next vacancy in the Foreign Office, 439
- Ward (Robert Plumer), novelist and politician: Scott's opinion of his novel, *De Vere*, 341, 368
- Warroch, Mr: his house at Prestonpans, 682
- Warwick Castle: Scott at, 516
- Water Cow: instance of Highland belief in, 435-436
- Waterloo, battle of: memorandum concerning, 588
- Watson (James), capt. R.N.: his tales of hardships in the Navy failed to dissuade Scott's brother, Robert, from going to sea, 733
- Waverley*: notes on, 72; account of battle of Clifton for, 484
- Waverley Novels*: specimen of notes for, 57; Jas. Jollie, one of Scott's trustees, consents to publication of small ed. of, 197; the *Magnum Opus* edition of, 510, 511, 513, 560, 569; progress of, 558, 559-560, 561, 562, 564, 569, 570, 571; publication approved by the trustees, 558, 560; disposal of the

- MSS. of, 731 ; selling 30,000 volumes a month, 744
- Weber (Carl Maria Frederick Ernst von), German composer : wishes to compose music for a song of Scott's writing, 167
- Weber (Henry William), amanuensis and editor : his career and character, 129-130 ; used to keep Scott's papers and books in order, 304
- Wedderburn (Sir David), 1st Bart., of Ballindean : Scott visits, 436
- Wedderburn (Margaret), wife of Sir David, 1st Bart. of Ballindean, *née* Brown : asks Scott's advice about printing verses by Mrs Hemans in honour of Lord James Murray, 363, 398 ; Scott visits, 436
- Wellesley (Arthur), 1st Duke of Wellington : he and Scott meet, 275, 279 ; remarks on Russian campaign for *Napoleon*, 276 ; unable to get young Skene put on the engineer list, 322 ; is pleased with *Napoleon*, 337 ; letter to, 365 ; reception at Durham, 405-406 ; Scott's talk with him at Ravensworth Castle, 407-408 ; letter from Wellington re Walter's promotion, 466-467 ; Scott meets, 529 ; intends to have a Catholic Bill, 588 ; letter from, 643 ; Scott on, 644
- Welwood (Alexander Maconochie), Lord Meadowbank, judge, *formerly* Maconochie : at Abbotsford, 734
- Welwood (Anne Maconochie), wife of Alexander Maconochie Welwood, Lord Meadowbank, *née* Blair : the finest woman Scott saw at Holyrood when George IV. was there, 621 ; very ill, 621
- Wemyss (Emma), wife of Admiral Jas. Wemyss, *née* Hay : 361
- Wemyss (James), admiral : 361
- Wemyss Castle, Fife : Scott with Blair Adam Club at, 361
- Wetherby, Yorks. : visit to, 111
- White (Lydia Rogers), bluestocking : Scott visits, 256, 274 ; her gatherings, 274 ; death of, 314 ; Scott on, 314, 568 (*see* W. P. Courtney's *Eight Friends of the Great* : 1910)
- Whitmore, Lady Lucy, *see* Wolryche-Whitmore
- Whyte, Miss, residenter at La Cava : shows hospitality to Scott, 787, 790, 792
- Wilkie (Sir David), painter : painted Scott in his picture of George IV.'s arrival at Holyroodhouse, 65 ; "the far more than Teniers of Scotland," 102
- William IV., King of Great Britain and Ireland : proclaimed king, 684
- Williams (Hugh William), landscape-painter : his drawing of Hermitage Castle engraved as frontispiece to first vol. of Kelso ed. of *Minstrelsy*, 119 (*see* Cockburn's *Memorials*, 1856, p. 389)
- Williams (John), Archdeacon of Cardigan : his anecdote of a fellow of a college, 366-367 ; gives up his Rectorship of Edinr. Academy, 390-391, 493, 571 ; "a heaven-born teacher," 391 ; Scott on, 493 ; renounces his Professorship at London University, 563-564 ; "the best schoolmaster in Europe," 564 ; wonders if he should remain another year in Edinr., 567, 673
- Williamson (Walter), of Cardrona : introduced into *Malachi Malagrowther*, 112 and n.
- Wilson (Ada), S.S.C., Depute Clerk of Session : Scott dines with, 293, 656
- Wilson (Harriette), woman of fashion : Scott on her *Memoirs*, 313
- Wilson (John), "Christopher North," author and Prof. of Moral Philosophy at Edinr. : Scott on his review of Leigh Hunt's *Byron*, 492 ; abuses Scott and Lockhart in *Blackwood's*, 724
- Wilson (Robert Sym), W.S. : and R. P. Gillies's affairs, 44
- Wilson (William), of Wandsworth

- Common, *formerly* of Wilsontown, Lanarkshire : took great care of Scott in London, 201 ; breakfasts with Scott, 255
- Windsor : Scott visits the Royal Lodge at, 251 ; and Windsor Castle, 252
- Withers (William), of Holt : has opposed Scott's opinions on planting, 547 and *n.* 2
- Wolcot (John), satirist and poet : his affray with Gifford, 306
- Wolryche-Whitmore (Lucy Elizabeth Georgiana), wife of Wm. Wolryche-Whitmore, of Dudmaston, *née* Bridgeman : Scott dines with her at Chiefswood, 236
- Wood (John Philip), editor of *Douglas's Peerage of Scotland* : Scott renews friendship with him in the Cadells' house at Cockenzie, 683
- Woodstock : progress of, 62, 72, 84, 97, 100, 105, 111, 112, 113, 126, 131, 136, 140, 141, 142, 146, 152-153 ; Jas. Ballantyne's critical remarks on, 87-88 ; finished, 142, 146, 152-153 ; sold for behoof of Jas. Ballantyne & Co.'s creditors, 146 and *n.* 147, 155 ; publication by Longmans, 159 ; unanimous approbation in Edinr., 163
- Wooler, Northumberland : visits to, 405, 412
- Worcester : Scott at, 282
- Wordsworth (Charles), Bishop of St Andrews, nephew of Wm. Wordsworth : at Abbotsford, 744-745
- Wordsworth (Dora), daughter of Wm. Wordsworth : at Abbotsford, 744-745
- Wordsworth (William), poet : Scott on his poetry, 298 ; he points out the difference in imagination between Wordsworth and himself, 298 ; story intended to show that Crabbe lacked imagination, 299 ; quoted, 309 ; Scott sees him, 540, 542, 544 ; his system of poetry, 540, 549 ; Scott on, 540 ; at Hampton Court with Scott, 249 ; compared with Southey, 249 ; at Abbotsford, 744-745
- Wrangham (Francis), classical scholar, Archdeacon of Cleveland : Scott meets, 546
- Wright (Thomas), minister at Borthwick (1818-1841) : Scott hears him at Borthwick, 458
- Wright (William), solicitor, Lincoln's Inn : 279
- Wyatville (Sir Jeffry), architect : 252
- Wyburgh, Mr and Mrs : 630
- Yates, Dr, Brighton : dines with Scott and the Lockharts at Brighton, 546
- Yelin, Chevalier : death of, 77, 80 ; (see Skene's *Memories*, p. 134)
- Yeomanry : Scott one of the oldest yeomen in Scotland, 507
- Yermolov, Russian general : at Abbotsford, 382 ; Scott on, 382 ; views on the burning of Moscow, 382.
- Yester House, East Lothian : pictures at, 445
- Young, Miss, daughter of Rev. John Young, minister of Hawick : visits Scott, 688 ; Scott's apoplectic seizure during a former visit from, 696-697
- Young (Alexander), of Harburn : 129
- Young (Charles Mayne), actor : supplies Scott with anecdotes of Talma, 483-484
- Young (John), D.D., Secession minister of Hawick : Scott's project of editing a life of, 688

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